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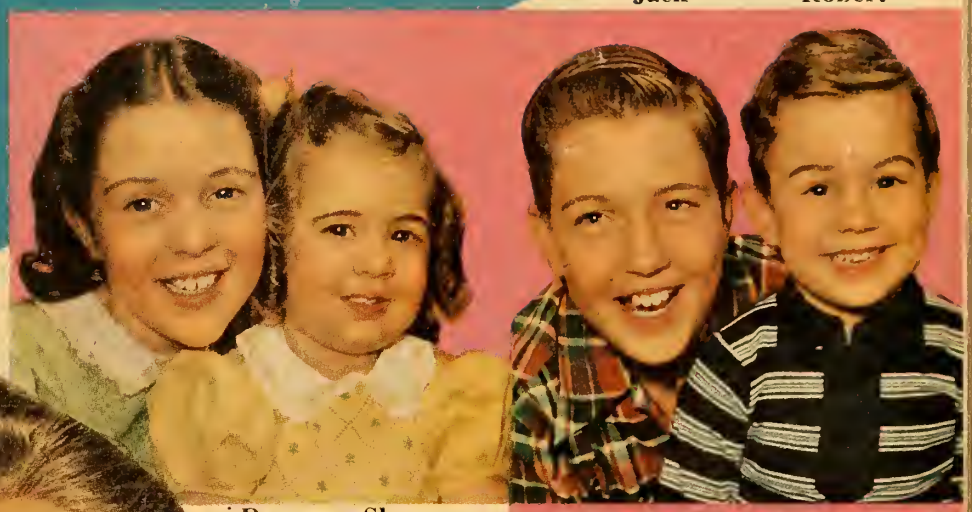
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RADIO MIRROR AND TELEVISION

JULY · 25¢

Kay Kyser
Lorenzo Jones
County Fair
Gabriel Heatter



Jack Robert

Dawn Sharon



Lois and Baby Diane

Art Linkletter

THE LINKLETTERS

READER BONUS
2 Complete Radio Novels
PORTIA • SUSPENSE

HZ 869
.R16



Modess . . . because

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior model Lorna Lynn shows how it can work for you, too





"Wh-e-e-e-e!" Cute-as-a-button Lorna Lynn, 16-year-old New York fashion model, finds the roller-coaster at Palisades Amusement Park as thrilling as her own lightning climb to success. And her dates find Lorna's Ipana smile plenty thrilling, too!

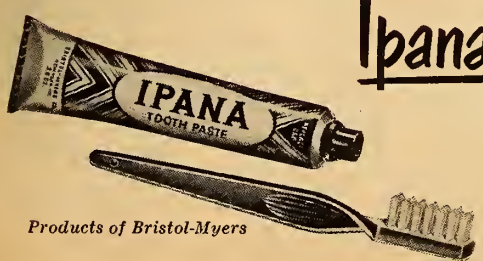
Like so many successful junior models, Lorna knows how much a dazzling smile depends on firm, healthy gums. "I follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," she says, "*because dentists say it works!*" Here's how this professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too . . .

Lorna shows the Ipana way is easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums. You can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your breath cleaner, your mouth fresher, too. Remember, a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:



Products of Bristol-Myers

Ipana dental care promotes Healthier gums, brighter teeth*

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

**In thousands of recent reports from dentists all over the country.*

R
M

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by

VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(*Advertisement*)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JULY, 1949

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ON THE COVER: The Art Linkletter Family; color portraits by Hymie Fink, Sterling Smith.

Editorial Director FRED R. SAMMIS — *Editor* DORIS McFERRAN — *Art Director* JACK ZASORIN

Associate Editor JOSEPHINE PEARSON — *Associate Art Director* FRANCES MALY

Editorial Assistants: JOAN POLLOCK, TERU GOTO, MARYANNE CROFTON
Television: FRANCES KISH

Chicago Office: *Editor,* HELEN CAMBRIA BOLSTAD

Hollywood Office: *Editor,* ANN DAGGETT *Managing Editor,* FRANCES MORRIN

Staff Photographers, HYMIE FINK, STERLING SMITH *Assistant,* BETTY JO RICE

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Coming Next Month



King of the Cowboys: visit Roy Rogers and family—in August's RADIO MIRROR.

THERE are so many fascinating features lined up for next month, we hardly know which one to tell you about first. But being vacation-minded—and who isn't these days—we think you'll be interested in knowing where Kate Smith spends hers. Kate hies herself to Lake Placid, 'way up in New York's Adirondack Mountains. It's cool and colorful there, and we have pictures to prove it. But see for yourself in the August issue, which will also bring you tales about the stars who have made Louella Parsons' radio program one of your favorites all these years. Louella herself has written this sparkling behind-the-scenes story.

* * *

We've often wondered—and maybe you have, too—what it's like to have a mother who's world-famous. And we don't think we could have asked a more qualified person than Eleanor Roosevelt's daughter. That's why we are proud to present Anna Roosevelt's story on life with mother, both on and off the air. Speaking of Eleanor Roosevelt, we think you'll enjoy reading about a woman who follows her husband at the proverbial drop of a hat. She's Mrs. Bob Trout, wife of CBS's news announcer. Her story—and travels—will probably leave you a little breathless.

* * *

RADIO MIRROR wouldn't be complete without its Reader Bonus, and August features Pepper Young's Family. There's a Through the Years story, too, with Young Dr. Malone. And your favorite regular features will be on hand, of course, plus the second installment of Kay Kyser's Nonsensical Knowledge. All this—and more—is in August's RADIO MIRROR, on sale July 8.

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



Lather . . .
was Alva's problem!

"Imagine trying to shampoo your hair without enough lather," complains Alva Anderson. "And that's just about what happens every time I use a soap shampoo!" Of course, Alva won't *ever* get the lather she wants with a soap shampoo—especially in hard water! And she can't rinse away that dulling soap film, either. That's what leaves hair looking drab and lifeless. Makes it hard to manage, too!

But Alice
got heaps of it!

"Toni Creme Shampoo is wonderful! Even in hard water, I get all the rich, creamy lather I need—and then some!" says twin Alice. And Toni does more than that! After Soft-Water Shampooing, your hair is exquisitely clean . . . shinier . . . more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible! Each strand shimmers with all, yes *all* its natural beauty! Curls are fresh, vibrant-looking . . . soft as a moonbeam!





Now it's Toni Creme Shampoo for Two!

The Anderson twins know there's nothing like Toni Creme Shampoo! *Nothing* like Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! For Toni bursts into oceans of thick, billowy lather . . . rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Toni leaves your hair wonderfully fresh and radiant . . . sparkling with precious new highlights. Helps your permanent "take" better . . . look lovelier longer. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. Try Soft-Water Shampooing. It's for *you!*



Enriched with Lanolin

SUCCESSOR TO

Stardom

DON'T ever try to tell Jack Sterling that the people of New York are unfriendly. A short time back, Sterling was selected to take over from 6-7:45 A.M. on WCBS for none other than Arthur Godfrey and phone calls from listeners and people in radio and advertising circles made the newcomer from Chicago feel right at home.

Sterling was born June 24, 1915, in Baltimore, Maryland. Brought up in a theatrical atmosphere, Sterling learned to be at ease on the stage. During the summer, he and his sister joined their parents wherever they were playing.

When Sterling was fifteen, he went out on his own with stock companies. Then came the depression and he did odd jobs, ending up in vaudeville on the West Coast.

After that he was a night club emcee when an announcer friend at WMBD asked him to be a guest on his show. Sterling was called back for more, then went to WTAD, Quincy, Illinois, as assistant manager and program director.

From there he landed at KMOX, St. Louis, as producer, director and emcee for such shows as Quiz Of Two Cities, Open House, The Land We Live In, Saturday at the Chase and Quiz Club.

"In November, 1947," Jack relates, "I was called to WBBM, Chicago, as production director. When WCBS was searching for a man to take Godfrey's place, I cut a record and now I'm here. It's not easy to follow in the footsteps of a man of Godfrey's stature, but I'm happy to be in New York."

What makes him even happier is his new television show, heard Monday through Friday from 1-1:30 P.M. over WCBS-TV, on which he gives news flashes, baseball team standings and interviews with celebrities and the man on the street. Another program, The 54 St. Little Show (WCBS-TV, Thurs. 8-9 P.M.), features Jack as host.



A handshake from Arthur Godfrey launches Sterling in the 6-7:45 A.M. spot formerly held by Godfrey.



The Jack Sterling television show features Mac Showalter, pianist, and Dick Boone, r., vocalist (WCBS-TV, 1-1:30).



Thirty-three-year-old Jack Sterling is a veteran of ten years' broadcasting experience on Columbia's Midwest outlets.



One course they didn't teach her

EVEN though it was Graduation Day Dora felt a little pang of loneliness. What was the diploma compared to those precious sparkling rings that Babs and Beth were wearing? Dora was killing her chances of ever wearing one, too, unless she changed her ways. There was one course* that college didn't teach her.

What do other charms amount to if you have halitosis (bad breath)*? Whether occasional or chronic, it can finish you with a man that quick. Smart girls, popular girls, realize this and are *extra careful* not to offend.

For them it is Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date when they want to be at their best.

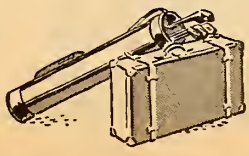
Listerine Antiseptic is no momentary makeshift. It instantly freshens and sweetens the breath and helps keep it that way. Not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually. Never, never, omit this delightful *extra-careful* precaution against offending.

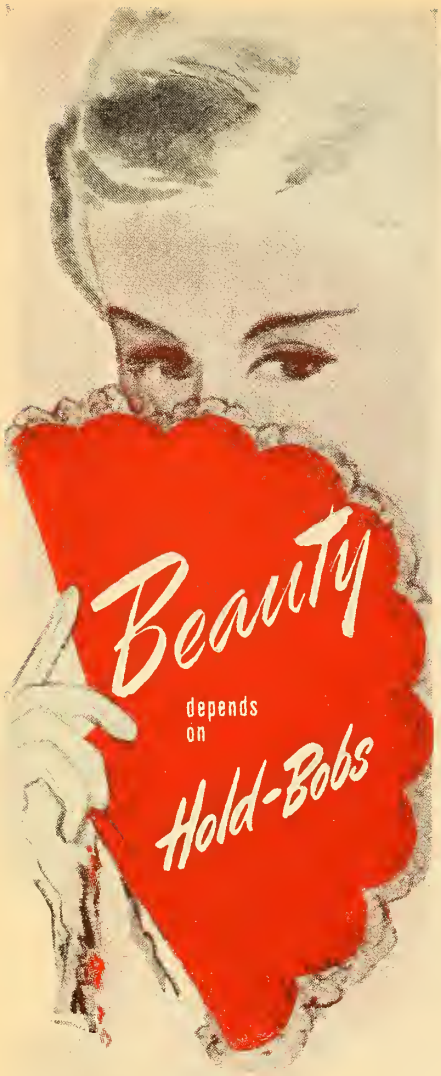
While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the extra-careful precaution against bad breath

Vacationing? It's mighty comforting to have a good antiseptic handy in case of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions requiring germicidal first-aid.





...because HOLD-BOBS really *hold*. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

More women use HOLD-BOBS than all other bobby pins combined



...a GAYLA* hair beauty aid

R M ©1949 GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED

*T. M REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. CHICAGO, ILL.

Information Booth

Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

FIRST BIG SISTER

Dear Editor:

Who was the original Big Sister and when did this program start?

Miss H. M. S.

Philadelphia 17, Pa.



ALICE FROST

Alice Frost was the first Ruth Wayne, and the program had its premiere on September 14, 1936.

SCRIPT WRITERS

Dear Editor:

I would like to know the names of the writers for Road of Life, Ma Perkins and The Right to Happiness.

Mrs. H. C. T.

Tullahoma, Tenn.

Howard Teichman is the script writer for Road of Life, Orin Tovrov for Ma Perkins, and John M. Young for The Right to Happiness.

BOY TENOR

Dear Editor:

Who was the boy who sang Irish songs on Fred Allen's show a few weeks ago? Can you tell me his age?

Mrs. H. K. N.

Downingtown, Pa.

Eleven-year-old Bobby White, son of famed Joe White, was the singer. Bobby is featured regularly on Lanny Ross's show, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12:30 P.M. EDT over most Mutual Broadcasting System stations.

PAYING TELLER

Dear Editor:

Could you let me see what the Paying Teller for Break the Bank looks like?

Mr. A. F. S.

Alameda, Calif.



JANICE GILBERT

Here she is—Janice Gilbert.

ROBERT Q.

Dear Editor.



ROBERT Q. LEWIS

There's a young fellow on the air who has been on my mind (and my radio) for the past few months. His name is Robert Q. Lewis. What does the "Q" stand for? I would like to suggest that you do a feature story on Mr. Lewis. It is my opinion that he is giving radio a boost it has so rightly deserved. His humor is new and fresh and I think the public would like to know more about him.

Miss J. S.

New York, N. Y.

Please let us point with pride to our February issue in which we published an article called "The Girl That I Marry," written by Mr. Lewis. As for the "Q" it doesn't stand for anything at all.

NAMES, PLEASE

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me the names of the Modernaires that sing on Bob Crosby's Club 15?

Mr. S. N.

Mooresville, N. C.

They are Fran Scott, Paula Kelly, Hal Dickinson, Johnny Drake, and Allan Copeland.

DUNNINGER

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me if Dunninger is still on the air? If so, do you know where I might get him?

Mr. D. M.

Shenandoah, Iowa



DUNNINGER

Dunninger is now in television. He shares the spotlight with Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney every Thursday night at 9:30 P.M. EDT on WNBT.

ACTOR-DIRECTOR STONE

Dear Editor:

Is Ezra Stone (Henry Aldrich) the same Ezra Stone who directed and acts in the Broadway play "At War With The Army"? And who plays Julius on Phil Harris's show?

Miss W. D.

Arlington, Mass.

Yes is the answer to the first question. Julius is played by Walter Tetley who is also Leroy on The Great Gildersleeve Show.

What makes YOU tick?



John McCaffery, who asks the questions on What Makes You Tick? (CBS, 2:45 P.M., EDT, Monday through Friday) has come up with another set of questions to help RADIO MIRROR readers examine their inner selves. The questions are below and when you've added up the score, you'll know the answer to: Have You a Chip On Your Shoulder?

HAVE YOU A CHIP ON YOUR SHOULDER?

	Yes	No
1. Do you ever cross the street mentolly *daring* someone to hit you?	☐	☐
2. When o discourteous bus driver or toxi driver snorls ot you, do you snorl right bock ot him?	☐	☐
3. Do you ever feel sometimes thot people ore just no dorn good?	☐	☐
4. Do you get into more orguments thon you should with woiters, bellhops, etc.?	☐	☐
5. Do you ever pick on your wife, husbond or sweetheort for no good reoson?	☐	☐
6. Do you frequently get into on orgument with your creditors over bills?	☐	☐
7. Do you sometimes feel thot your business ossociotes ore unpleosont to you without couse?	☐	☐
8. Do you ever lose your temper with those with whom you know you just con't win, becouse of their outhority, such os your boss, o policemon, etc.?	☐	☐
9. Would you soy you're more subject to "moods" thon you should be?	☐	☐
10. Do you sometimes toke o firm oction with the ottitude "the devil toke the hindmost?"	☐	☐

Give yourself 10 points for every YES answer. If your score is 80 or above, it might not be a bad idea for you to be very honest with yourself sometime and see what makes you so incorrigible. The world isn't going to bend to your desires, so the only alternative is for you to bend to its desires. 30 through 70 would seem to indicate that you have enough independence to stand on your own two feet, but not so much that you will buck your head against a stone wall any more than is necessary. Figurately speaking, you probably have your share of bumps on the top of your head which you got the hard way. 20 points or less probably suggests a certain defeatism on your part or an acceptance of the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" which descend upon all of us.

New Pepsodent Guarantees Brighter Teeth and Cleaner Breath!



Wonderfully Improved Formula SWEEPS FILM AWAY!

1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. FILM glues acid to your teeth
4. FILM never lets up—it forms continually on everyone's teeth

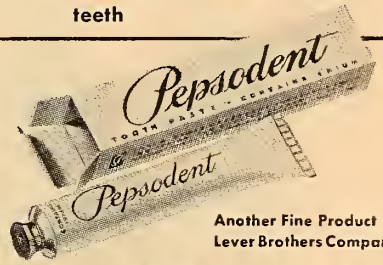
Now faster foaming!
Make this 7-day Pepsodent Test!

Use new improved Pepsodent Tooth Paste for just one week. If your teeth aren't far brighter, your breath fresher—we'll return twice what you paid!

New Pepsodent foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film and its harmful effects: **(1)** Pepsodent makes short work of the discoloring stains that collect on film. **(2)** It routs film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. **(3)** Pepsodent's film-removing action helps protect you from acid produced by germs in film. This acid, many dentists agree, *causes* tooth decay. **(4)** Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent.

Try New Pepsodent now on our double-your-money-back guarantee. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula! No other tooth paste contains Irium*—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.*

**Irium is Pepsodent's registered trade mark for purified alkyl sulfate.*



Another Fine Product of Lever Brothers Company

Start your Pepsodent 7-day test today. If you're not completely convinced Pepsodent gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth, mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent Division, Lever Bros. Co., Dept. G, Chicago, Ill. Besides postage you'll receive—

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Offer expires August 31, 1949

WHAT'S NEW



Mutual's Juvenile Jury youngsters have ideas on just about everything—including fashions. Here they're judging a Girl Scout style show. The program is on Sundays at 3:30 P. M. EDT.

OUT Chicago way on Sundays at 3:30, over station WMAQ, listeners are being treated to a half-hour of programming that we think deserves national network status. The show's called It's Your Life and is a tape recorded series of authentic case histories of citizens and their health problems.

Maybe you don't think it would be interesting to listen to a real life case of cancer treatment, or the history of a polio victim, or the broadcast of a blue baby operation. But it is not only interesting, but more dramatic and moving and informative than many a program over which top writers beat out their brains in smoke-filled rooms for hours on end. The show is designed to dispel fear in those faced with the common health problems we all meet and, in dramatic, easy to take form, presents the latest methods of treatment and cure and the newest discoveries related to medical science.

And for once, we're going to give a sponsor a generous pat on the back. The show is sponsored by a medical supply house, and they're to be congratulated not only for having the vision to present a public service feature of this kind, but also for the fact that they are radio crusaders in terms of letting producer Ben Park and the Chicago Industrial Health Association have complete control of the production. The sponsors do not hear or see the show until they receive a recording made from the broadcast. They're also unique in having ordered the producers to cut out the middle commercial, because it interfered with the mood of the show.

It's Your Life is a show that would benefit people in all communities. You can do something about getting it on your local network outlets. Do a little letter writing—write to Ben Park, or Don Herbert at WMAQ in Chicago, or just write to the station itself about it.

* * *

Here's a recent switcheroo. Not long ago, giveaway shows were trying their best to wangle chances to broadcast their shows from local theaters to build interest. At that time, the movie houses were cold shouldering the idea. But times have changed, what with television and a slight pinching in the pocket, and audiences are beginning to dwindle at the local (*Continued on page* 11)



Charlie Hankinson thought the clothes—and girls—wonderful.

FROM COAST TO COAST



Fun with Stanley Burns and Oscar. Jury panel: Johnny McBride, Linda Glennon, Jerry Weissbard, Peggy Bruder, Charlie Hankinson.

By
DALE
BANKS



Linda Glennon wishes she were old enough for this purple broadcloth with pique trim.



Jerry and Johnny give a sage masculine opinion of a pique off-the-shoulder party style.

A YOUTHFUL VIEW



The British portion of KDKA's exchange show, Youth Looks at the News, features Diana Colman, Alfred Harris and moderator Brent Wood for the BBC.

IF YOU were to ask any of the Pittsburgh youngsters about their counterparts in London, or for that matter if you asked the English kids about the young people in the steel capital of the world, you would probably find them well-informed.

Not that these two teenage groups have made special studies of the two cities; they haven't. But they do have a radio program on which they exchange ideas and comments.

The program Youth Looks at the News is a feature of KDKA, the Pittsburgh Westinghouse station, which was started in April, 1943. Jack Swift, KDKA's chief news editor, acts as moderator for the Pittsburgh show, while Lee Corey, Pennsylvania College for Women student, and Nelson Runger of Mt. Lebanon High School represent the U.S.

The BBC broadcast has Brent Wood as moderator and Diana Colman and Alfred Harris as participants. Diana is nineteen. She has won a scholarship to St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and is working at the French Tourist office in London before she goes to the University. She is interested in journalism, broadcasting, books, current affairs, amateur dramatics, people and films. Alfred is also nineteen. He works in the research laboratory of a scientific instrument firm and is studying for a science degree. Photography is his hobby and, aside from his work, his main interest is Youth Clubs.

The moderator, Mr. Wood, was a BBC commentator during the war. He also conducted the Listening Post, which was BBC's answer to Lord Haw Haw. The name Brent Wood conceals the identity of the well-known author, Edgar Lustgarten.

Exchange programs are transcribed in Pittsburgh and London for use the third Saturday of every month. On the other programs Swift and his teenagers devote their time to activities which interest youth. Teenagers cited for unusual achievement are often guests on the show.

Earlier exchange programs originated in England, when Janet Baxter and Peter Henbury presented a broadcast under W. I. Hughes of BBC's Midland Regional staff, and Sally Adamson and Raymond Hodkinson were heard with announcer W. H. Mason.

From this side of the Atlantic: Nelson Runger, News Editor Swift, Westinghouse Science Talent Search finalist Charles Arthur Plantz and Lee Corey.



Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 9*)

filmeries. Now it's the other way around, with the movie houses angling to get the giveaway shows to use their theaters and the shows finding themselves embarrassed by riches in the form of too many movie palaces for their operations.

* * *

Okay, Burns and Allen are all set. They'd no sooner been released by their old sponsor, when CBS signed them—they will be heard next season, sponsor or no. At the rate it's going, pretty soon CBS will have cornered all the best talent there is and then sponsors might find themselves over a barrel. It sometimes causes us to wonder as we watch the peculiar types of economies the people with the very large cabbage exercise.

* * *

K. T. Stevens, heard as the older sister on Junior Miss, has consistently refused to trade on the prominence of her father, Academy Award winning film director Sam Wood. She has always insisted on making the grade entirely on her own. Now that she has succeeded, her father, who has a yen to try his hand again at stage direction, is looking for a play in which he can star his now-famous daughter.

* * *

Ah, romance! Jack Barry's Life Begins At Eighty is responsible for a new romance. The duo involved is eighty-one-year-old Fred Stein and Georgianna Carhart, eighty-four. They go out on dates together these fine summer evenings. Mrs. Carhart objects to the difference in their ages, but says she is tired of living alone and looking it.

* * *

Believe it or not, Eve Arden has received a letter from the principal of the La Jolla (California) Junior-Senior High School, which reads, "We will have an opening in our English Department next year. If interested, may I send you an application blank?"

* * *

Jack Smith has completed work on his first motion picture, "Make Believe Ballroom," which is due for release this summer. It's the story of a disc jockey and features Frankie Laine, Jimmy Dorsey, Ray McKinley and the King Cole Trio.

* * *

When CBS moved the First Nighter stanza to Hollywood, Barbara Luddy was handed a problem. She managed to find a place to live, but she couldn't get a telephone. At last, the long wait is over and she won't have to run to the home of the doctor next door, who's been letting her use his phone for business and emergency calls.

* * *

Jack Bailey's Queen For A Day show has signed up for two broadcasts from the stage of the Golden Gate Theater in San Francisco for June 20 and 21st.

* * *

One of the reminiscences that delights us is the one about Jimmy Durante's early night club days. He used to be billed then as a song expert who could play any tune the audience requested. If a song was requested which Jimmy didn't know—as was often the case—Durante would play an old stock tune. Of course, some of the customers would object and Jimmy would then stare at them in amazement and exclaim, "You mean there's two of 'em?"

(*Continued on page 96*)

...dream girl, dream girl... beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

...hair that gleams and glistens...from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

NOT A SOAP!
NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S
RICH LATHERING
CREAM SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar $1; 10-oz. economy size $2. Smaller jars and tubes 49¢ and 25¢.

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN . . . for *true* hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, *tonight*, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—*and you*—will love the loveliness results in your hair.



The King of Swing himself. Benny Goodman and his clarinet have been making musical history ever since the early days of jazz.

Facing the

BENNY GOODMAN, America's "King Of Swing," wasted no time in starting his musical career. He was making music almost as soon as he learned to talk and a clarinet is one of his earliest memories.

Benjamin David Goodman was born in Chicago on May 30th, 1909. His father was an over-worked tailor, and the baby could hardly be called a novelty in the tenement home of the Goodmans. He was one of twelve children and was born without even a tin-plate spoon in his mouth.

But Benny was a child prodigy. In kindergarten he was already a whiz on the harmonica. At six, he met his first clarinet, but Papa Goodman could not scrape up enough money each week for Benny to take his first lessons until four years later.

The following year, Benny was playing the clarinet in the children's orchestra at Hull House, Chicago's famous institution for aiding slum kids. Even as a youngster he could improvise the classics in a breath-taking manner.

While still a student at Lewis Institute, Benny was the child wonder of the Windy City's night clubs playing with Arnold Johnson's famous old jazz combo. Among the little girls in the floor show were Ruth Etting and the late Helen Morgan. Ted Lewis' records were Benny's main dish, though at thirteen his pet recording unit was the Cotton Pickers Band.

At sixteen, Benny was good enough to make the grade with Ben Pollack's famous jazz orchestra. Benny made his first recording with Pollack in a coupling of "Deed I Do" and "He's The Last Word." He stayed with Pollack for four years, and left in 1929. Feeling that New York was the jazz capital of the world, he stayed in the big city. In 1934 he formed his own band which made its debut at Billy Rose's Music Hall on Broadway, and shortly afterwards, he was signed for his first sponsored radio show over NBC. The rest of the Goodman story is much too familiar to need any elaboration now.

Six feet tall and weighing 170 pounds, Benny plays an excellent game of tennis and golf. But his life and dreams are all tied up in music. His greatest hobby is playing chamber music, which he frequently does with the Budapest String Quartet. He has also won resounding success as soloist with the New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Rochester, and Buffalo Symphony Orchestras.

In his autobiography *King Of Swing* Benny defines swing as "free speech in music for the musician . . . where a man can express his own musical ideas without restriction."

* * *

Margaret Whiting has just completed a two-

Music

reel musical for Paramount Pictures which was filmed in New York.

* * *

Pert Peggy Lee, who seems to pop up on the Bing Crosby show almost as often as the Groaner himself, appears to be all set for a regular spot on the Crosby airer next season. However, the move will also enable her to do additional radio work on her own and would not restrict her to the one program.

* * *

When Milt Buckner, ex-Lionel Hampton pianist and arranger, made his first MGM records with his new band, MGM officials raved that the Buckner discs were the "gonest" sides they had ever recorded. As a matter of fact, they turned out to be so gone that they disappeared and weren't found until several weeks later, which is the reason that the release of the first Buckner platter for MGM, coupling "Buck's Bop" and "Milt's Boogie," was postponed for six weeks.

* * *

I hear tell that Alfred Drake is having a tough time keeping his youngest daughter from sitting in the lap of his new French poodle! Daughter, age three, seems to prefer the pup's charms to those of her own crib.

* * *

Vaughn Monroe's entry in the U. S. Army's contest to find an official Army song, has landed among the five that will be played by Army bands for a year, during which it will be decided which song will be the official choice. Monroe's "Men of the Army" won him a $1,000 Savings Bond.

* * *

The Railroad Hour will have a long time off-the-air hiatus this summer, but singer Gordon MacRae is set to remain on the fill-in series with the Sportsmen Quartet and John Berig's music.

* * *

Johnny Long, who played dozens of college dates last year, is set for many more this annum. And the collegians are so determined that they'll be able to get Johnny, that some of them have already reserved dates in October and November. Ah, to be that popular!

* * *

It Pays to Be Ignorant is by way of being a family show in more ways than one. The Howards, Tom, Ruth and Tom, Jr., pool their talents to make the show the laugh-provoking satire on all quiz shows that it is. Tom Howard, of course, is the irascible duncemaster of the show. Ruth Howard, Tom's daughter, is the script writer and her brother, Tom, Jr., does the musical arrangements for the Townsmen Quartet and Harry Salter's orchestra.

By MARTIN BLOCK



Martin Block conducts Make Believe Ballroom daily on New York's WNEW. He's also heard on NBC's Supper Club, Mon., Wed. and Fri., at 7 P.M. EDT.

To The Readers of Radio Mirror: Just a note to thank all you wonderful people for naming me America's Favorite Disc Jockey. I've always tried to play *your* favorite records on my Make Believe Ballroom and feature *your* favorite artists, and now I hope to bring you news of both in Facing The Music. My deepest thanks again.

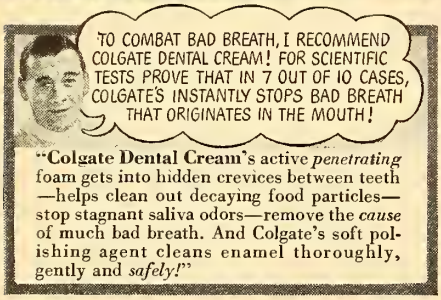
Sincerely,
MARTIN BLOCK



Everyone knows who these gentlemen are, but just for the record: Morton Downey, Bill Gaxton and Fred Waring at a Lambs Gambol.

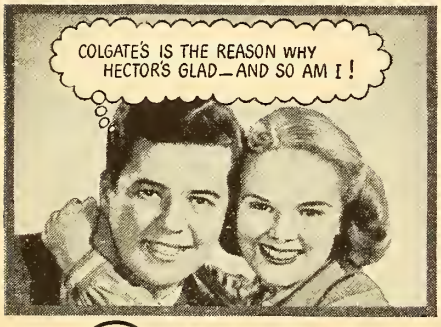






"**Colgate Dental Cream**'s active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —helps clean out decaying food particles— stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before every date

Look at the RECORDS

BY JOE MARTIN



Cartoonists sometimes see things that cameras don't. But there's no doubt that this is Tex Beneke—or is there?

TEX BENEKE (RCA Victor)—Tex and the band pair a novelty vocal with an instrumental and come up with a winner in "Pin-Striped Pants" and "Midnight Serenade."

BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY (MGM)—The Hollywood record company has taken four songs directly from the sound track of the new musical and issued them in an album that, naturally, features Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. The records are non-breakable, too.

SARAH VAUGHN (Columbia)—Now firmly ensconced on a new record label, Sarah sings "Black Coffee" and "As You Desire Me". This gal has a wonderful way with her.

LES BROWN (Columbia)—There's no reason why "A Fine Romance" can't be as big a hit as "I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm". The coupling is called "1400 Dream Street".

ALICE HALL TRIO (Capitol)—"Pennies From Heaven" and "Caravan" are infectiously and musically played by the trio of drums, bass and accordion.

TROPICAL ISLE—Alvino Rey (Capitol)—Here's an album of Alvino's singing guitar and orchestra. The fine songs included are the "Pagan Love Song," "Sweet Leilani" and "Moon Of Manikoora."

JUDY VALENTINE (MGM)—This new and unusual voice actually belongs to the wife of Boston disc jockey Sherman Feller. Judy sings in a baby-voice "Kiss Me Sweet" and "Kitchy Kitchy Koo."

FRAN WARREN (RCA Victor)—Fran sings "A Wonderful Guy" and "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out Of My Hair." Both are from "South Pacific" and both are excellent.

CHARLIE VENTURA (RCA Victor)—The titles are "Whatta Ya Say We Go" and "Body and Soul". The latter, of course, is a baritone sax solo by Charlie while the first-named is a bebop vocal by Jackie Cain and Roy Kral.

DICK JURGENS (Columbia)—Al Galante sings on both sides of the disc. You'll get a big kick out of "You Red Head" and "Women! Women! Women!"

DAVID ROSE (MGM)—The talented composer-conductor offers "Swedish Rhapsody" and "Song Of The Vagabonds". They are truly beautiful compositions and well worth having.

VAUGHN MONROE (RCA Victor)—Now that Vaughn is signed to make Western motion pictures, his versions of "Riders In The Sky" and "Single Saddle" are well-timed. Well done, too.

Collector's Corner



By LISA KIRK

(From schoolgirl in Roscoe, Pennsylvania, to show-stopper on Broadway was a short trip for Lisa Kirk. It may not have been an easy voyage, but Lisa, at 23, proves that the time element was not too important. After a series of successful engagements as a singer in New York night clubs, Lisa's first break came in Broadway's "Allegro." Now, of course, everyone knows about her smashing success in Cole Porter's "Kiss Me Kate," in which she sings "Always True To You In My Fashion" and "Why Can't You Behave".)

* * *

EVER since my high school days in Pennsylvania, I've been an avid record collector. Of course, as my musical training progressed and as I got to hear more of the different styles of music and singing, my likes and dislikes went through various and sundry changes.

At the moment, I would most definitely say that I don't like any one style of music better than any other, nor do I restrict my collection to either classical or popular music. I've got my record shelves filled with everything from Brahms to bebop.

Among my favorites, I think Billy Eckstine's version of "What's My Name" is the one disc I listen to most often.

Another record that I keep where I can get at it quickly is Fran Warren's recent recording of "A Wonderful Guy." I'm in love with Fran's phrasing and voice.

In a more serious vein, I enjoy listening to anybody's recording of Claude Debussy's "La Mer." There are few compositions I've ever heard that are as beautiful and melodic as that one is.

A very good friend of mine is Vic Damone, a very favorite record of mine is Vic's Mercury disc of "Again." Just listen to it and you know why.

I could actually go on, but the longer I think about it, the more discs come to my mind . . . some of the old Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw platters, dixieland jazz, operatic records . . . Let me leave you with the ones I've listed above because the next time we meet, I'll probably give you a new list—and that will be because I'm still listening to good things on records.

"I dress for a bride's shower... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



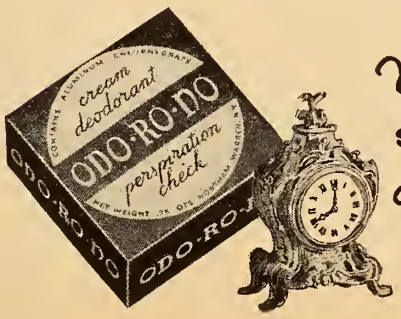


1. "**For daytime duties** I wear a versatile costume. A short, chic, cardigan jacket. A jaunty white hat with a feather to match my dress. A gay roomy basket bag. It's really a traffic stopper! And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . *because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!*"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth, too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "**For the evening** surprise party, from under my jacket appears a picture-pretty party dress. Around its soft blue tie silk I put a white organdie sash which matches the dainty gathered V-neck insert, and I'm set! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . *because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!*"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the perfect deodorant!

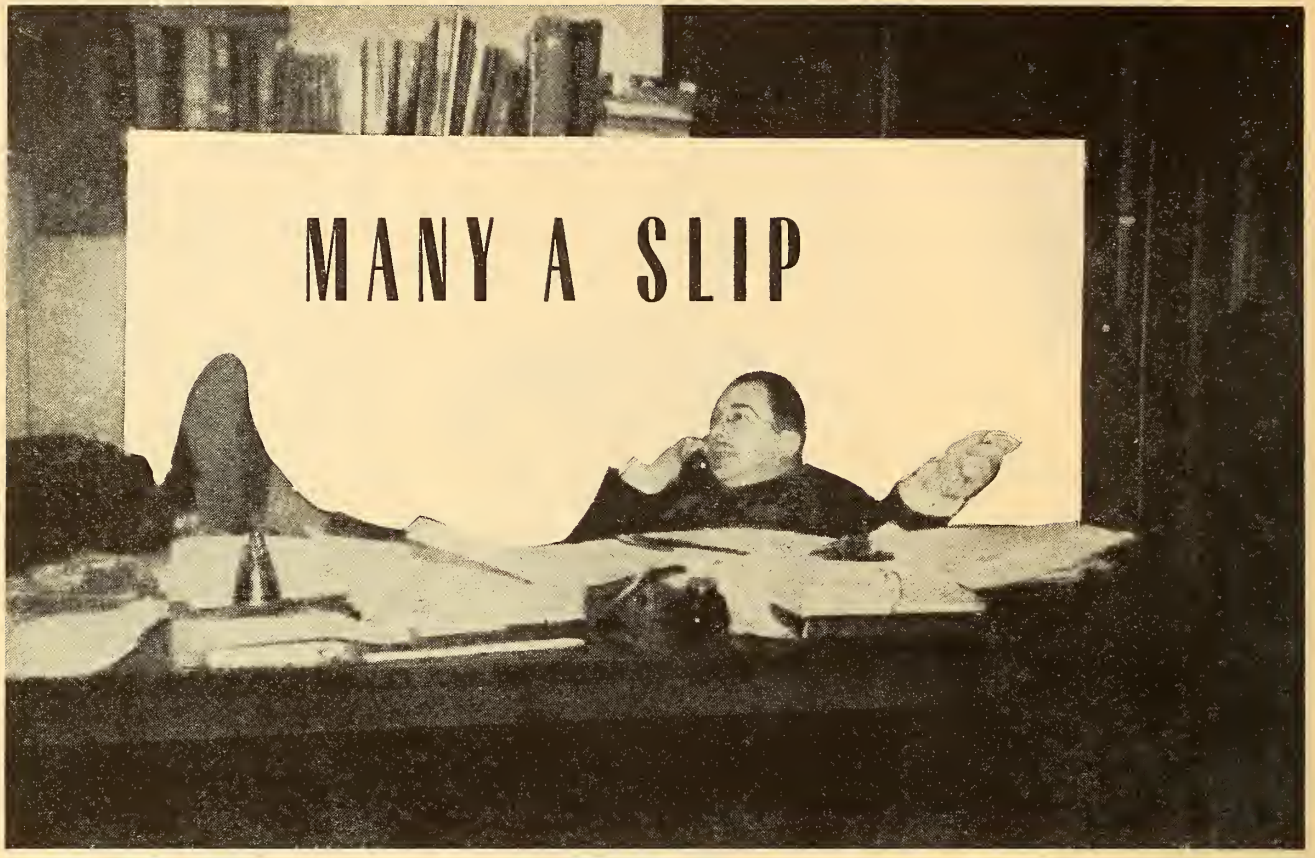


New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)

R
M

MANY A SLIP



This is Rupe Werling, production manager of WIBG, Phila., from whose scrapbook these fluffs were collected.

"PRESENTING a program for your every nude!" If those words issued from the loudspeaker of your radio, as you contentedly sat back puffing your pipe, would you immediately start hunting for your favorite burlesque artiste, or would you just let it ride as a fluff? Because that's actually what it was.

Announcer Roy Neal's tongue slipped on a "program for your every mood" while broadcasting from a Philadelphia station, to bring that city one of its better fluffs of the year.

A fluff, you realize by now, is a tongue slip made by a radio announcer, and quite a few choice variations manage to work their way over the air waves from time to time. For instance, Tom Moore was fully aware that the store he claimed was "easily available by truss, bolley and el" really could be reached by bus, trolley and el.

See what you can do with brass ash trays. An announcer did the same thing. Another drew quite a bit of unfavorable comment for his mineral water sponsor, when he failed to stress the last two letters of the slogan "Drink yourself to health."

Tongue slips can be quite embarrassing, but an omitted word can cause even more trouble. A finance company cancelled its program because an announcer dropped the word "not" from the sentence "They are not loan sharks."

The omission of the word "with" made an introduction cause for humble apologies when listeners to a baseball preview were surprised to hear "—and now here he is—the dope from the training camps, Douglas Arthur." That same Douglas Arthur had no cause to squawk, because he recalled the day he informed his listeners that they'd just heard "a fifteen-minute program featuring a half-hour of the records of Tommy Dorsey."

The baseball broadcaster who had Joe DiMaggio "backing—backing to the fence—his head hit it—it drops to the ground—he picks it up and throws it to third" left listeners speculating as to whether the great DiMag owned a removable top piece.

Probably the commonest of all fluffs occurs when an announcer moves from one station to another, and from force of habit continues to advise listeners they're being entertained by the station he used to work for, instead of the one now paying his salary.

An occasion worth celebrating was that which occurred when an announcer new to Philadelphia told his microphone that it belonged to a station in Rochester. The cause for cheers was a new engineer. He threw the wrong switch and the announcement never left the studio, proving that two wrongs can make a right.

But tongue slips aren't the only troubles of radio spellbinders. Memory lapses do their share towards driving program directors crazy. Dr. J. Arthur Meyers, a doctor of philosophy, who broadcasts as Your Unseen Adviser, needed some advice himself the morning he turned his program back to an announcer with whom he had worked for twenty-six weeks, thusly: "and now, here is our good friend . . . hmmmm . . . I've forgotten his name—with a message from our sponsor."

Then there was the announcer who forgot the lyrics to Ozzie Nelson's recording of "The Little Guppy" with which he was concluding a program. He had the engineer fade the music under his voice as he told the listeners, "We'll be back with another in this series of programs tomorrow at the same time" and then had the music brought back loudly just in time to have a female voice yodel, "It stinks!"

Rupe Werling, production manager of WIBG, Philadelphia, from whose collection this article was compiled, has his own pet fluff, which dates back to the days he was an announcer and called skunk-dyed opossum, "sky-dunked opossum," not once, but twice in the same day. The third time he was scheduled to read that same furrier's commercial, he rehearsed and rehearsed. Again it came out as "sky-dunked opossum." Thereafter, as far as Werling was concerned that fur was one that was never sold.

New! Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream

with Penaten.....penetrates deeper into pore openings

cleanses skin cleaner





Newly, truly a miracle! A wonder cream that cleanses your skin cleaner, brighter, clearer! For PENATEN in Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream *penetrates deeper into pore openings.* Frees hard to remove make-up, clinging soil. Smooths more effectively... PENATEN carries Woodbury's rich skin softeners deeper. Never, ever, till Woodbury put PENATEN in this new De Luxe Cold Cream, has your skin looked so luminous. So alive. So luscious-soft.

For extra-dry skin—extra-rich Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream



If you're "over-thirty"...if your own skin oils are decreasing, supplement with lanolin's benefits...four special skin softeners... in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream. PENATEN speeds this richness deeper into pore openings. Softens instantly. Smooths tiny dry lines that lead to wrinkles. Soon... YOU look younger!

Jars dressed in pink-and-gold. Trial size, 20¢ to largest luxury size, $1.39. Plus tax.



Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

Veto
COLGATE'S
NEW DEODORANT

Always creamy and smooth . . . lovely to use!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

Nelson Selby, WBEN organist, entertains from the balcony of Laube's Old Spain. Beginning in 1925, Nelson played in almost every Buffalo movie house and for nine years provided music for roller skating.



LOVE of his LIFE

ONE rarely thinks of an organist as being a much-traveled man or one whose activities would run from virtually dawn to midnight. But WBEN organist Nelson Selby is currently providing the musical backbone of Breakfast at Laube's Old Spain five mornings a week, playing at the Hotel Lenox six evenings a week, and airing a Sunday afternoon organ program on WBEN. He also is heard frequently on Sundays at Buffalo's leading churches.

Nelson can hardly remember the time when he wasn't in love with organ music. It started when he filled in as church organist on Sundays. After high school graduation he studied at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester and later attended the University of Buffalo. But it was long before that—at the age of seven—that he began his musical studies.

Curiously, Nelson attracted early attention for his accordion playing as much as his artistry on the organ. Two decades ago he teamed with Mickey Sullivan, the leader of television's famous Mad Hatters band on WBEN-TV. As the Boys from Melody Lane, he and Mickey broadcast from WGY, Schenectady and for two summers sang at famed Saratoga.

For his morning Breakfast programs Nelson utilizes the Hammond organ at Laube's but on Sunday afternoon he plays the huge WBEN organ at the station's studios. At the Lenox Hotel he has his own equipment—Hammond, celeste and chimes. He also is a consultant and salesman of Hammond organs at a local music house.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby have three children—Dick, seventeen; Judith, eight and Diane, four. Dick is preparing for M. I. T.



In 1937 and '38 Nelson broadcast over the NBC network, later toured the small-town circuit.

De Long
Bob Pins
set the smartest
hair-do's
stronger grip—
won't slip out



Short in front—short in back...like this new "Directoire Style" that's so flattering to your face...that's the way your hair goes this season. And the smartest hair-do's are going up with De Long Bob Pins! Smoothly rounded at the ends, De Long Bob Pins slide in easily, stay in indefinitely. For easier setting—for lovelier hair—reach for De Long Bob Pins on the famous blue cards.

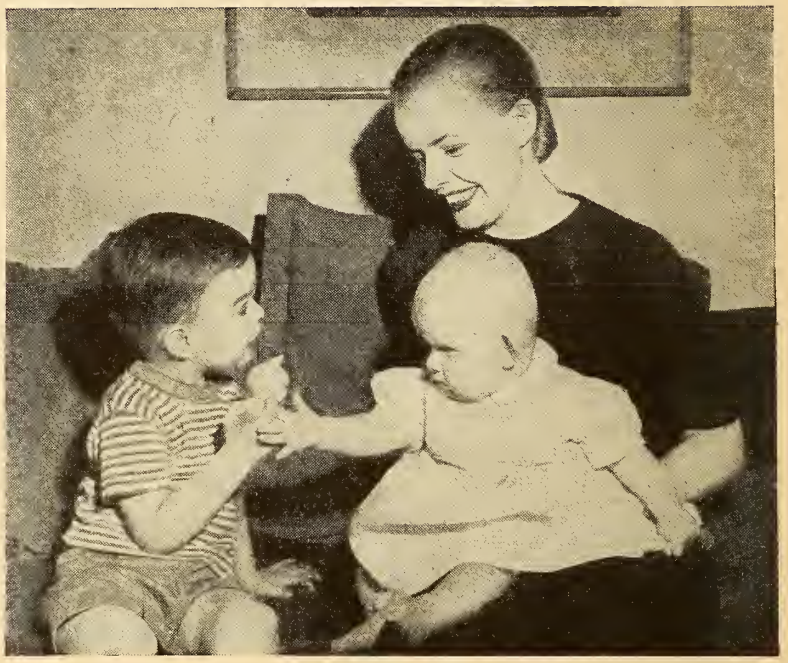


how to set this
"directoire style"
created by Robert King, famous New York and Hollywood hair stylist and make-up artist. Make 6 large pin curls for the bang. Wave a ridge over each ear and make two rows of curls from high on both sides all the way around back. Always turn curls toward face. Brush out hair away from face and let fall softly.



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

While Waiting



Keeping pretty while pregnant was no problem for radio actress Eileen Palmer. Her rules can work for you, too.

JUNE—the traditional month for brides! Many of you are altar bound. Some of you are already happy wives and mothers. But many of you are "expecting," for the first time. And, because approaching motherhood is always a wonderful and mysterious experience, we thought you might like knowing how another woman managed to get through those long nine months with the minimum of discomfort and loss to her good looks.

So we called upon Eileen Palmer in her Peter Cooper Village apartment, along New York's East River. When we explained to her that any advice she could give might be of interest and help to other women, she was more than willing to tell her story.

Eileen plays Francie Brent on NBC's Road of Life program. She also appears on Mr. District Attorney, Gang Busters and Counter Spy. Her husband is Gregory MacGregor, reporter for The New York Times. Eileen has become a mother twice. The children are a boy, Fletcher, now three, and a baby girl, Jean, born last September, who loves strangers, and shows her delight in meeting them by her adorable smile.

Eileen's first word of advice is that if you have a job, keep working as long as you can. It helps to take your mind off how you feel. Or if at home, keep busy.

She moved just before her second child arrived. She helped her husband build bookcases, paint, and she made draperies. As this was during the summer months, she dressed their two-year-old son in as few clothes as possible to save laundry, sat down as often as she could to keep from being on her feet too much, and planned her meals simply, to cut down extra dish washing.

Of course, her husband was most understanding, and helped all he could. But, as Eileen pointed out, at times it's difficult to keep from being nervous and irritable. However, it's worth the try. It's a good time too, to develop your sense of humor.

Eileen also advises you not to keep looking at your figure in a full-length mirror all the time. If you do, you might feel depressed. For your husband's morale, as well as for your own, try not to become sloppy in your appearance.

o o o

By MARY JANE FULTON

Keep your hair clean and becomingly coiffed, your nails always well manicured, and your make-up on right. Every so often, wear your hair differently. It will help detract attention away from your figure. As Eileen has hazel eyes (they'relovely), and wears glasses.a lot, she thought maybe using eye make-up would help, so her eyes wouldn't have such a blank, washed-out look. So she used green eyeshadow to bring out the intensity of their coloring. As her lashes and brows are black, she applied black mascara on her lashes, and used what was left on the brush to brush lightly over her brows. You might find a brow pencil more satisfactory. Her brows are shaped nicely, so she didn't have to do more than keep them neat by plucking out straggly hairs.

Eileen invested in three pretty maternity dresses, and wore plain black picture hats with them to help balance her figure. Don't, she advises, clutter yourself up with a lot of jewelry. Either an attractive necklace, bright pin, or earrings is enough to wear, so that people will notice them first, and not be immediately conscious of your size.

When it becomes more difficult for you to sit in a chair gracefully, she suggests avoiding overstuffed ones, which are difficult to get up from. Sit, instead, in straight-back chairs.

She had a "pregnant chair" in every room of her apartment. As soon as she entered a friend's living room, she immediately spotted, and made for, a straight-backed one. Watch the position of your feet. Don't sit with your knees spread apart, she says, for this is the way you might feel like sitting. But it's not a graceful or ladylike posture.

As her final word of advice to mothers-to-be, she says to be sure to follow your doctor's instructions. She didn't, the first time, and consequently gained too much weight. The second time, she had learned her lesson, and adhered strictly to the diet he gave her. Then, after baby Jean arrived, she didn't have to lose weight the hard way—by the unhappy process of reducing.

SALON-SAFE FOR "PROBLEM" HAIR
SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD

When your hair is that soft, fine kind, you want a home permanent that really *pampers* your hair!

With the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you can be sure of lovely, safe, gentle "salon-type" results. That's because you use the same sort of preparations...even the same improved cold wave process found best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, *cream* waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job. *If you can roll your hair on curlers, you'll manage beautifully!*

There isn't a more luxurious, softer, more natural-looking home wave for *any* head! Price, $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50. (Prices plus Tax.)



HERE'S WHY USERS PREFER HUDNUT!*

1. Gives you the wave you wish you were born with—soft, luxurious, natural-looking.
2. Quicker by far—saves ½ hour or more per permanent.
3. Easier, too! Special Hudnut pre-softening makes winding easier; ends less difficult!
4. Exactly the type curl you desire—tight or loose—but never a frizz on the ends!
5. Lasts longer—gives weeks more pleasure and prettiness!
6. Doesn't dry hair or split ends; includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do."
7. More manageable—greater coiffure variety.

*As expressed by a cross-section of Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

New! Improved! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



R M

ASHAMED OF YOUR FACE?

Famous Doctor Advises Anyone Suffering the Humiliation and Misery of Bad Skin—Externally Caused—TO TRY VIDERM PLAN

Clinical Tests Prove VIDERM Does Wonders for Pimply, Itchy-Blotchy Skin.





A famous New York doctor and an eminent chemist (names sent on request) definitely prove by actual clinical tests that the Viderm Plan is of distinct benefit to men and women, boys and girls suffering the humiliation and misery of bad skin caused by pimples (Acne Simplex).

These two scientists took a group of boys, girls, men and women ranging in ages from 16 to 36 with bad, blotchy, itching skins and treated them with nothing else but the regular 2-jar Viderm Plan containing VIDERM SKIN CLEANSER and VIDERM FORTIFIED MEDICATED CREAM.

The improvement in the skin and complexion of these patients was so gratifying that the doctor arrived at this conclusion: The VIDERM PLAN should be tried by anyone suffering from bad skin—externally caused.

The marked photos shown here are **living proof** that VIDERM can actually make your skin clearer and better looking almost daily—that your skin will show a dramatic improvement every blessed day!



BEFORE TREATMENT WITH VIDERM



AFTER VIDERM TREATMENT BY DOCTOR

Case 79: These untouched photos taken from real life by the doctor making this clinical Viderm test, show how Viderm has amazingly cleared skin of patient. This girl had pimples for more than 2 years before successful treatment with Viderm. Don't give up hope until you have tried Viderm for your skin! Here is dramatic proof that Viderm can do the same wonders for your skin in the same short time!

So if you are discouraged, blue, ashamed of your face, feel like a social outcast, this physician's findings should bring you great hope. For there is every reason to believe that the VIDERM PLAN will help give **you** a clearer skin in a comparatively short time, just as it has done for the patients treated by the doctor in the clinic.

In fact, the New York Skin Laboratory is so sure of it that they will refund the full purchase price if the VIDERM PLAN doesn't give you a clearer, lovelier skin and complexion. SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just your name and address to New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division St., Dept. 2-L, N. Y. 2, N. Y. You will receive by return mail the complete 2-jar VIDERM PLAN in plain sealed wrapper with doctor's advice how to use for best results. (If you wish to save postage and C.O.D. charges, send $2 with order.) Same money back guarantee applies. Here's the address again—New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 2-L, New York 2, N. Y. Write today.

TO PHYSICIANS: Complete clinical data on the effects of VIDERM on Acne Simplex, together with professional sample, sent if requested on your letterhead.

R
M

Joe Rodriguez got his wish when emcee Tommy Bartlett whisked his wife and son to Chicago for a grand reunion.



TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

By
TOMMY BARTLETT

IT isn't often in a man's life he can make a wish and have it come true. But our Traveler of the Month, Joe Rodriguez, did.

More than anything else he wished to see his son for the first time, and his wife *again*. And he got his wish! But let me tell you his story, from the day he was blinded by a mining accident six months ago until the day he appeared on the Welcome Travelers broadcast.

Joe had a job with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. He and wife Lucy had a three-room cottage on company grounds. All in all, they were very happy.

That is they were, until six months ago, when one day Joe was crushed in a treacherous slide of rock. His many injuries included a critical skull fracture. He was alive, but doctors said he would be blind for life.

Those were horrible, anxious days for Joe and Lucy. Instead of waiting in happy anticipation for an addition to their family, sorrow had come into their lives. Lucy hovered over Joe's bedside, helpless.

But that is where Joe's bosses stepped into the picture. They moved him from hospital to hospital—nothing was left undone. Finally they took him to New York.

In New York the famous specialist Dr. Castroviejo made an examination. He said one eye was hopeless, but there was a chance to save the other. It would mean an immediate operation.

Fortunately for Joe, an unknown donor had given an eye to the eye bank just an hour before. After the delicate operation, the longest wait in Joe's whole life began. He had a lot of time to think—too much time. How would he be able to earn a living? How could he care for Lucy? The expected baby? Could he ever be the mechanic he wanted to be?

The nuns in the hospital were very kind to him. But all he could think of was, *Will I ever see again?*

Then he got the message he had been waiting for. He was a father. He had a six-pound son and Lucy was fine.

Then followed more days of suspense. Bandaged, he waited—it seemed like a lifetime. Then the big day came. The bandages were removed.

And he saw—his own fingers, locked tightly on his lap, slowly, carefully, he raised his eyes. There was the room in which he had waited for this big moment.

Then he realized he would see Lucy, he would see his son Joe, Jr. His vision wouldn't ever be perfect, but partial sight is better than none.

He stood at the window and looked out at New York. The noises he had listened to, blended with the scene of the metropolitan city, amazed him. But the West held his heart.

So Joe started home with representatives of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company—his boss. Between trains in Chicago they suggested he attend a radio broadcast. Which brings me into the story.

At the ABC broadcast, I said, "Joe, what do you want more than anything else in the world?"

He replied, "To see my wife and baby."

"Well here they are, look down the aisle." He didn't know that we had whisked his Lucy and Joe, Jr., by plane from Colorado for the happy reunion!

It was tearful. It was happy. They ran into each other's arms. Spanish and English endearments filled the air.

Never in my life has a moment so affected me. It was wonderful to think that I had a part in making his wish come true. I asked Joe, "Do you think the baby looks like you?" But Joe, in his new happiness, was speechless.

He held the baby for the first time. He was frightened; he was thrilled; it was what he had been hoping and waiting for.

"Joe, what big lesson have you learned through your experience of the last six months?" I asked him. Joe thought a moment, and then he said. "My prayers have been answered. I can see again. I got my eyes from someone. When I die, I want to will my eyes, to help someone, to bring them the happiness I now have!"

R
M

From the files of Welcome Traveler (Mon.-Fri. 12 N. EDT, ABC) Tommy Bartlett chose this story.

HOW LONG WILL YOUR TV

A television set is an investment not to be entered into lightly, and rumors are flying that present day sets might soon be useless. "Is there truth to these rumors?" Radio Mirror asked the Federal Communications Commission. Here is what FCC Chairman Wayne Coy says

TO BUY or not to buy—that seems to be the question these days. It is being asked by prospective purchasers of television sets all over the country, and many of the readers of RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR have written to the editors, asking their opinion. There seems to be a persistent rumor to the effect that TV sets on the market at the moment will go out of date shortly—that is, that they will not be able to receive television programs because of changes which will be made in TV transmission. Of course, that same uneasiness is felt by those who already have made an investment in a TV set and who worry that their new receiver may not be worth the cost, if it is soon to be out of date.

This whole matter of possible TV set obsolescence has been the subject of considerable comment by Mr. Wayne Coy, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, recently, and what he has to say about it is worth repeating, for it answers the questions that have been asked, explains and dispels the rumors that have been flying.

In a recent speech before the Advertising Club of Baltimore he said, "I am sure that all of you fully understand that there is no proposal to eliminate or discard the use of the present twelve television channels. The Commission would not be taking the time to revise the standards for the presently available service if it had in mind eliminating, in the near future, the use of these channels for television service. . . . Obviously, therefore, present television sets available on the market will get service from these channels continuously."

The television channels now on the air, to which the Commissioner refers, operate on what is called Very High Frequency—called VHF for short. However, there is no room for expansion in the VHF, so experimentation is being carried on to make room for new television channels in the Ultra High Frequency, or UHF. And, Mr. Coy said, "The FCC and the industry are now working together to determine what can be done to bring about these improvements."

From this work, these experiments, the rumors about present sets going out of date have sprung. But if, as, and when UHF *is* developed, present TV channels *will remain on the air,* present TV receivers will continue to get the programs which they send out.

"I would have no hesitancy today," Mr. Coy went on to say, "in buying a television receiver. I would not wait until the FCC had decided what they were going to do about the UHF because that may be some time off, and more than that, the time to develop trans- (*Continued on page* 97)

SET BE GOOD



KIM, CARROLL, KAY and Co.

BY GEORGIA CARROLL KYSER

Georgia is one wife who doesn't mind being told that woman's place is in the home. It's fun, especially with two daughters . . . and Kay Kyser for a husband

HE took my hand anxiously into his and felt my pulse. "Fine," he said.

It was while we were expecting Kim, our first child. I was being watched over those days like a gold shipment bound for Fort Knox. My welfare was the matter of chief concern in the Kyser household.

"Remember," he said, "you're to get lots of sleep during the day. I want you to take your midday naps without fail."

I couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. I felt fine. But I didn't say anything. I simply nodded. You just don't quarrel with health advice.

He looked at me firmly.

"And be sure to take your vitamin pills."

With that he did *not* snap shut his little black case and leave a prescription for me to have filled. Because that was no doctor. That was Kay Kyser, husband, who, with all his faults (like any other man, he has his quota of them), is a pretty tolerable fellow to have around whether you're having a baby or not.

I'm often asked what kind of person Kay *really* is. Is he clowning all the time, as on the air? Is life with the old professah just one big practical joke after another? Does he ever stop gabbing? Does he keep up the same amazing pace at home that he achieves when he's performing?

No, life with Kay is not a perpetual three-ring circus. It has too much dignity for anything like that. But it also has fun—calm, quiet family fun. And excitement. And, yes, romance. Maybe the best way to judge what kind of husband Kay is would be to examine my feelings as his wife. That's easy. The five years we've been married have been crammed with happiness!

Don't misunderstand. That doesn't mean everything is always smooth with the Kysers. Know any couple whose life together is? We have our ups and downs, but the important thing is that our downs never get us down. That's because we've got a (*Continued on page* 77)

Kay Kyser's College of Fun and Knowledge is heard M.-F., 4 P.M. EDT, ABC.



Kim (on Georgia's lap) was an adored first child, but moved over gracefully when baby sister Carroll (with Kay) came along.

KAY KYSER'S NONSENSICAL



Games to play, sense and nonsense, it's fun—and knowledge—for every member of the family!

OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

"It cost only twenty-five cents to get into the Ford Theater in Washington the night President Lincoln was shot," a Kyser College diploma-holder told us one day. He's Julius Oscar Regnier, of Lowell, Ohio, and he ought to know—he was there with his parents and saw the shooting. Julius is ninety-nine now.

* * *

HALF-MINUTE QUIZ #1

"Everything happens for the best in this best of all possible worlds." Who said it? Check one:

Pollyanna .....
Voltaire .....
John L. Lewis .....

(You'll find quiz answers upside down at the bottom of the opposite page.)

* * *

"HERE LIES" DEPARTMENT—

Here lies John Knott:
His father was Knott before him,
He lived Knott, died Knott,
Yet underneath this stone doth lie
Knott christened, Knott begot,
And here he lies, and still is Knott.
—From an old Perthshire churchyard

* * *

YOU CAN'T—

Sell pickles unless they bounce, in Connecticut—there's a law against it.

Shoot fish in Hazelhurst, Missouri—there's a law against it.

Sleep nude on park benches in Kansas—there's a law against it.

* * *

HALF-MINUTE QUIZ #2

From which of the following three did the early radio, known as the crystal set, receive its name? Check one:

An inventor's sweetheart named Crystal.....
A city named Crystal.....
Flint, glass or minerals known as crystal.....

* * *

PINDAR (born 518 B.C.) SAID IT—
"The best of healers is good cheer."

* * *



OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

Support for skunks came from Joel D. Lidden, of Rosemead, California, who is so fond of them that he calls them "perfume kittens" and keeps them as pets. "A skunk," Mr. Lidden told the student body heatedly, "is not as dirty as an ordinary house cat, and you will not have any rats around when you have a skunk."

Nonsensical Knowledge will appear every month in Radio Mirror.

KNOWLEDGE

A LITTLE LEARNING—



In case you care, here's how to say "July" in four languages:

Spanish—julio
Portuguese—julho
French—juillet
German—Juli

And speaking of July, the fifteenth of this month is St. Swithin's Day—the day which determines, by old superstition, the weather for more than a month afterwards. If it rains on St. Swithin's day, it'll rain every day for forty days thereafter—they say.

* * *

FUN AND GAMES—

Here's a game that any number of people can play. One person is sent out of the room. Each player is provided with pencil and paper, and one person is appointed timekeeper, and the timekeeper chooses a subject to be drawn, and announces it aloud to the group. (Any subject, the sillier the better, will do—such as "a pig and a pup on a picnic.") At the word "go" each player closes his eyes, and keeping them closed until the timekeeper calls "time" makes the best possible drawing illustrating the subject. Time limit should be two minutes. The person sent out of the room (remember him?) comes back, collects the papers, and tries to decide, from the drawings, what the subject was. The picture from which he guesses, or comes closest to guessing, the subject wins the "artist" a prize.

* * *

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO DEP'T—

My granddad, viewing earth's worn cogs,
Said things were going to the dogs;
His granddad, in his house of logs,
Said things were going to the dogs;
His granddad, in the Flemish bogs,
Said things were going to the dogs;
His granddad, in his old skin togs,
Said things were going to the dogs;
There's one thing that I have to state—
The dogs have had a good long wait!

—Author Unknown

* * *



HALF-MINUTE QUIZ #3

Allen's Alley is an American institution as well-known as Main Street. Where can it be found? Check one:

In a comic strip featuring Skeezix .....
In the slums of New York City .....
On a radio program.....

* * *

FILE AND FORGET—

Diameter of the earth at the equator—7,926 mi.; through the poles —7,899 mi. Area of earth: sq. mi. of water, 139,440,000; of land, 57,510,000.

DIONYSIUS THE ELDER (born 430 B.C.) SAID IT—
"Let thy speech be better than silence—or be silent."

* * *

"HERE LIES" DEPARTMENT—

This is the grave of Mike O'Day
Who died maintaining his right of way.
His right was clear, his will was strong—
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong!

* * *

OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

Mrs. Clifford MacMillan, a gadget-minded grandmother, from Saskatchewan, created a stir in the classroom when she challenged inventive genius to devise a bed jack in order to help her out with her sweeping chores. "Why not?" she wanted to know. "They jack up autos to change tires!"

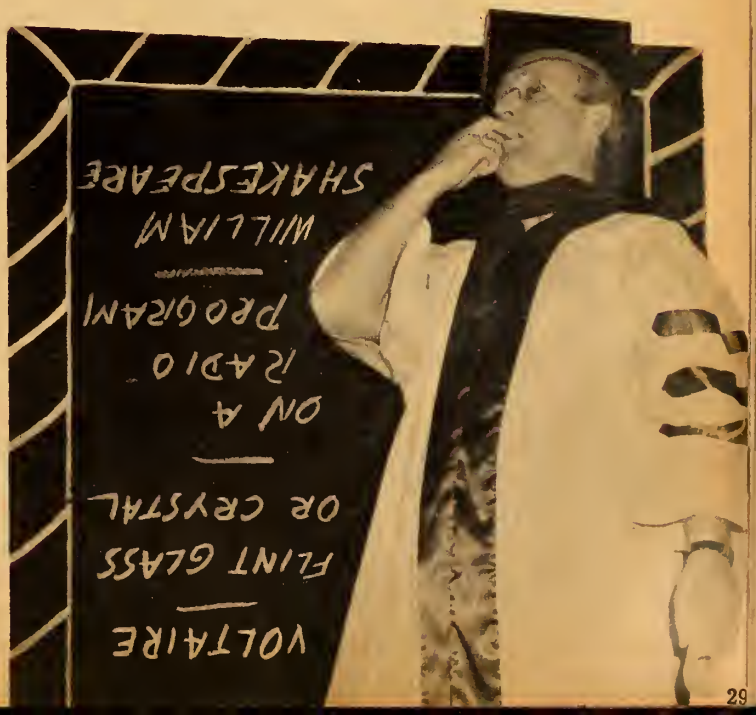
* * *



HALF-MINUTE QUIZ #4

"The course of true love never runs smoothly." What's the source of this quotation? Check one:

A road map.....
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.....
William Shakespeare .....



We LOVE Children

BY MRS. ART LINKLETTER

WHETHER my husband has learned more about his own children from the children on the G. E. House Party, than vice versa, is an open question. But there is one thing of which I am sure. He'd never have tried a children's program if he hadn't been exposed to a good-sized gathering of youngsters at home.

We have five. Jack, our eldest, is eleven, Dawn is nine, Robert four and a half, Sharon two and a half and baby Diane four months.

As a result of this type of double exposure, at home and at work, Art has become a pretty competent child psychologist, although he contends that life for father is still a series of surprises.

"At least" he says, "I've learned to predict that children are unpredictable."

From the viewpoint of our own youngsters, their father's work (*Continued on page* 98)

Art and Lois have mastered the art of getting pleasure, rather than problems, from their brood: Jack, 11; Robert, 4½; Dawn, 9; on Art's lap, Sharon, 2½; on Lois's, baby Diane.



"The only thing you can predict about children," say the Linkletters, "is that they are unpredictable!" And who can speak with more authority?

House Party is heard Mon.-Fri., 3:30 P.M., EDT, ABC.



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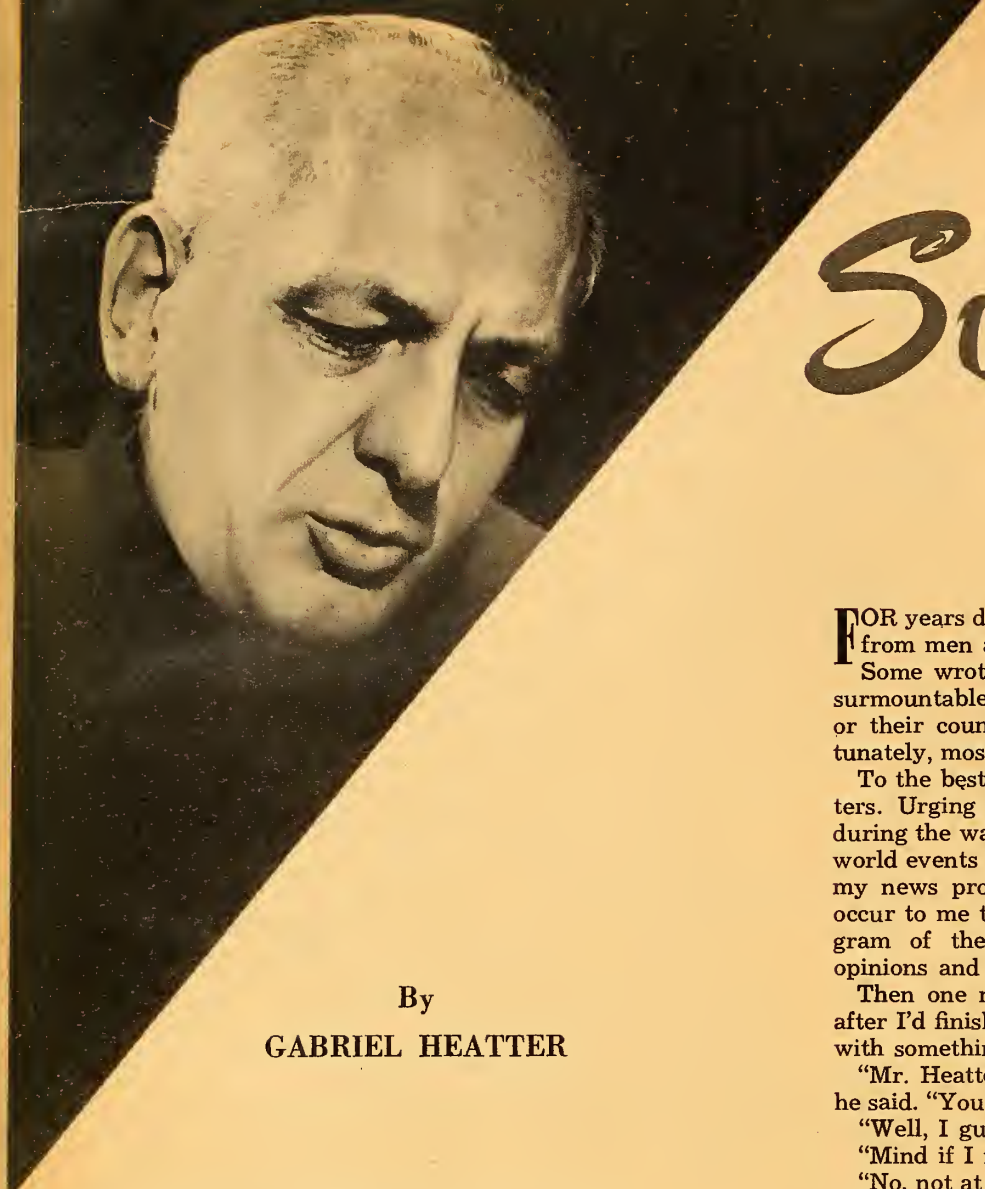
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House Party is heard Mon.-Fri., 3:30 P.M., EDT, A



Something

By
GABRIEL HEATTER

A warm, kindly man, interested in the whole world, loving people and caring deeply about their fortunes and misfortunes—only a man who has all of these qualities, a man like Gabriel Heatter, could tell this . . .

FOR years desperate, shocking letters had come to me from men and women in every part of the country. Some wrote of personal problems they thought insurmountable; others had lost faith in their husbands or their country and sometimes in life itself. Unfortunately, most of these people had no one to turn to.

To the best of my ability I tried to answer their letters. Urging them to have faith. To fight failure. But during the war and following years so many important world events crowded my head that I had little time on my news program to discuss these letters. It didn't occur to me that the people of America lacked a program of their own where they could voice their opinions and problems.

Then one night, about a year ago, the phone rang after I'd finished a news broadcast. It was an old man with something on his mind.

"Mr. Heatter, I listened to your broadcast tonight," he said. "You sure did a heap of talking about Europe."

"Well, I guess you're right," I answered.

"Mind if I make a suggestion, young man?"

"No, not at all."

He took a deep breath and then let go, "The way I figure it, Europe is important but there's lots of other important things, too. Take me—I'm an old man, won't ever see seventy again and I'm trying to live on a thirty dollar a month pension. Ever try it? Not much fun. Well, goodbye, hope I gave you something to think about."

And he rang off.

Indeed, he *had* given me something to think about. I hadn't seen the trees for the forest. There was a desperate need for the discussion of not only the major problems of nations but also of the major problems of individuals. Add the individuals together. You get a city, a county, a state and the sum of them makes nations and the world. If there is not mental and physical health among individuals, how can the total be any better?

It was that night I realized the people of America wanted a microphone of their own. And it was that night the Mailbag program crystallized.

Since then thousands of letters have streamed across my desk each week. And it's evident to me that the only difference between many of the problems is the names of the people. Hundreds of us share the same economic and emotional difficulties.

A great part of the mail comes from married couples —jealous husbands, dissatisfied wives, some with real crises and others imaginary. Many letters are filled with electric charges that make me sit up with a start, like this one—

Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag: Mon.-Fri., 12:45 P.M. EDT, Mutual stations. Mr. Heatter's news commentary: Mon.-Fri., 7:30 P.M., EDT, also on Mutual.

to think about—

"Mr. Heatter, during the war my husband was gone four and a half years. While he was away, I may as well be frank, I was unfaithful to him. I told him about it when he came back and he was so overcome by my honesty, he confessed he had been unfaithful to me, too. Now I lie awake nights wondering if people like us really love each other and can go on together."

What could you say to that? They have uprooted their marriage vows, their very trust in each other and yet, you have to admit, that when two people can be as honest as this couple, they have gone a long way to make up for whatever happened. That doesn't justify their mistakes or make them right, and it doesn't mean they are not going to be unhappy but honesty does go a long way to make a difference.

Besides we must remember that war leaves all kinds of casualties. People die, others are injured, homes are wrecked and great moral principles weakened, even destroyed. This young couple had their casualty. But if they love each other enough to rebuild their faith, they've got a good chance to be happy. A much better chance than this man who has just about lost his perspective—

"I heard you talk," he writes, "about a woman who left her husband and two children. I think you said forget and forgive. Well, my wife left me. I had three children. She left me for a no-good bum. A year later she begged for forgiveness and I took her back and then she left me again. How could I forgive anything like that?"

This wife is certainly a most unusual wench. She's either out of her mind or plain no-good, to walk out on her husband and children a second time. And I wouldn't blame her children if they held her in contempt and that doesn't come easy for me to say about any mother.

Yes, I agree with this man. It would be a mistake to take his wife back a third time. But she isn't the real danger he must fear. Unconsciously, he is about to make the worst mistake of his life in becoming bitter against all women. And he can only overcome that by forgetting his wife, washing her from his mind, and beginning all over again. If he accepts her as the symbol of womanhood, she will wreck his life. And she isn't worth that. She isn't worth a wooden nickel. After all, Mister, you don't throw away a peck of apples if one is rotten. And you can't lose faith in women because some of them are bad.

These are real marital unheavals but there are others just as disturbing and fatal that have no basis. Doubts founded on senseless suspicion can wreck a marriage. Here's one line out of such a letter: "Last night, Mr. Heatter, my wife talked in her sleep and mentioned a strange man's name. Can you tell me what it means?"

Now can't you just see the glowing, green-eyed monster ogling this husband in the middle of the night? There is no telling how far he thinks his wife has gone but he suspects the worst.

Well, if I were in that man's place I wouldn't be too worried. Sleep-talking usually means a person ate the wrong food too near bedtime. If a husband thinks mentioning another man's name means his wife is hiding a secret, passionate love affair, he's really making a mountain out of a molehill.

Once Mrs. Heatter talked in her sleep. And oddly enough she mentioned the names of other men too. It bothered me. More than I showed: Then one day she had all her unpaid bills out on the table and my eye caught the names of the creditors. Then everything cleared up. Just like that. (*Continued on page 74*)

HOW WOULD YOU ANSWER THIS QUESTION?

"I'm married to a kind, generous man. We have two young children and I'm very happy. My sister has begged me to take her into my home for a while. But to tell the truth, she's not a good woman. She left high school to run away with a married man and she's been getting worse ever since. A week ago she wrote to say that she has no money, no one to help her but me, and asked me to let her stay with us. I have my home to think of, my husband, my children. I don't want to turn away my own sister, and yet is it fair to my family to let her live with us?"

Radio Mirror will purchase for publication the most interesting, helpful answer to this letter sent in by a reader, and will print at the same time Mr. Heatter's own reply. Send your answers to Mailbag, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The purchase price will be $50.00 for the best answer. No letters will be returned; the editors will be the sole judges.



Through the Years with LORENZO JONES

You all know people like the Joneses. Their story is anybody's story —with more smiles, fewer tears

A MECHANIC by trade and an inventor by preference, Lorenzo lives in a dream world. It's fortunate that practical Belle is on hand to come between her husband and trouble. Here Radio Mirror looks back through the years at the Joneses' struggle for security. In these pictures, playing the parts in which you hear them on the air, are:

Lorenzo Jones.....Karl Swenson
Belle Jones.....Lucille Wall
Jim Barker.....Frank Behrens
Irma Barker.....Grace Keddy
Sandy Matson.....Joseph Julian

Lorenzo Jones, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard Monday through Friday at 4:30 P.M., EDT, over NBC stations.



1. On those nights when Lorenzo doesn't go out to his workshop, he frequently brings in whatever gadget he's working on at the moment and does a little tinkering on it right in the living room. When the dishes are done Belle joins him and, patient and loving wife that she is, tries to help with the problem.

2. Lorenzo has a job at Jim Barker's garage. When he's working on a car Lorenzo knows what he's doing—he's an unbeatable mechanic. But when he snatches a minute or two to dream about his newest invention—the one that'll make his fortune, of course—Jim has to keep a sharp eye open to see that he gets a fair share of Lorenzo's time.

Through the Years with LORENZO JONES



3. One of Lorenzo's inventions was a three-spouted teapot—one spout for strong, one for medium and one for weak tea! Like many another of his ideas, Lorenzo was convinced that this one would make his fortune. Belle, as always, listened good-naturedly to details about Lorenzo's latest brain-child.



4. Following the teapot—which, like others of his inventions, didn't work out for one reason or another—Lorenzo confided to Sandy Matson that he had a world-beating new idea—a perpetual footwarmer! Sandy was duly impressed.



7. Lorenzo insisted on having a party to celebrate his sale of the footwarmer and his start along the road to success. He greeted Irma and Jim Barker and Sandy, who were among the first of his friends to arrive. After the guests had left, Lorenzo discovered—to his horror—that the $2500 in cash was missing. He and Belle frantically hunted high and low for it.



8. A surprised Lorenzo breathed a sigh of relief when Belle found the lost money which Lorenzo had absent-mindedly stuck in a flower vase on the evening of his party. Belle ruled that the money was not to be used for a new invention, but to buy the house they rented.



5. On his way home one day, Lorenzo stopped to weigh himself and got his fortune for a penny as well. Gleefully he showed the little card to Sandy later: "This Is Your Year," it read. "Everything You Touch Will Turn to Gold."



6. Luck—temporarily, anyway—seemed to be with Lorenzo, for he sold the perpetual footwarmer! The profits from the sale, $2500 in cash, looked like a million, and Lorenzo delightedly showed the impressive roll of bills to all their friends, among them Irma and Jim Barker who dropped in that evening.



9. With one of his dreams finally come true, Lorenzo leaned happily on the fence of his newly-bought home. He made a down payment of $2500 to his former landlord and got a fat mortgage in return. This—as the weighing machine card had said—was Lorenzo's big year.



10. There's nothing like owning your own home, the Joneses agreed—until the night it rained. Lorenzo discovered that the roof had begun to leak badly. Next day they got the bad news: the house needs a whole new roof. Lorenzo will have to borrow money to pay for it. "Please don't," he begged, "ever remind me that at least we have a roof over our heads!"

A SUSPENSE THRILLER

The Cuffs



Adapted from an original radio play written especially for Suspense by Herb Meadows.

Suspense—most exciting, best liked of the "chiller" radio shows. Here's Suspense in story form, to give you the same heart-in-your-mouth feeling the program does!

YOU can do a lot with a quarter of a million dollars. Two hundred and fifty thousand, stashed away, gives you power. You don't have to be afraid of judges or policemen—or even jails. You don't even mind doing a few years, not with money like that waiting outside.

Three years I'd spent planning it, figuring how to get my hands on that money, where to hide it so I'd be sure it stayed there. Earl French, erstwhile banker—and embezzler. But a lot smarter than the cops who picked him up.

And the judge—he was as big a fool as the others. Chatted with me—like it was a tea party. "Seven years is a long time, Mr. French. The insurance people might agree to a lighter sentence. If, of course, you'll tell where that money is."

Me—tell them? They couldn't guess how I was laughing inside.

To me it was all a big joke. The game was fixed so I was a sure winner in the end. *Two hundred and fifty thousand.* The words kept going over and over in my mind as they handcuffed my right wrist to the left wrist of the detective, as we boarded the train heading for prison.

You never know what's going to happen, of course. You never know when a break is going to come along that'll get you the things you want a lot quicker and easier than you'd figured on.

That detective was a nice enough guy. Not too tough. I think he'd been ordered to soften me up. "You all right, Mr. French?" he kept asking. "Anything you need—you just let me know."

I kidded him a little about being too attached to me. I asked did I have to be cuffed to him all the time we were on that train. He thought about that a little. Then he said:

"Tell you, Mr. French, maybe we can work something out. You sit next to the window. I'll kind of box you in, see. Then you can wear the cuffs all alone, and nobody loses."

I grinned at him. It sounded like an improvement. He got out a key and unlocked the cuff that was on his wrist and snapped it onto me, so my hands were linked together. But I was free of him. That was the important part. More important than either he or I dreamed.

I looked down at the gleaming metal cuffs on my wrist. I could feel the squinting eyes of that detective watching me. "You'll get the hang of them," he was saying. "Ain't hard. Biggest trouble is trying to read a paper. Five inches don't give you much room to turn a page."

I laughed. "I've got seven years," I said, "to do my reading in."

His eyes glinted. "Seven years—and a quarter of a million. Say—how smart does a guy have to be—to get his hooks into that kind of dough?"

I said easily, "Want some of it, fellow?"

"You kiddin'?"

"All you got to do," I said, "is accidentally drop the key to these things on the floor. Then go get yourself



He didn't move or growl. He just lay there, never taking his eyes off me.

some lunch in that diner over there."

I made it half-joking. The detective grunted. "Sure. I run all the risk letting you scram out, on a thin prayer that maybe you'll show up some day with my cut. That it?"

I leaned back in the seat. "Matter of fact—I wouldn't try to—scram out. Why should I escape and be on the run all my life. I've got this one planned. A man has to think about the future."

Stupid words, I guess. I was just making conversation, watching the houses and fields rush past outside the train window. It was working out my way. Seven years—less, with time off for good behavior—and I'd be free. And I'd have my quarter million. A pretty good salary. All according to plan.

Only the plan was about to go bust.

I didn't know it quite then. I didn't even realize it when I heard the cry down the aisle of the car, "There's another train on the track. We're going to—"

And then the crash. The terrible instant of careening uncertainty, the screams of terror, the ripping crescendo of smashup. And silence—silence, broken by whimpers and groans.

I tried to stand up. The car was on its side, and there were flames and smoke closing in. Other passengers had scrambled through broken windows. No one had paid attention to me—or to that detective.

I heard him now, calling out to me. His legs were pinned down in the wreckage. "French," he was calling. "French—help me!"

"Sure," I said. "Sure—I'll help. Only first you got to get me out of these cuffs. Where's that key? I can't help you without it!"

"Key—you don't need a key. Just pull me out by an arm. Just—"

Anger was mounting. "You thick-headed fool," I cried out. "Where is that key? Where is it?"

He seemed to be trying to pull free. "I can't find it, French. Look on the floor, maybe. It must of fallen out of my pocket. It must—"

"You're a liar," I shouted. "You're—"

I could see the flames coming closer. I had to get that key, and he was holding out on me. It was him or me. I grabbed a suitcase, a big heavy one. I brought it down on him, bashed it down. He half-twisted, with a little cry. Then he was still.

But he hadn't lied. He didn't have that key. I emptied his pockets. I fumbled frantically in the wreckage around him, where the key might have spilled out. But I couldn't find it. And the flames were getting closer.

I could hear people outside, voices shouting directions. A man's voice crying, "Conductor—I saw someone in that car."

I knew I had to move fast. The plan I'd shaped in my mind in these brief, nightmarish seconds was simple, almost foolproof. The accident was the great break I hadn't foreseen. The break of a lifetime. I couldn't turn it down.

I reached his pistol and tossed it to one side. I wouldn't need that—I'd get by on brains. I squeezed my college ring onto his finger. I switched wallets.

The flames were so close now that the heat burned into me. I edged down the car about ten

I couldn't know, as she cut a branch, that she was going to prove she really had the whip hand!



Suspense is heard Thursdays at 9 P. M., EDT, CBS network stations.

feet, away from where I heard those voices of people trying to get in. I found a smashed window, and crawled out into the night.

Earl French, embezzler, on his way to prison, was dead. Burned to death in a train wreck. That was what the world would say. Nothing left but a charred body and a ring and some fragments in a wallet.

I'd have my quarter million—without any seven years of penance in prison.

The first job was to get rid of those handcuffs, of course. I sat out in a wheatfield, holding up my arms so the blood would run from my hands and wrists and leave them slim. But it didn't work. I tried until my shoulders ached, but I couldn't slip my hands free.

It was all right. I wasn't frightened. Getting a five-inch strip of chain and those glittering bracelets off your wrists—well, that wasn't impossible. I'd find a way, all right.

I couldn't break the chain. I tried that too, straining at it, twisting it, pulling at it, rubbing it against stones until my hands were cut and bleeding. I even found a match in my pocket and managed to light a fire and tried to melt the metal by holding my hands over the fire until I screamed in pain. But it was no go.

I had to get help— (*Continued on page* 84)



BETWEEN THE



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M. EDT over ABC.

Hello There:

I suppose a skyrocket or a Roman candle would be a good way to light up the page this month . . . or maybe a few sparklers.

And here they are . . . some verses about people all over America these sizzling summer evenings.

The kind of folks you know . . . who watch baseball games on the corner lot . . . go on picnics in the park . . . drink gallons of lemonade and love the vast beauty of this old land.

Yes . . . and some verses about people you don't know but maybe you'd like to meet . . . the folks who make America what it is— a sparkler and a skyrocket of living.

—Ted Malone

GRAMP, THE NOVICE

Bring your thread, Mom, and your big needle, please,
For I have a date with a honey;
They tell me she's blonde and the right size to squeeze,
With a smile that is dimpled and sunny.

Our Johnny just called—says the blonde looks like me—
Imagine it, Mom! Like the Suttons!
Hospital visiting hour is at three,
And the old man just busted his buttons!

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

THE TIMID CHILD

HOPE is a timid child that needs
Encouragement . . . a hand
To guide her through the crowded streets
And through the lonely land.

Keep HOPE, don't let her slip away
Frightened into the dark;
Teach her that she may play
With others in the park.

—Helena K. Beacham

AND I FORGET . . .

I wander down the time-worn steps of past and memory
And the whispering voices of forgotten loves rush back to me.
There is one I thought I could not lose . . . and live
But time is kind and life is strong . . . and I forgive.
Tomorrow is my wedding day and I become a bride;
But tonight I must make sure my soul and question of my pride.
Here is one . . . and there is one . . . yet another over here
And how have I forgotten him, the one I held so dear?
But I hear the voice of my future . . . calling high and clear
And I turn and leave the haunted past . . . hello, my dear . . .

—Charlotte Scott

FURROWS TOWARD THE SKY

It had been hard to leave brown prairie ground
Far mountain peaks that circled them around,
Away from all horizon, yet she knew
That he loved slopes where mountain laurels grew
In pink profusion through the gray spilled rocks,
And hillside cabins, strange to bolts and locks,
And, most of all, his shaggy gray mule span
And the queer slanting way that furraws ran
Up toward the sky. Here was his home and heart
And though the prairies always would be part
Of her remembering, these hills in deep green wonder
And his deep love turned her brief sorrow under.

—Anabel Armour

BOOKENDS

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

FATE GOES TO MARKET

Yesterday was market day—and she came
strollin' by.
I saw her glancin' at me with her keen blue
eye;
I felt the blood a-risin' in my face like
flame—
She asked the price of apples, an' I couldn't
speak for shame.

What has she to do with markets? Why did
she come back
And have me put her carrots in a clean new
sack?

There my father squatted on an old truck
tire,
Eatin' sweet potatoes roasted in the char-
coal fire;
There stood Em, my sister, with her hands
all wet and red,
Shawl pinned cat-a-cornered on her square
blonde head.
She will marry Emil—he is strong and slow
and good;
They'll raise little market gardeners in an
endless brood.
Oh, what would my mother say, a-cookin'
for us all,
And Saturdays a-standin' in the city market
stall . . .
What if I should take her home, this girl
with painted lips,
Silly little high-heeled shoes, and bright red
fingertips!

What has she to do with markets? Why did
she come by
And leave me longin' for her till the day I
die!

—B. Y. Williams

WHO KNOWS WHERE BEAUTY MAY BE BORN?

Who knows where beauty may be barn? A rainbaw
Curves through the sky sa unexpectedly.
A gull spreads feathered wings, gliding and dipping
In silent flight abave a misty sea.
A brawn dag patters dawn a shadawed pathway,
A gentle fawn, saft-flecked with white and gald,
Meekly explares a sunlight-dappled woadland.
Mild, woolly sheep came ta the waiting fald.

Wha knaws where beauty may be barn? A whisper
Havers acrass the lyre strings of a heart,
Awakening a deep and haunting music,
Whase magic saurce no human mind can chart.
These symbals of a shining truth are scattered
Along our way, yet only thase wha cling
To gentle understanding will discover
That beauty is a shy and humble thing.

—Justine Huntley Ulp

SIDEWALK LARK

I met her every night along Broadway,
Tall, neatly garbed in lavender and lace.
Her hair well groomed, her slender hands well kept,
A veil of resignation on her face.
She sang in a melodious, gentle voice,
Advancing slowly, in one hand a cane;
The other holding a small silver cup
In which there fell small coins and drops of rain.

It was the newsstand man who told me this,
(I bought a paper from him every night):
"She was the toast of swallow-tailed young men,
In the old days before she lost her sight . . .
This keeps her daughter in a boarding school
In Frisco . . . and I'm told her classmates say,
With envy, as they little guess the truth:
'Her mother is a singer on Broadway!'"

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

QUIET EVENING

What is there in the evening,
When children are in bed,
That waits to be spoken,
That wants to be said,
Above the turned down radio
In the circled gold
Of lamplight and starlight,
What cries to be told?
The knowing heart can answer,
Keeping as it goes
Love's daily record
Of the thorn and rose.
But the lips that would say it
Are silent and wise
And the words are spoken
Only by the eyes,
And your hand touching lightly
On cheek and hair,
And the silken sound of quiet
On the evening air.

—Gladys McKee Iker

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.

Sing It Again's $20,000



1. Sing It Again emcee Dan Seymour made the all-important phone call.

The Lockes are trying to be sensible about it—but how can you be sensible about a miracle?



2. Just 24 hours before winning, James Locke learned the answer from the afternoon paper.

WHEN Dame Fortune smiled on James Locke, Tulsa, Oklahoma, wholesale grocery salesman, she had her tongue in her cheek. For Locke won $20,000 worth of merchandise prizes on CBS's Sing It Again—and among the prizes were 7,500 cans of choice canned goods!

But there were so many other prizes in this deluge that the Lockes feel it hardly matters. They are busy recovering from the shock of sudden good fortune, from the telephoning and handshaking that's been going on since Locke cracked the riddle of the "phantom voice" on Sing It Again.

One thing the Lockes are certain of—they're going to try to be sensible about the whole thing. Mr. Locke is going right on selling groceries, just as if nothing had happened. Taxes on the $20,000 worth of merchandise present a problem, too. The Lockes have decided to keep everything that's practical, sell the rest.

Jim Locke likes to read off the very impressive-sounding list of prizes, including: four-door sedan, living and bedroom suites, two diamond rings, complete electrical kitchen, an air conditioning system, radio and record player, television receiver, home freezer, full silver service and chinaware, and lots more.

The Lockes—Jim and Gayle and Sandra and little Jimmy Alan—regard the whole thing as a particularly lovely miracle. "Like many other people in our circumstances," Jim says, "we've had a hard time making ends meet and have had to dip into our savings little by little. It may sound strange, but every night I've said my prayers, asking the good Lord to show us the way out of our difficulties. It just looks as if the Lord has answered our prayers!"

Sing It Again: Saturdays at 10 P.M., EDT, on CBS stations.

4. Neighbors came swarming in before he'd hung up; close on their heels, KTUL's Jack Alexander.



QUESTION

3. Sing It Again calling! Mrs. Locke, Sandra, Jimmy Alan—and even the pup—listen as dad answers questions. Since lucky night, the Locke phone has been swamped with congratulatory calls —some from strangers.

5. Anxious to see what their prizes look like, the Lockes set out in family car to window shop in downtown Tulsa.



6. But it's back on the job, even for a jackpot winner. Jim called on customers next day.



A Woman's



When Pam and Jerry North start out on one of their crime-hunting trips on the Mr. and Mrs. North programs, they soon find themselves embroiled in all sorts of difficulties. Often, it's Pam's intuition—her hunches—which gets them free of those difficulties and brings the Norths safely home again. There's a real-life parallel to that, for when Alice Frost, who plays the role of Pam North in the radio series, and her own husband start on one of their less hair-raising adventures, more often than not it's Alice's intuition which keeps them out of trouble—or, she confesses in her story, gets them into it!

Intuition—



Pamela North and Alice Frost (who is Pam on the air) have much in common—particularly a belief that it never pays to underestimate the power of a "hunch", especially the female variety

By ALICE FROST

MY HUSBAND—not Jerry North, my husband on our Mr. and Mrs. North radio program, but my *real* husband—and I were impatiently waiting for an elevator on the fourteenth floor of a New York office building. We were expecting early dinner guests at our apartment so we were in a hurry. But when the green light flashed for the elevator and the door slid open, I had a strange sensation and my muscles froze.

"Let's wait for the next one, Bill," I said nervously. "I've got a funny feeling."

He grimaced, took my arm and urged me into the elevator while the other passengers stared.

"We don't have time for hunches now," he muttered as the door closed.

Before I could answer, the car began to drop and an elderly woman pushed in front of me, her high-pitched voice reaching out to the elevator boy.

"Young man," she scolded. "You passed my floor."

Then everything happened as quickly as if we were living out a nightmare. The elevator gathered speed. The operator's face suddenly became red and glossy with sweat. He strained against the handle trying to stop the car. The floor numbers sped by in a white blur. The old woman screamed and my knees weakened, began to buckle. My stomach seemed to be oozing out of my ears.

"The emergency button," Bill yelled and made a lunge for the control panel.

There was a jolt and the old lady fell against me. I was knocked to my knees, waiting for the crash, the end. Then just as suddenly everything was still and gradually I realized we were safe. The elevator had stopped in the cellar after a fall of fourteen floors.

Thirty minutes later we were lifted through the emergency door. My hands were still trembling. Although we had almost been killed, no one was hurt.

"I knew something would go wrong," I reminded Bill later. "I felt it in my bones before we got in the car."

He dismissed me with a shrug and said, "Alice, can't you stop being Pamela North when you're away from the studio?"

I didn't argue the point. A long time ago I learned that there isn't a man alive who will openly recognize the power of a woman's intuition. It's got something to do with their male ego or maybe it's because they can't understand or explain it. But I believe in hunches and that's why I've always felt natural in the role of Pamela North. Pamela's an intuitive woman who makes the most of it. I understand that. If it hadn't been for intuition, mine and my mother's, I would probably still be a frustrated actress living in Minneapolis.

Mother was a wonderfully intuitive woman and the brightest part of my early life. She had to be, for father was a very strict Lutheran minister who believed his daughters should be taught to be good housekeepers and to ignore the outside world.

My childhood wasn't much different from thousands of other little girls who play with their dolls and dream of being heroic nurses or singers decked in jewels and sequins. My special dream was of being an actress. But if father was to have his way, my public appearances would have ended at the age of four when I sang "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam" in the church auditorium.

He couldn't very well object to my participation in grade school plays such as "Hansel and Gretel" which added substance to my dreams, (*Continued on page* 80)

Mr. and Mrs. North, with Alice Frost as Pam and Joe Curtin as Jerry, is heard on CBS, Tuesday nights at 8:30, EDT.

Not impersonally "expert" advice, this, but wisdom from

WHEN A GIRL

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

IN the May issue of Radio Mirror I asked for your suggestions on what a housewife, untrained in business and with small children to care for, could do to help augment the family funds. So many of you, it appears, have bravely and competently solved this problem in your own lives, that it was difficult to choose among the letters that poured in. But I think Alice Fullmer, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, put the simplest, most direct suggestion in the best possible words. So to Mrs. Fullmer, for the letter that follows, goes a $25 award.

"My dear housewife: You're a trained person at a definite business. Why not elaborate on the job you're now engaged in—the job of child care? Advertise that you will take care of children while their mothers work or are taking a few hours off. Mothers will be knocking at your door before you know it."

And here are the other problems I thought you'd be most interested in reading about this month.

ONLY LOVE?

Dear Joan Davis:

My daughter is engaged to a very nice, honest and thoughtful young man. But he makes a very low salary. I am sure he will not be able to provide for her. There are quite a few other young men interested in my daughter who could provide her with the things any mother would want her daughter to have. I just can't make her understand she must think of the future. Like all young girls, she is only interested in "love" and the present.

—Mrs. R. S.

Dear Mrs. R. S.:

Presumably you've brought your daughter up to the best of your ability. Years of love and anxiety and possibly even sacrifice have gone into making her the young person she is today. Now you must face the fact that perhaps the hardest moment of your motherhood lies before you . . . the moment when you must force yourself to leave your daughter alone. This would be a general rule for any mother whose daughter was mature enough to be considering marriage, but for you in particular I feel it should be stressed, for it seems to me that in this case your daughter's instincts are much more sound than are your own. To my knowledge, there is no way a girl can make a better marriage than to choose a "very nice, honest and thoughtful young man"—with whom she's very much in love! You're far more fortu-

Joan's own experience, her warm-hearted love of life . . .

nate, you know, than many mothers who must watch their daughters falling madly in love with young men who are neither nice, honest nor thoughtful, and who must at best keep silent, at worst risk estrangement from their children by opposing the match. Furthermore, you make an entirely unwarranted assumption, when you doubt the young man's ability to provide for your daughter. How can you be certain that, in time, his salary will not increase to an amount which even you will find satisfactory? Since they love each other, since they are evidently both young people of character, they are far better judges of how much they are willing to go through together, how hard they are willing to work for each other, than you or any other outsider can possibly be. Leave them alone!

TIME FOR ACTION

Dear Joan Davis:

I am married to a man who insists on keeping full control of all the money. I am not a terribly extravagant woman, but I resent very much having to ask him for every cent I need and explain every purchase down to the last detail. He will not give me an allowance. I have told him how bitterly I resent the situation but he just replies that it is his money because he (*Continued on page* 94)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $25.00

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and

ANOTHER $25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than June 24th. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

The problem for this month will be found at the end of this article.



MARRIED

By JOAN DAVIS

Joan Davis, played by Mary Jane Higby, is the heroine of When A Girl Marries, heard Mon.-Fri. at 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION

SECTION

EVERY weekday is Mothers' Day on the DuMont network when Dennis James telecasts his Okay, Mother program. The show draws mothers to the studio from miles around, stars them for families and neighbors to see on television, discusses their special problems, hands out such gifts as compacts, lighters, handbags, photographic portraits and bunches of roses. It features a Mother of the Day and Mother of the Week, and also offers membership in Mothers, Incorporated, a club nine thousand strong of which the ebullient Mr. James is honorary president.

Before he began his program dedicated to mothers, James announced wrestling matches on video and invented a mythical mother to whom he could explain complicated techniques and rules for the benefit of novice home viewers, without offending hep sports fans.

His own mother lives in Jersey City (where he started in radio as sports announcer), frequently visits his three-room New York bachelor apartment. That is, she does when her boy isn't at the studio, or announcing boxing bouts, or doing newsreels, or commercials for the Original Amateur Hour. No wonder it takes ninety minutes and a retinue of people to wake him every morning!

Dennis James' Okay, Mother show is telecast on the DuMont Network, Mon.-Fri., 1:00 P.M. EDT.

1. Awake at last, but it took an alarm clock, telephones, and vigorous battering on the door.



"OKAY, MOM

Dennis James is a man of many mothers and they're all his—but only on televisio

2. When Dennis' own mother visits him she brews the coffee that's his sole meal until noon.



3. Writer Elizabeth Pierce, brother Lou Sposa, join morning Problem Playhouse workout.



4. Dennis enjoys his own rehearsals. Lou directs show, preceded Dennis on radio, TV. Coffee table that looks like leather volumes is Dennis' design.



5. Show is largely spontaneous, but some material is tested ahead on playback recorder.



6. Corner to relax. Boxing gloves are college memento, when James was 155 lb. champ.



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Molly

"Yoo-Hoo, Mrs. Bloo-oo-m!"

An old familiar cry echoes over

video—the Goldbergs are back!





Eli Mintz played Uncle David when "Me and Molly" brought the Goldbergs to Broadway last year. He remained in the cast for inevitable next step—TV.

Molly and Jake share a serene moment—a rarity for the Goldbergs. Gertrude Berg is Molly, of course, and Philip Loeb, a recruit from Broadway, is Jake.

AND HER FAMILY

"TAKE five," a voice called out. Molly Goldberg drew a deep breath and pulled her dress down more firmly at the hips with a couple of short quick tugs. She caught hold of Rosalie and Sammy as they started to rush off the set to make the most of the five-minute respite. It was Monday, which meant an all-day camera rehearsal session for The Goldbergs.

"I don't think you kids should come in through the back," Molly warned, "because the camera might catch you. You run in the other way, please."

She turned to Uncle David. "You maybe come in a little faster than you need to?" she asked him tentatively. "I have a feeling it's just a little too quick."

"Yeh, yeh. I think maybe you're right," Uncle David agreed. "I'll take it slower."

The Goldbergs' program, of course, has one of the best producers in the business—Worthington Miner. It has a fine director—Walter Hart. But Gertrude Berg was her own director when The Goldbergs flourished on radio for seventeen years, and her sense of timing developed during that period. Now, her quick grasp of special television techniques makes everybody's work go more smoothly.

Her sense of responsibility for (*Continued on page* 88)

The Goldbergs of The Bronx: Molly affectionately oversees her family—Jake, Rosalie and Sammy. Arlene McQuade, TV's Rosalie, was a radio Goldberg and Larry Robinson, who plays Sammy, was once in another famous family, the Days of "Life With Father."



JUDY SPLINTERS—and

THEY dress alike. They think alike. They're pals, in spite of the difference in their ages. Shirley Dinsdale is, of course, a real live girl who is going to be twenty-one in October. Judy Splinters is the wonderful long-legged doll that Shirley's dad made for her about ten years ago, when she was still at an age when dolls were important. Only Judy never ceased to be important to her young mistress, because very soon she learned to act and to talk like a human. You see, Shirley had taken lessons from a ventriloquist, and so Judy had the distinction of being the only talking doll in the whole neighborhood.

When Shirley went to Los Angeles City College and to UCLA, Judy went along whenever there was entertaining to be done. They were specially partial to hospitalized children, these two. Shirley had been severely burned when she was too little to realize that a kettle of boiling water can be dangerous, and the scars left by the experience made her deeply conscious of the hurts of others. Similarly, when the USO asked Shirley and Judy to help during the war, they set off on a ten-month tour, giving more than 500 shows.

Now they're busy doing a five-a-week show, Sunday through Thursday, from NBC's station KNBH at 7:00 P.M. PST, with kinescope recordings for the Midwest and the East. Not to mention their Bedside Circuit project, a plan to provide a television set for every bedridden child in Southern California. In fact, Judy Splinters reaches her greatest heights of eloquence when Shirley tells her to talk up for the kids.

Video and ventriloquism. Judy and Shirley—add them up and what do you have? Fun, of course, and with two of TV's favorite girls
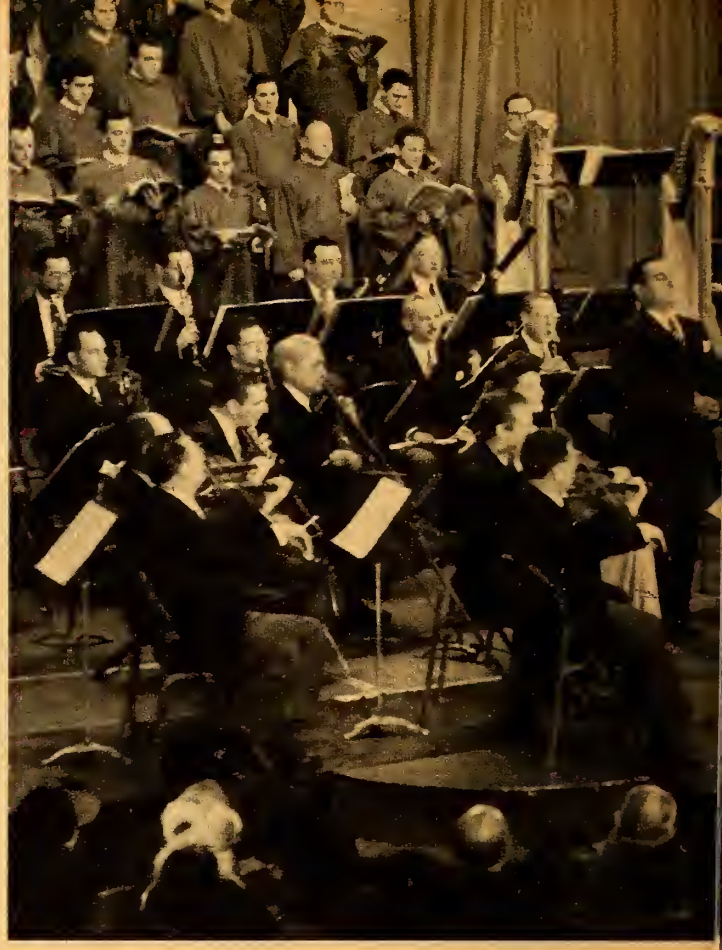


When the Bill Goodwins visited Family Night, Judy showed more than just a *little* interest in Bill's young son.

SHIRLEY



Shirley Dinsdale and her Judy Splinters spend most of their spare time on a "bedside circuit" of visits to bedridden children. But Judy's always ready to chat when Howdy Doody (r.) leaves his own show to come a-calling.

Among things we would like to see more of is Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra, here shown in a performance of Verdi's "Aida," presented on two successive telecasts.





In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, tomorrow's talent gets its training today on WTMJ-TV's Junior Amateurs.



All set for their 8 P.M. CT Quiz Kids telecast over Chicago's WNBQ: Pat Conlon and Naomi Cooks.

Coast to Coast in

THERE'S a typical suburban home situated in the heart of Manhattan—a complete four-room house, located on an upper floor of the big NBC studios between Park and Lexington Avenues at 106th Street. It's the permanent set for The Hartmans, telecast every Sunday night at 7:30 P.M. EDT.

Callers enter through a gate in a white picket fence. The front door opens into a center hall, complete with a staircase. To the right, through an archway, is a spacious living room with built-in bookshelves and comfortable furniture. Separated from the living room by double doors is Paul Hartman's study. Beyond the study is Grace's kitchen, full-size, with complete electrical equipment. There's a bedroom with twin beds and a pretty dressing table for Grace.

And all of it used only on Sunday nights, for the TV show and the Hartman visitors. When all the place really needs is a roof—and a mortgage—to help ease the housing shortage for someone!

* * *

Screen and stage actress Rita LaRoy's West Coast TV show changed its time over KTLA to 7:30 P.M. PT Sun-





Another first for Philco: the special TV dramatization of Frances Parkinson Keyes' best-seller *Dinner at Antoine's,* with Bill Eythe, Janet Blair.



Radio favorites Lum 'n' Abner made their video debut in Hollywood on KTTV's dedicatory program.

TELEVISION

days, and its title from Who's That Girl? to You're the Star!

Literally, you are. If you're one of the studio contestants chosen to appear with the professional actors who are putting on the show that evening, you get a chance to win a "ham actor's diploma." That is, you do, *if* you do your stuff well enough.

The professional cast that makes up the show has grown into what amounts to a small video repertory company. Special guests have included Eve Arden, Martha Scott, Patricia Morison (before she came east to make such a hit in "Kiss Me, Kate"), Peggy Ann Garner, Ellen Drew and Jane Wyatt.

Rita co-produces and directs—and she writes what script there is. But most of the show is ad lib, with Rita the mistress of ceremonies. In fact, the only thing she doesn't do is act in the special skits—yet it was her acting experience that took her into video.

Ah, this topsy-turvy world of TV!

* * *

It was bound to happen. Television has done such a good job of condensing full-length plays into shortened TV scripts that now the legitimate (*Continued on page* 76)



The Lambs Gambol, Sundays, 8-8:30 P.M., WNBT, was the cause of this unusual shot of Jim Moran.

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HERE'S your chance to go to a county fair—right in the middle of Manhattan. There won't be a Ferris wheel to ride or any pink lemonade to buy, but you'll have just as much fun trying to win the cash prizes emcee Win Elliot hands out to participants who can do the stunts set up. County Fair pioneered in the running stunt—a situation where the jackpot builds up until some-



one is finally able to, say, punch through a paper bag. Or lift a steer. Or row a boat across dry floors. Or drive a mule up Broadway.

The stage at the CBS Playhouse on Broadway where County Fair is broadcast from 9-9:30 EDT on Wednesday evenings, actually does look like a county fair. And when the show starts, you'll see the above line-up, left to right: production assistant Tom Deane, at sound table; announcer Tom Reddy, at microphone; associate producer Bill Becher; musical director Bill Gale and the "Mighty Borden Band"; blonde Pat McCann, production assistant; emcee Elliot, in straw hat; the Bordenaires quartet; and, seated in the bleachers, front row right, Ken Williams, on-and-off the air utility man. It all adds up to fun, so hurry, hurry, hurry.

Your Ticket to COUNTY FAIR

Come one, come all...
get your tickets
now for County Fair!

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My Mad

WHAT MINNIE PEARL WOULD LIKE TO COLLECT IS MEN. WHAT SHE DOES

By
MINNIE
PEARL



Making up backstage, Minnie gets help from Grand Ole Opry's singer, Red Foley. Minnie has hats dating back to almost every period in American history.



Vintage of 1870: Minnie wears a straw hat and lace wedding dress given to her by a 90-year-old Alabama woman whose husband enjoyed Minnie's comedy.

FOLKS who listen to me on Grand Ole Opry probably think that the only thing I try to collect is men. And I won't say I don't have a hankering after good-lookin' fellows.

But there's something about a hat covered with lace and flowers, something about its faded glory that sends goose pimples all up and down me. If you're a woman you probably know just exactly what I mean.

In the beginning I had no idea of starting a collection of odd and antique hats. The thing "just growed" out of a little yellow straw which belonged to my grandmother when she was a girl. I wore it for my first appearance on Grand Ole Opry and it's still

Grand Ole Opry, with Minnie Pearl, is heard

Hattery

COLLECT IS HATS—THEY'RE EASIER TO GET!



Red Foley told Minnie that she looks just like Mae West in this number. Minnie's sorry the Gay Nineties styles are outmoded—she likes their dash.



This handmade muslin model is not exactly antique, but the old Mississippi lady who sent it to Minnie made it of material from a hat she had in her teens.



Minnie concocted this one herself from old hat ornaments she's received from all over the world. She calls it her "combination antique model."



One of Minnie's favorites is this 80-year-old bonnet sent in by an elderly friend. Now that listeners know all about Minnie's collection, they've taken a lively interest in building it up.

part of my costume.

Folks who listen to Grand Ole Opry send me hats and sometimes I get funny letters with them. One little girl wrote me that she was enclosing one of her great-aunt's hats that was covered with roses. "Maybe," she wrote, "it'll help you catch a man—'cause my mother says men like fancy colors."

How long this hat collecting passion of mine will continue I don't know. Today I have a closet full of antique chapeaux. And soon, my friends tell me, I won't be able to find a new hat among the old ones. But who cares? Confidentially, last Easter I wore one of the antiques and received loads of compliments on my "new" spring bonnet!

The French touch in Minnie's collection was supplied by a Louisiana family who owned this hat for three generations. Minnie believes it's her oldest.





With a little management, you can have your picnic frankfurters and coffee steaming hot. There's nothing better under the sun!

MORE FUN than a PICNIC



By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR
Listen each Monday through Friday at 12 Noon when Kate Smith Speaks on the Mutual network.

"BOX parties" were quite the thing when I grew up. The girls each packed a very special lunch-in-a-box for two. Then the boxes were auctioned off to the highest bidder. Ah, the romances that started that way!

Swimming and hiking parties were always more fun when there was food, picnic style.

I remember the "big picnics." Two or three families, with all the children would meet early and go together to a grassy clearing. Aunt Sue brought a baked ham, Aunt Rachel brought her own cabbage salad, and so on, right down to Mom's special apple pie. Nobody worked too hard and everybody had a wonderful time.

What I bring on a picnic these days depends on where I'm going and who I'm with. If we can make a fire, then picnic meats are our mainstay, broiled over the coals. If there's a barbecue, I plan on taking hot sauce for the meat, hot coffee and sometimes, baked beans. (Have you tried the newest kind in the self-heating can?) For picnics in the woods or fields, we depend on vacuum jugs for hot food.

Sometimes I like to take off at a minute's notice. The nicest picnics are the spur-of-the-moment ones. A trip to the pantry shelf and then to the delicatessen can take care of the food I need. Frankfurters, canned shoestring potatoes, cold beverages—all are ready to be carted off to a pleasant spot. And days when the family comes home, hot and tired, serve the dinner on plates and let them eat it on the porch. Here are some of my favorite picnic menus and foods.

Open Fire Picnic

Grilled Frankfurters
Mustard Relish Hot Buttered Rolls
Picnic Cole Slaw Dill Pickles
Layer Cake
Hot Coffee

Barbecue Picnic

Savory Hamburgers
Barbecue Sauce Catsup
Hot Rolls Potato Salad
Carrot Sticks Celery Tomatoes Pepper Rings
Assorted Fruits
Oatmeal Cookies Iced Tea

Cool-Off Picnic

Cold Fried Chicken
Tossed Green Salad Rolls
Apple Pie
Coffee Cheese

Stuffed Frankfurters

With a sharp knife, split each frankfurter lengthwise almost through. Spread the inside with prepared mustard. Now stuff the frankfurter with a strip of cheese, cut the length of the frankfurter (*Continued on page* 102)

Some women change their hearts as easily as their minds.

But for others—women like Portia—the world holds but one man, and faith locks his love in their hearts forever

A PORTIA FACES LIFE STORY



RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS NUMBER TWO

This episode from the lives of Portia and Walter Manning is told here for the first time in story form. Portia Faces Life can be heard every Monday through Friday, 5:15 P.M., EDT, on NBC stations.

R
M

HATE is the most powerful of the emotions, and the deadliest. Love is strong, but hate is stronger. Stronger for a little while.

Love, born in gentleness, nurtured in kindliness, tempers to that gentleness and kindliness all the things that are done in the name of love. But the things that are done in the name of hate—those are bitter, twisted, ugly. In a woman's hands, hate is a more powerful weapon for evil than love is for good. But on love's side is love itself, and it roots deeper, lasts longer, for it feeds on faith and hope and trust and belief.

True love—love like Portia Manning's—lasts forever. Even in the face of a hatred like Joan Ward's, such love endures, for hatred must in time die of its own violence. But while it rages, a hatred such as Joan's for Portia can cause great hurt, can do great wrongs.

There was a time when Portia found herself alone. Her love for her husband, Walter, was as strong as ever. But Walter was gone . . . Walter was far away, in Ankhara. In his last letter, he had said he wouldn't come back to her. But Portia's faith was unshaken. Alone among all the people in Parkerstown, Portia believed firmly that Walter would return.

And it was a defenseless Portia who found herself menaced by a force of mysterious evil. A dark fear hung over her and she seemed to be caught in a net, so that the more she struggled, the deeper she became entangled in the web that seemed woven by fate alone.

But it was not fate that menaced Portia's life. It was a young woman, Joan Ward—a strange, bitter girl, whose own misfortunes had made her suspicious, and envious of Portia's happiness. The very serenity that was Portia's greatest asset only served to make Joan's unhappiness seem the greater by contrast.

The embers of resentment had been burning in Joan's heart for a long time. But it was the night of the Randalls' housewarming that they burst into flame.

Portia had no hint of Joan's feelings as she stood listening to Lilli and Mark Randall brag about their new house. Joan and Clint Morley were there, and other friends and neighbors admiring the game room, with its ping-pong table and built-in grill.

As the others started to move on from the game room, Portia felt her dress catch in the fire screen. She started to free herself, but suddenly Clint was there, helping her, and she turned to him gratefully. To Portia, Clint was just a good friend, whose only fault was that he seemed determined that she should love him. Perhaps Portia might have been even cooler toward Clint had she seen the expression on Joan Ward's face as Clint left Joan to help her, had she known that her every word and smile acted like a knife in the jealous heart of the girl who watched them darkly from across the room.

The others were gone, now, and Joan followed them. Portia turned her attention to Clint, who was talking rapidly at her side, but she protested when he casually moved to close the door.

"You shouldn't have closed the door, Clint," Portia said. "The others will—"

"The others don't matter," Clint said intensely. "I've got to talk to you, Portia, and since you flatly refuse to see me or to let me come to the house—"

"You know why!" Portia interrupted. "The election—whether or not you become State's Attorney depends upon killing that wretched story that started up about us. If we're seen together—"

"Why can't you understand, Portia, that you're more important to me than anything else—and that includes being elected State's Attorney!"

Outside the room, a hand hesitated as if to knock, but with the sound of voices from within it halted. Joan Ward stood, frozen, hearing rather than feeling the heavy beat of her heart.

Then Portia said quietly, "You say you don't care about the election, Clint. Well, *I* care about my reputation. I have a twelve-year-old son to protect—"



Walter Manning is played by Bartlett Robinson, Portia Blake Manning played by Lucille Wall.

There was a touch of the prosecuting attorney in the way Clint cut in, "And do you really think you're protecting him by letting him believe that lie about Walter Manning?"

"You mean the story I had Bill run in the paper to the effect that Walter is expected back soon from Ankhara? The story served its purpose in silencing the gossip about us, but what you won't understand, Clint, is that *I* believe it, too. I believe that Walter *is* coming back. I've never told Dickie any lies about his father."

Clint shook his head impatiently. "The boy knows what happened in New York?"

"He knows as much as I know," Portia returned. "He knows that I went to New York for the opening of Walter's picture, expecting him to come back with me. He knows that Walter wanted to come back—that he'd already turned down the Ankhara assignment, that he was tired of wandering, and only wanted to settle down here with us in Parkerstown. He knows that Walter left the next morning for Ankhara, without explanation, and that I came back alone. Or—" there was a note of rueful laughter in her voice—"at least I was alone as far as Chicago, where I ran into you and made the mistake of letting you take me to breakfast at the hotel."

"And does Dickie know what was in that letter you got from Ankhara?" Clint asked. "*I* know, Portia, as well as if I'd seen it. Manning told you he was through for good—don't try to deny it. I know, because for days after you read it, you had that same look in your eyes that I'd seen in Chicago—as though you'd been hit square in the heart!"

"Clint—" Portia's voice wasn't quite steady. "You must listen! I like and admire you a great deal. You're a fine man and a wonderful friend. But I'm not in love with you, and I won't ever be. You must understand—"

As Portia's voice filtered through the door, Joan's fists clenched so tightly that the nails bit into the palms of her hands. Clint was pleading with Portia.

"I don't ask you to love me, Portia, the way you've loved him. I know something like that only happens

once. But I can't stand aside now and see you wasting your life—worse than wasting it. If he comes back, it'll be only to go away and hurt you again. If he doesn't—"

"Don't say that!" Portia's voice was so low that Joan barely caught the words. "The belief that he will come back is all I have to hang onto. If I lose that—it's the end of me."

"It needn't be the end; it can be a beginning, if you'll only think of it that way," said Clint huskily. "I'm willing to wait forever, just so I know that you're not shutting me out of your life completely."

"Please, Clint." Portia sounded close to tears. "Let's go upstairs. The others will be looking for us if we stay here any longer—and Joan Ward will be hurt."

"Joan?" said Clint with simple incredulity. "Why should she be hurt?"

"Are you that blind?" Portia asked. "Don't you realize that she's falling in love with you?"

"But that's nonsense!" he exploded. "I've never given her any reason to— All I've done is try to find Steve Ward so that she can divorce him, and I've gone to your house a few times to talk to her about the divorce."

"I never gave you any reason to think that I might care about you," said Portia wearily. "All I did was ride down with you from Chicago on my way back from New York, and see you at the house when you came to talk to Joan. Apparently, love doesn't need reasons. The fact remains that Joan is falling in love with you—or thinks she is—and after all she's been through with Steve, she mustn't be hurt again. Now, please, Clint, we must go. The others will be looking for us."



Dickie
played by Edwin Bruce.

They were moving across the floor. Joan fled ahead of them, clear up to Lilli's pretty new bedroom. There she shut the door on the noise of the party below and sat on the bed, trying to swallow the poison that rose within her. To Joan's twisted, jealous mind, Portia seemed to be only leading Clint on. Oh, how she hated them—both of them! Oh, no—Portia wouldn't marry Clint . . . it was much more fun to keep him dangling! And Clint, the fool, let himself be taken in! If she could only force their hands, show them up to each other, show them up to everyone for what they were.

Portia might have worried a great deal more about that conversation had she been able to listen in a little later as Clint drove Joan home. He was edgy and uncomfortable, obviously, after Portia's warning, feeling it necessary to set matters straight between them and at a loss as to how to begin.

Joan let him squirm. She was even, in a bitter fashion, enjoying herself. Strange, she thought, how hating instead of loving could give one the upper hand. Always before, those few times she'd ridden with Clint, it had been she who'd suggested a longer drive home, he who—and how blind she'd been not to see it before!—had always been all too anxious to deliver her to her door.

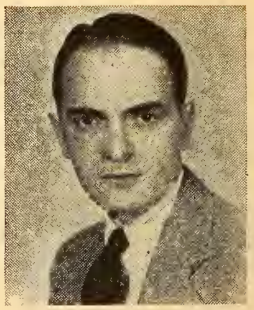
"You missed the turn, Clint," she said sweetly, once he'd passed Peach Street and was headed toward the river road.

"I know. I think we ought to have a talk, Joan—"

Joan yawned daintily. They'd have their talk all right, but it was she who would control it, not Clint. "It was a lovely party, wasn't it?" she began chattily. "I thought it was awfully sweet of Mark to give Portia a key to their house, along with the little speech about how it was she who'd made it possible for him and Lilli to have a home together. And it's true. Portia's a wonderful person—"

Clint's silence was eloquent agreement. "Look at the way she stopped the awful gossip about the two of you, running that story about Walter's coming back in the paper! I think it was wonderful of her to do it for you—"

"I wish she hadn't." Clint's jaw set. "The way to stop talk is to face the thing out. Scandal is like blackmail, and the very worst thing to do is to pay a blackmailer. That's what Portia's doing, especially when she takes the attitude that it's wrong for us to see each other."



Clint Morley
played by Santos Ortega.

Joan decided that it was time to drop her little bomb. "You've been in love with her for a long time, haven't you?" she asked softly.

He stiffened. "I—I didn't know that you—" he floundered. Then he gave up. "I want to take care of her," he admitted. "I want to be sure she isn't hurt any more. But I guess all I've done is make trouble for her. I'm a bull in a china shop when it comes to women. I—I've sort of messed things up where you're concerned, too, haven't I?"

She turned wide, wondering eyes upon him. "In what way?"

"Well—Portia said this evening—that is, she gave me reason to understand that you—that you liked me quite a lot—"

"Oh, Clint!" She gave a little trill of laughter. "I really believe you're blushing! I don't blame you—I can't imagine where on earth Portia got that fantastic idea. I've told you often that you've changed my outlook on things—and you have. But as far as being in love with you—it never entered my mind."

For a moment she almost lost control of herself. His relief was so plain that she wanted to hit him. But she made herself sound sweet. "I'd have been a fool not to know it was Portia, Clint. If in some way I could help you to find your happiness, I'd feel that I'd cancelled a little of my indebtedness to you both."

Scornfully she saw him take the bait, look at her with dawning respect and admiration—and momentary hope. Then he shook his head. "Thank you, Joan. But I don't know what you or anyone else can do."

"Right now," said Joan, "you can take me home. Kathie and Bill want me to move in with them, but I'm going to go on staying at Portia's because I think she needs me. Just wait, Clint, and don't lose hope. And in the meantime, please think of me as someone you can trust implicitly."

"Hope!" He laughed shortly. "If I thought there was any—"

She said nothing at the moment. She waited until the car had stopped before she dropped her remaining bomb.

"I don't know why you shouldn't have more than hope," she said, getting out of the car. "Why should Portia care so much about your winning the election? Why should she have run that notice in the paper, have done everything she knew to help you, even to the point of foregoing your friendship now, when she's alone and needs it so badly? Why all that, Clint—if she weren't in love with you and only trying to save you from yourself?"



Lilli
played by Cora B. Smith.



Mark Randall
played by Lyle Sudrow.



Joan Ward
played by Ginger Jones.

With that she left him and ran into the house. Clint Morley would be easy, she thought triumphantly. She could make him believe anything—anything he wanted to believe.

This was Portia's friend, this was the girl she had taken into her own home, feeling sorry for her, trying to help her regain her confidence in life.

Neither Portia nor Miss Daisy could understand Joan's change in attitude. They were both plainly skeptical when Joan let it be known that she had never been in love with Clint, not really, only grateful for his help and interest at a time when her life had fallen to pieces.

She refused to let herself be waited upon as she had before, accepting it as the due of a woman who had suffered the brutality of Steve Ward and the stillbirth of her child. Instead, she took such an interest in cooking and cleaning that Miss Daisy was quite overwhelmed. She touched and amused Portia by pampering her as Portia had pampered Joan herself; she worried over Portia until Portia finally gave up and agreed to pay a visit to Dr. Ramsey.

"A check-up won't hurt the girl, heaven knows," said Miss Daisy the afternoon Portia had set off for Dr. Ramsey's. "But I don't know what real good it'll be doin' her. We both know, Joan, that there's nothing wrong but that she's eating her heart out for Walter."

"And she's upset about Clint," Joan said softly. "He loves her, Miss Daisy, and if you ask me, I think that Portia more than likes him."

"Why, just the other day Portia said she couldn't get it out of her mind that maybe Walter was sick, and that was why he'd acted like this."

"Oh, really, Miss Daisy! You've too much sense to believe that! Portia was with him in New York. If he'd been ill, she'd have known it."

"Maybe, maybe not," said Miss Daisy. "I know Walter Manning well enough to know it's just what he'd do if that was the trouble. You and I might say it was foolish, but Walter wouldn't think so if there was something wrong with him that would mean he'd have to be taken care of while Portia went back to taking legal cases to earn the living."

"I never in my life heard anything so—" She stopped, listening. "Wasn't that the door, Miss Daisy?"

The front door had opened and closed. Slow steps crossed the hall, went up the stairs. Joan and Miss Daisy looked at each other and then with one accord started up the stairs to Portia's room. Portia was sitting in the little chair by the window, still wearing her coat, her purse in her lap. Her face was deathly white, and there was a flat look around her eyes, as if she had been crying, or was about to cry.



Kathie
played by Ann Seymour.



Bill Baker
played by Les Damon.

Miss Daisy got to her first.

"Portia, girl, what is it? What did the doctor—"

"Nothing, Miss Daisy." She made a fair attempt at a smile. "There's nothing wrong with me—"

"But what did he say?" Joan cut in. "Tell us—"

"There's nothing to tell," said Portia quickly—too quickly. "Agatha Tate and Miriam Staley were there in the waiting room. Agatha looked awfully smart. She was wearing one of those new little hats—"

"I'm not carin' a hoot about Agatha's hat," Miss Daisy broke in. "I want to know what the doctor said, and if you won't tell me, I'll ask him myself!"

"No!" Portia started up, then sank back, her face in her hands. "Oh, Miss Daisy, if only Walter— If he were here, it wouldn't be like this. I need him now, Miss Daisy, more than ever before. You see, I—I'm going to have a baby."

Very quietly, Joan let herself out of the room, leaving Portia in Miss Daisy's arms. A baby! Portia was— She pressed her hand hard over her beating heart. This was what she'd been waiting for. She couldn't quite see how, yet, but she knew that somehow this would prove to be the weapon that she wanted.

Now the terror, the unknown evil force was set in motion. Portia was vaguely aware that something was wrong, but she had no idea of the intensity of Joan Ward's determination, the hideous enormity of Joan's plan. Everything in the next few days played into Joan's hands. On Friday night Mark Randall was going to Riverton to deliver a speech at the Grange, urging the election of Clint as State's Attorney. Lilli was going with them and Bill Baker was going to drive them down. On Friday morning, at an hour when Miss Daisy and Portia thought she was shopping for the daily groceries, Joan appeared at Clint Morley's office.



Miss Daisy
played by Doris Rich.

"I came to ask if you've found Steve Ward," she told Clint. "I had the most terrible dream about him! He'd locked me in and he was threatening to kill me. Do you think it means anything, Clint? That it might be a premonition—a warning?"

Clint laughed. Joan was wearing a new fall hat and a bright russet suit. She looked very pert and fresh and young, and not at all as though she'd spent the night wrestling with a nightmare.

"We've had a couple of reports about a man answering his description," he said. "Nothing very definite. But if it is Steve Ward, he seems to be moving west. It's my guess that he'll never come back to Parkerstown. And as soon as elections are over, I'll really settle down to locating him. So just put your mind at rest. I don't believe in dreams or premonitions or things of that sort."

Joan sighed gratefully. "Oh, Clint, you don't know what a load that is off my mind! I know I was being silly, and yet—after what's happened to Portia—" She clapped her hand over her mouth.

Clint's smile faded. "What's happened to Portia?"

"Oh, I shouldn't have—I mean, it's a family secret—" She fluttered out of her chair, but Clint had come around the desk and was between her and the door. "You've got to tell me, Joan! What's happened to Portia?"

She backed a step, knowing a flicker of genuine fear. "I can't tell you, Clint! Portia would never forgive me if I betrayed her confidence. I wish I could tell you; I wish you could help. It's the worst that's happened so far—"

"Then tell me!"

"Clint, I can't!" Her voice rose above his frantically. "Ask her yourself!"

"How can I? I can't go to the house, or call her. If I could only manage to see her—"

"You could—" She broke off. "No—it's too fantastic. You wouldn't want to—"

"Want to what?" he insisted. "I want to do anything that might help Portia."

Joan laughed self-consciously. (*Continued on page* 89)

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are Eastern Daylight Time
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00		Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News
9:15	Story to Order			E. Power Biggs
9:30	Bach Aria Group	Chamber Music Society		
9:45				Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Children's Hour	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00		Christian Reform Church	The Fitzgeralds	Allan Jackson News
11:15				The News Makers
11:30	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11.45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Living 1949	Wings Over Jordan		Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	William L. Shirer	American Album	Joseph C. Harsch
1:15		John B. Kennedy	Editor at Home	Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	American Radio Warblers	National Vespers	Tell It Again
1:45		Mutual Music Box		
2:00	U. S. in World Affairs	Dr. Simon's Band	This Week Around The World	Longine Symphonette
2:15				
2:30	NBC University Theater	Bill Dunningham	Mr. President	You Are There
2:45		Veteran's Information	Drama	
3:00		Ernie Lee Show	Harrison Wood	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony
3:15			Betty Clark Sings	
3:30	One Man's Family	Juvenile Jury	Dance Music	
3:45				
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Ted Malone	
4:15			Dick Todd	
4:30	News	True Detective	Milton Cross Opera Album	Skyway to the Stars
4:45	Jane Pickens Show			
5:00	Robert Merrill	The Shadow	Curt Massey Show	Choraliers
5:15				
5:30	James Melton	Quick As A Flash	Quiet Please	"Broadway's My Beat"
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Martin and Lewis	Nick Carter	Greatest Story Ever Told	Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet
6:45				
7:00		Adv. of the Falcon		The Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30	Alice Faye and Phil Harris	Mayor of the Town	Carnegie Hall Musicale	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	Henry Morgan	Smoke Rings		Lum and Abner
8:45				
9:00	NBC Theater	Under Arrest	Walter Winchell	Electric Theatre with Helen Hayes
9:15			Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Jimmie Fidler		Our Miss Brooks
9:45		Twin Views of News		
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions		Life With Luigi
10:30	Horace Heidt	Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	It Pays to be Ignorant



JOAN WHEATLEY—pretty singer of ballads on the Fred Waring program Monday-Friday, NBC, 10:00 A.M. EDT.



HENRY MORGAN—the once sardonic comedian returned to radio this year a much-mellowed man. His show is on Sundays, 8:30 P.M. EDT, NBC. Henry, born the day before April Fools' Day, was a page boy in a radio station (he conducted visitors' tours), announcer, and a disc jockey before his talents as a comedian were recognized. He gets his ideas by looking at billboards, newspapers, car ads, etc.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day		Jane Jordan	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Vincent Lopez	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Boston Symphony		Nancy Craig	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang		Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Anniversary Club	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Red Benson Movie	Talk Your Way Out of It	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins	Show		Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's	House Party	Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Beat the Clock
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30				
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30		Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cavalcade of America	Straight Arrow	The Railroad Hour	Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Sherlock Holmes		Talent Scouts
8:45			Henry Taylor	
9:00	Telephone Hour	News		Lux Radio Theatre
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Dr. I. Q.	Fishing and Hunting Club	Child's World	
9:45			String Ensemble	
9:55		Bill Henry		
10:00	Contented Program	American Forum of the Air	Arthur Gaeth	My Friend Irma
10:15			Earl Godwin	
10:30	Radio Playhouse	Dance Orch.	On Trial	The Bob Hawk Show



MARY JANE CROFT—who plays the part of Alice Henderson on the Beulah show (CBS, 7:00 P.M. EDT, M-F) is one of the busiest actresses on the air—she appears often on top network shows—yet she finds enough time to take care of four-year-old son Ricky in Hollywood. During her years in radio she has had mike fright only once; the time when she turned to page two of her script, found page twenty-nine.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45	News			Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbors		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day		Club Time	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love And Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Traveler	Wendy Warren
12:15	Betty Harris Show	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Vincent Lopez	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Echoes From the		Nancy Craig	Big Sister
1:15	Tropics	Happy Gang		Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Anniversary Club	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Red Benson Movie	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins	Show		Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon At Sardi's	House Party	Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Beat the Clock
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Sky King	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The Smoothies	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	This Is Your Life	George O'Hanlan	Art Mooney's Talent	Mystery Theatre
8:15	Ralph Edwards	Show	Tour	
8:30	Alan Young Show	Official Detective	America's Town	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:55		Bill Henry	Meeting of the Air	
9:00	Bob Hope Show	News		We, The People
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Fibber McGee and	Mysterious Traveler	Erwin D. Canham	Strike It Rich
9:45	Molly			
9:55		Bill Henry		
10:00	Big Town	Korn's-A-Krackin'	It's in the Family	Hit The Jackpot
10:15				
10:30	People Are Funny	Dance Orchestra		Mr. Ace and Jane

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15	Faith in Our Time			
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day		Jane Jordan	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love And Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	The Play Boys	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Vincent Lopez	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Echoes From the		Nancy Craig	Big Sister
1:15	Tropics	Happy Gang		Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Anniversary Club	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Red Benson Movie	Talk Your Way Out	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins	Show	of It	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's	House Party	Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Beat the Clock
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Dardanelle Trio	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Blondie	Can You Top This?	Original Amateur Hour, Ted Mack, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon
8:15				
8:30	Great Gildersleeve	Scattergood Baines		Dr. Christian
8:45				
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	News	Milton Berle Show	County Fair
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	Family Theater	Lawrence Welk	
10:00	The Big Story	Comedy Playhouse	Bing Crosby	Beat The Clock
10:15				
10:30	Curtain Time	Dance Orchestra	Jack Kirkwood	Capitol Cloak Room



LAMONT JOHNSON—took a job as radio announcer one summer, liked it so well he quit his studies at UCLA (he was majoring in journalism, then) to make it a full-time job. It wasn't long before his pleasant "mike manners" were noticed by a radio director. His first big role was as Daniel Boone; this led to other parts—he now is Mark Douglas in the serial, Wendy Warren, M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life The Brighter Day	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Betty Harris Show Vincent Lopez	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Echoes From the Tropics Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Happy Gang	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Anniversary Club	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Luncheon at Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Beat the Clock
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Inside Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Plantation Jubilee Western Hit Revue	Abbott snd Costello Theatre U.S.A.	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Al Jolson Show Dorothy Lamour	News Radio Newsreel Air Force Hour	Go For the House Jo Stafford Show	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Fred Waring Show	This is Paris The Windy City	Personal Autograph	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter



KAY STARR—husky-voiced singer on ABC's Starring Kay Starr is of Irish-Cherokee descent. She sang with Joe Venuti and Bob Crosby one summer while still in high school, and with Charlie Barnet's band for two years before she became ill. After convalescence she struck out as a single, playing clubs and making records, eventually signing with ABC. Her favorite singer is Ella Fitzgerald.



ELMER DAVIS—whose news analyses are beard Monday-Friday, 7:15 P.M. EDT on ABC stations, is Indiana-born, an Oxford graduate, covered the first World War for the *New York Times*, was director of tbe OWI during the last war. He always wears a gray suit, black shoes, white shirt and black bow tie—college nickname was "the deacon." He has a dry sense of humor and always goes about his work calmly even wben big news is breaking.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life The Brighter Day	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Jane Jordan	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone Galen Drake	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	The Hometowners Vincent Lopez	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Happy Gang	Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Anniversary Club	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Luncheon at Sardi's	Talk Your Way Out of It House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Hint Hunt Winner Take All Beat the Clock
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The UN is My Beat H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cities Service Band Of America Jimmy Durante Show	Experience Speaks Yours For A Song	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Jack Carson Show My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Cantor Show Red Skelton Show	News Radio Newsreel Enchanted Hour	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ford Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Sports	Meet the Press Mutual Concert Hall	Boxing Bouts	Philip Morris Playhouse Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

SATURDAY

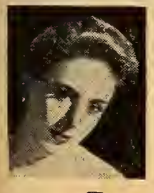
A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Follies
9:30	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News		
9:45		Misc. Programs		Garden Gate
10:00	Archie Andrews	Magic Rhythm	Concert of Amer-	Red Barber's Club
10:15			ican Jazz	House
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Your Name Beautiful		Escape
10:45		Albert Warner		
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Coast Guard on	Junior Junction	Let's Pretend
11:15		Parade		
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Music	What's My Name?	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Girls' Corps	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	News	American Farmer	Grand Central
12:45			U. S. Navy Hour	Station
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute		Stars Over Holly-
1:15				wood
1:30	R.F.D. America	Symphonies For	American Farmer	Give and Take
1:45		Youth		
2:00	Musicana		101 Ranch Boys	Handyman
2:15				Get More Out of Life
2:30	Edward Tomlinson	Music	Fascinating Rhythm	Columbia's Country
2:45	Report From Europe			Journal
3:00	Pioneers of Music	Poole's Paradise	Treasury Band	Report From Over-
3:15			Show	seas
				Adventures in
3:30		Sports Parade		Science
3:45				Cross Section U.S.A.
4:00	Your Health Today	Bill Harrington	Tom Glazer's Ballad	
			Box	
4:15	Horse Racing	Horse Racing	Horse Racing	
4:30		Jerry and Skye	United Nations Show	Saturday at the Chase
4:45	Frank Merriwell	First Church of		
		Christ Science		
5:00	The Lassie Show	Russ Hodges Quiz		Philadelphia
5:15	Wormwood Forest	True or False	Dance Music	Orchestra
5:30				
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Honey Dreamers	News From Wash-
				ington
6:15	Religion in the News		Bible Message	Memo From Lake
				Success
6:30	NBC Symphony	Bands For Bonds		"The Catbird Seat"
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls		Spike Jones
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Vic Damone, Kay	Robert Hurliegh		Camel Caravan with
7:45	Armen	Mel Allen		Vaughn Monroe
8:00	Hollywood Star	Twenty Questions	Take A Chorus	Gene Autry Show
8:15	Theatre			
8:30	Truth or Conse-	Take a Number	Famous Jury Trials	Adventures of Philp
8:45	quences			Marlowe
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80	Little Herman	Gang Busters
9:15			Drama	
9:30	Judy Canova Show	Guy Lombardo	Pat Novak For Hire	Tales of Fatima
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of	Theatre of the Air	Earl Godwin	Sing It Again
10:15	Dennis Day		Irving Fields	
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



VICKI VOLA—was stage-struck at sixteen, but instead of going to New York, she stayed in hometown Denver building up a good reputation in local radio and stock; consequently she had no job difficulty when she later came to New York City. Vicki still plays stock during her vacations from her part as Miss Miller, Mr. District Attorney's secretary. She is married to John Wilkinson, radio director.

QUIZ CATALOGUE

Notes to keep your Radio Mirror Quiz Catalog up to date

THE MAN who broke the bank at Monte Carlo had nothing on the contestants who successfully compete on the Friday night ABC quizzer Break the Bank, heard at 9:00 p.m., EDT.

It was a little over three years ago that a young man walked into the office of producer Ed Wolff and said he had a swell show. Radio veteran Wolff immediately rejected the format of the show, but realized the tremendous possibilities of the title, and made a deal to use it. He revised the show and here's the way it now works.

Four assistants roam through the audience before show time with hand microphones interviewing couples at random. When an interesting couple is interviewed, they are called up on the stage and become contestants. As many as twenty-five couples may be called to the stage, but after a quick screening usually about six couples have time to compete.

Host for the show is genial Bud Collyer, who introduces the guests to fast talking emcee Bert Parks. As each contestant comes to the microphone, a sealed envelope containing the questions is handed to Parks. He immediately starts the ball rolling, building the winnings from twenty dollars to five hundred dollars in five questions. At five hundred you are at the gateway to the bank. You may win anything from one thousand dollars up—to date the highest has been nine thousand dollars.

All prizes are cash, and a tremendous scoreboard on stage keeps a record of your earnings.

Unlike any other quiz show, the contestant is given two chances on Break the Bank. If he gets up to five hundred and misses, he goes back one step to three and works his way up again.

Listeners get a chance to compete by sending in a postcard asking to be called on the telephone. The postcards are all in a huge glass bowl, the "Wishing Bowl," and one is picked out each week and telephoned. The winner comes to New York on an all-expenses paid trip, and becomes a contestant on the show. He in turn selects the following week's "Wishing Bowl" winner.

A Cinderella story come true happened last Christmas Eve, when a young visitor from National City, California, decided to go up on stage uninvited during the program. Handsome, three-year-old Michael Powers created a furore when he did, and was chased by his mother. Fast thinking Bert Parks immediately made the mother a contestant, and Mrs. Powers rose to the occasion by breaking the nine thousand dollar bank. Payoff to the story came when it developed a motion picture producer saw young Michael on his television set (Break the Bank is televised at the same time it is broadcast) and signed him to a contract.

Parks says the moral to the story is, "If you want to be a movie star, come to New York and get on Break the Bank."

* * *

QUIZ CHATTER—

All networks now on a campaign to keep out professional quiz goers. One network red faced when they tried to bar one gal. . . . It seems she had won a pass to all shows as a prize . . . Professor Quiz learned highway etiquette from a woman driver whose car stalled in front of his. The impatient Professor leaned on his horn and honked away. In a few moments, the woman left her car and approached the Professor's auto. "I'm sorry, sir," she said to Quiz. "My car won't start. But if you'll be good enough to get in my car and start it, I'll stay in yours and lean on the horn" . . . Take A Number just started a new system of selecting contestants. They now decide in what profession or field they want a contestant, and then go out and find him. . . . Incidentally, Take A Number emcee Red Benson, just bought a beautiful Adirondacks Country Club. . . . Several quiz show owners campaigning to do away with big money jackpots. They claim big money shows are no longer fun but a deadly serious business, something which doesn't lead to radio enjoyment. . . . On the other hand, rumor around town is that Sing It Again will add a twenty-five thousand dollar cash jackpot to its usual jackpot. . . . Heaviest quiz prize was won by Mrs. Frieda Perry of Pennsylvania on Stop the Music—an eight-thousand-pound elephant.

Family Counselor guest, Howard Nugent, shows Terry Burton how one family invited the burglar. Accumulated milk and paper deliveries are a sure sign that no one's home here.

FAMILY COUNSELOR



By
TERRY
BURTON

WHEN THE FAMILY'S *Away—*

IN the good old summertime, families all over America pack bathing suits, tennis rackets and junior's baseball cap into their suitcases and head for the seashore or the mountains. Vacations are fun, but how many spend their two weeks worrying about home—asking themselves: "Will everything be all right when we return?"

Of course, keeping your house safe from burglary is a year-round job, but it's the summertime when most of us unknowingly help the burglar. Maybe you, like the Burton Family, are ready to take advantage of your well-earned vacation. And I know you will want to put into practice the suggestions offered by our Family Counselor Guest, Howard W. Nugent, of a national detective agency. As executive manager of criminal investigation, Mr. Nugent warned: "If you're one of those 'never lock my door' people, you're going to help the thief fatten his purse." Reminding us that forced entry is generally accompanied by prying noises, our Family Counselor said: "Don't make things easy for him; lock those doors and windows." Several other things are likely to discourage the burglar . . . such as burning a light, playing the radio, or displaying any sort of evidence which gives the appearance of being at home. Burglars are not very fond of company.

When I asked Mr. Nugent about locking doors and hiding keys, he laughed and added, "Yes, and don't forget the notes that one sees tacked to the front door reading . . . 'Clarence, the key is under the broken step.'" Mr. Nugent advised that information may be passed on until your name heads the burglars' "must list." His suggestion was: "If you have to hide a key outside the house in case of emergency, hide it well, and keep the secret to yourself. If you plan to be away, don't pass the information on to *all* the neighbors. Arrange things to look as natural and 'at home' as possible. And don't leave any chatty 'will be gone' notes in milk bottles, or in the mailbox.

"And here's a very important point: do cancel your milk and newspaper deliveries. The law-breaker who finds them lined up on the front porch has no trouble determining whether or not you're at home."

Mr. Nugent also warned against keeping any large sums of money in the proverbial sugar bowl.

"And," he added, "when hiring domestic help, don't rely on an honest face. Check references carefully."

Now suppose you return home and find that you've entertained a burglar . . . what should be done?

First, report the theft and let the authorities take over—give all the help you can. Should your stolen merchandise be recovered, the authorities will not be satisfied with a "That's mine" type of identification, so keep a list of your jewelry, radios, furniture and other valuables. Serial numbers or initials written in indelible ink where the thief can't find them, will help you recover lost property. So, lock your doors and windows—mark and list your valuables—and you'll be doing your share to keep the burglar away.

R
M

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard Monday through Friday at 2:00 P.M. EDT. on CBS network stations.

The Countess

Jean de Caraman

Her lovely face gives out to you the bright Magic of Herself

She is beautiful—and more—you think when you look at the Countess de Caraman's face. For her face gives out to you her delightful *Inner Self.* It sends you messages of her individuality, her responsiveness, her charming femininity.

***Your Face* has something special to say about *you.* Are you helping it to speak for you with originality and beauty? Your face is the You that others see first. Make sure it is showing the real You happily—at your very best. You should. You can.**



The Countess de Caraman's pearl-smooth skin tells you she gives it beautiful care. Her trusted beauty help is Pond's Cold Cream. "I'm *devoted* to it," she says.

THAT HALF-REALIZED SELF WITHIN YOU CAN MAKE YOU OVER

Never think you are cut to just one pattern. You are *not.* You are changing every day. And *you* can direct this change.

Within you is a wonderful force that can help you. It grows out of the relation of your *Inner Self* to your *Outer Self* and the power of each to change the other.

You feel it in the confidence that glows out from you when you *know* you *look lovely*—you feel it, too, in the uneasiness that comes when you *miss* looking charming and right. It is the reason those daily niceties that make you look lovelier can work a magic change in *You*—your outlook, your appeal to others.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Your *face* is the first picture others see of you. To keep it a bright, appealing picture needs understanding help. Discover *now* this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with your Pond's Cold Cream. It can bring your face a *special* cleanness, greater *softness.*

Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) *cream* your face *this* rewarding way:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore-openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, *immaculate.* Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.



The Countess says: "I don't know any face cream of finer quality than Pond's." Get this favorite *big* size of Pond's Cold Cream today!

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment literally works on *both sides* of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation. "It leaves your face *glowing*," the Countess says.

Remember always—it is *not vanity* to develop the beauty of your face. Everyone who cares about you *wants* to see you *looking lovely.* It helps you add to their happiness—it helps you feel happier *yourself.* And this greater happiness brings the real Inner You closer to others.

R
M

Something to Think About—

(*Continued from page 33*)

With all the difficulties married couples meet, it would be pleasant to believe that the period of courtship is like a crystal lake, untroubled by storm and thunder. But it's not. Young people in love have more than their share of frustrations. But I almost lose patience with sorrowful girls who have been jilted.

To my way of thinking it is stupid to pity or cry with a girl left waiting at the altar. But first, read this excerpt that is typical of many, many letters—

> "I went with a boy for a long time and finally we were engaged to be married. Then, in a weak moment, I introduced him to an attractive girl friend of mine. She took him away from me. Wasn't I the fool?"

Well, maybe the thing to do when you've got a prize package is to keep him under cover. Let nobody see him. But even if he were Clark Gable and Gary Cooper rolled into one and if he could make love like a Barrymore and was as brilliant as Einstein, he still wouldn't be any good if another woman could take him away. So why should a woman be broken-hearted about that? She should be grateful it happened before they were married. Her man is a boarder-lover, looking for a new room and board all the time. This girl's lucky. She should write her girl friend a note and say, "Thanks, honey, for the favor. Some day I'll do the same for you."

Frankly, I wonder when women are going to understand that it's a rare blessing to have a man show that he isn't interested in marriage. Could anything be worse than to have him go through with the wedding and discover a few years later he didn't mean it?

No, don't let a boarder-lover undermine your confidence. It may rain today but when the sun shines tomorrow, you don't want to carry clouds in your heart. Consider yourself lucky to have been rid of the bad. Forget it.

Well, you may not agree with me on this next one but I think there is often too much interference in young women's lives. Sometimes it leads to disaster and in this case it's turning a mother's hair gray. She writes—

> "I have forbidden my daughter ever to see a certain man. I have heard stories about him, ugly stories. My daughter is taking it very hard. She says if I don't let her see him again she is going to kill herself. I am only trying to do what is right for my daughter, and I don't know which way to turn. Please help me."

I believe the key to this mother's problem is one word, *forbid*. She should drop it from her vocabulary. It's always bad to forbid anything and every time a parent tries it, matters get worse. Nine times in ten where girls run off to marry the wrong man, they're cases where a parent said, "I forbid." And where girls do take their lives, it's generally because of all the panic, fear and confusion brought on by *I forbid*.

If I were this parent, I'd say nothing about it at all for a week or more, then try a quiet, friendly approach. Or even better, let the minister or doctor or a family friend invite the daughter over for a talk. Remember, people get nowhere by forbidding. But the same people can move mountains with patience and reason.

A mother's love for her child causes many strange situations. Here's a letter that will make you sit up and think. It's from a widow, only twenty-three years old.

> "My husband passed away about half a year ago and my baby and I live with my parents now. Mr. Heatter, a rich family has offered me $10,000 if I give up the child. They want to adopt her. My family tells me I ought to go ahead with it for the baby's sake. I've tossed night after night trying to think about it. I've prayed and tried to get the right answer. I just can't. I know what it would mean to my child to be brought up in a wealthy, comfortable home. I know I can't ever hope to give her anything like it. What shall I do?"

Truthfully, I really can't think of anything that would help this woman. I don't know the answer to everything and a letter like this just humbles me. Like the girl I'd pray and try to find a light and see what would be the right thing. But, in the end, I think I'd say no. And being offered money makes it worse, a lot worse. Actually, the mother would be selling her child.

Any woman who is only twenty-three and in good health can take care of a baby. She can face life as millions of others do, with hope and courage and confidence. After all, even the best home in all the world isn't a substitute for a real mother.

Now let's make a big jump, a very big jump from ten thousand to a million dollars and yet the core of the problem is the same, an immature attitude toward material things. This letter is from a young woman who by saying one word could have jewels, furs and guilt. Read this—

> "I'm turning to you for advice, Mr. Heatter. I used to go with a very wealthy boy who loved me very much. He died a few weeks ago. He was an only child and now his parents want to adopt me. They want to give me everything they'd have given their own son. You see, Mr. Heatter, they think I was in love with him but that isn't so. I liked him a lot but I always knew I'd never marry him. Now more than a million dollars would come to me if I said yes to his parents and let them adopt me, but would it be right to take advantage of them?"

Well, the girl is young and perhaps the great temptation keeps her from seeing clearly. Little wonder when people place so much emphasis on things that money buys and so often forget the solid satisfactions to be found in honest relationship with fellow-beings.

For my part, I'd advise the young woman to tell the wealthy couple the truth. Tell them she didn't love their son. It's going to hurt, of course, coming on top of everything they've suffered. But, otherwise, hypocrisy will make her life a chain of miserable lies.

Somehow, I believe from the tone of her letter that she realizes the difference between right and wrong but there are others who never understand when they do commit a wrong. I doubt that such folks will ever lead decent lives. Some of the letters just shock, such as this one—

> "We have some friends," a woman writes, "who actually think it's smart to exchange wives for an evening. One man goes with another man's wife to a party. They go as far as kissing and hugging each other, sometimes farther. They call it fun but I call it disgusting. Just between you and me, Mr. Heatter, don't you think they're playing with fire."

No, I don't think these people are playing with fire. When they get that far, they're beyond being burnt. What they're playing with is idiotic nonsense. They're like people who take dope for fun. And their kind should be quarantined and as carefully avoided as a plague.

Let's go on to what I feel is a more attractive subject—dogs. Everyone knows how I feel about dogs. After a woman, I think a dog is the best thing that can happen to a man. A man can learn a lot from a dog. He can learn lessons in loyalty and love and often common sense. And frequently dogs are more intelligent than some people. If you don't believe me, listen to this woman—

> "I've just read that a dog cemetery in Washington, D.C., wouldn't permit the burial of a dog because the owner is a Negro. Isn't that silly?"

Yes, it's silly. Downright stupid-silly. Personally, I wonder what the dogs buried there would say about it. I wonder if a dog ever put up a sign reading, "Restricted." I never heard of one, did you?

But I did hear about a man who was walking a very expensive dog. The dog must have been worth all of a thousand dollars. Well, they were walking along a river when suddenly the little dog jumped, the leash broke and the dog ran down to a river bank where a big dog was roaming. The costly dog ran so fast he just couldn't stop, and he went over the bank into the river. The big dog jumped in, grabbed him by the collar, paddled back to dry land and saved his life. And you know what? It turned out that the larger dog, who saved his life, belonged to an old Negro. And they say the dog whose life was saved just never objected at all. Neither did the man who owned him.

Yes, a dog can teach a man a lot about living. They can teach us that the way we act and feel toward fellow beings is the important part of life. What you say and do to your husband or wife or neighbor is what counts on the day of reckoning.

That's my opinion. Of course, you may disagree. Some of these letters are terribly hard to answer and I've never claimed to have cure-alls.

One listener challenged me, demanding, "Where do you get off giving advice? Have you ever known what it is to be cold and hungry? Have you ever known what it is to have not a cent in the world with no one to turn to?"

The answer to that is yes. I've earned my living since I was a child. My friends and family were all working people. I was raised on the sidewalks of New York where they taught me to respect the fruits of sweat and toil. As a youngster in public school I worked after school-hours and I quit high school to take a newspaper job.

And I too have known days of dark despair.

I remember that as a young man I

started my own newspaper. It took every cent I had saved. I wanted to crusade, fight for better streets, safer transportation, decent fire protection. But lack of advertising doomed the paper. At the end of seven months I had a slip from the bank.

The message boiled down to two words. "You're broke."

That nearly crushed my spirit but I started over. Back to the tedious work at copy desks on the big newspapers. And there were few compensations. Money was not one of them. The pay was poor. The only bright spot in those years was my marriage.

And I remember how sickened I was at the state of things after the First World War. Again I drew out my savings and took off for Europe as a free-lance correspondent. I wanted to awaken the people to the impending disaster. Later events proved me right but the newspapers didn't see it my way then. Again my crusade was a bust.

You can be sure those were low days for me. But by then I had more than my own ideals to fight for. I had a wife and children so I found editorial jobs on magazines not doing exactly what I wanted but life was sweeter, more secure until 1929 and—who doesn't remember the crash and the depression? Where was I then? Right out on the street, like millions of others, without a dime, without a job.

I WELL remember the futile job-hunting. But I never lost faith with myself or my family or my country. It seems to me now as it did then that Americans always have something to live for. This land of ours glows with hope. And, when I realized that, I began hunting for a radio job. I wanted to tell people of this through news and my own comments.

Well, it wasn't easy to find a job in radio. There were many disappointments till I got my own program and the first station that took me on only gave me time. For six months I worked for nothing. But it was worth it. The sacrifices my wife and I made for the opportunity were fulfilled.

But in the thirteen years that I've had the good fortune to have a friendly radio audience, I've learned there is nothing easy about success. For each day, every hour and minute must be a success. There is the responsibility of giving people honest news, wholesome opinions, and hope in the midst of despair.

Yes, I've known days of near-defeat and misery.

And this I know and remember, too: frustration and heartache come to all men and women. But always a man must keep alive that flickering ray of hope. That's what I try to tell the people who listen to the Mailbag. Have faith. Fight failure. Believe in yourself. Believe in your destiny.

Did You Enter Radio Mirror's

GRAND SLAM CONTEST?

Because of the wonderful response to this contest, and the resulting enormous volume of mail, we confess that we're snowed under! As a result, the winners will *not* be announced in the August issue, but in

SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR

On sale Wednesday, August 10th

Watch for Irene Beasley on the cover!



I use Fels-Naptha Soap because it's gentle

I let my lovely lace curtains soak in mild Fels-Naptha suds—squeeze them through the suds and then rinse. They stretch-dry so soft and fresh and spotless—they're just like new.



I use Fels-Naptha Soap because it's gentle

I wash all my underwear in lukewarm Fels-Naptha suds. It's the only soap I've tried that removes *all the dirt without soaking*. My undies never look gray or dingy.



I use Fels-Naptha Soap because it's gentle

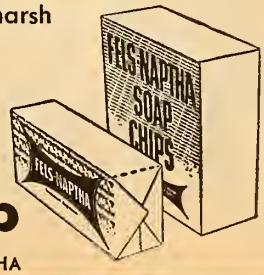
I like my sweaters to *fit*. So I always wash them *inside out* in gentle Fels-Naptha suds. They dry soft and fresh and absolutely clean.



I use Fels-Naptha Soap because it's gentle

No diaper rash for my young man —and no diaper bleaching either. Just gentle Fels-Naptha Soap that removes every stain and every trace of odor.

Fels-Naptha is so very, very gentle because it contains *two great cleaners*—mild, golden soap and active naptha. This is why it removes dirt completely—without harsh cleaning action . . . and helps all your lovely things stay clean and fresh *and new!*



FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

R M

YOUNG WIVES SO GRATEFUL

for this 'extra' advantage in

INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



Greaseless Suppository Assures Continuous Medication For Hours

Here's a modern, higher type of intimate feminine cleanliness which gives you extra advantages. Zonitors are easier, daintier, more convenient to use, yet they're one of the MOST EFFECTIVE methods ever discovered. Zonitors are POWERFULLY GERMICIDAL yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to delicate tissues. They are positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-smarting.*

Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. They are *not* the type that quickly melt away. Instead, they instantly begin to release powerful germicidal properties and *continue to do so for hours.* They never leave any residue.

Leave No Tell-Tale Odor

Zonitors do not 'mask' offending odor. They actually *destroy* it. Help guard against infection. Zonitors kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure Zonitors *immediately* kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Any drugstore.

Zonitors



(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-79, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Coast to Coast in Television

(*Continued from page 57*)

stage is borrowing video scripts for special theater presentations. First raid was on the Kraft Television Theater version of John Van Druten's comedy, There's Always Juliet. The American Theater Wing selected the television version to use on its Army and Navy hospital tour. Their reason? The simplified set-up for TV, as they often are on TV, and the quality of intimacy TV makes necessary are ideally suited to hospital presentation.

Latest reports are that the capsule "Juliet" is a great success.

* * *

Condensing a full-length novel into a one-hour television play is a considerable feat—and the first to perform it was the Philco Television Playhouse, which recently closed down for the season. The book, a best-selling mystery, was *Dinner at Antoine's,* by Frances Parkinson Keyes. The story centers around the death of Odile, a beautiful young girl who is thought to be a suicide.

Bill Eythe, known to movie-goers as the handsome young hero of such pictures as "The House on 92nd Street" and "Eve of St. Mark," doubled from his current Broadway hit review, "Lend an Ear," to appear in Dinner at Antoine's. Bill, by the way, not only sings and dances in the Broadway show, but he's the co-producer.

Janet Blair, most recently seen with Red Skelton in Columbia's "The Fuller Brush Man," was Bill's co-star in the lively and successful experiment of cutting down a full-length book to video size.

* * *

Verdi's "Aida"—without scenery or costumes—seemed like a daring innovation when the NBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arturo Toscanini, and top-flight singers presented it on TV. Especially daring was its division into two Saturday performances—two acts one Saturday, and two acts the next.

But everybody agreed it was a superb success and singers Herva Nelli (who played Aida), Richard Tucker, Guiseppe Valdengo, Eva Gustavson, Norman Scott, Teresa Randall and the others, including a fine chorus, could—and were forced by the applause—to take bows.

TV viewers got a wonderful chance to watch Mr. Toscanini's baton magic, something that the studio audiences missed, since he had to turn his back on them and face his musicians and singers.

* * *

One of the reasons the number of television sets in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has climbed to around 25,000 in little more than a year is WTMJ-TV's heavy schedule of afternoon programs. Housewives like the shows because of their easy pace—they can do their ironing, for instance, in front of the set, and follow the programs without scorching the baby's bibs.

Dealers have another reason. They can tune to live shows to demonstrate their sets during the heavy daytime shopping hours.

Fans have a wide range of entertainment, even though WTMJ is the one TV station on the air. Gloria Brooks and Connie Daniels keep fashions, hobbies and interesting folks moving in front of the cameras. Breta Griem gives cooking information. Paul Skinner and Al Buettner supply songs and music.

From NBC-TV the station has a long list of top shows including at this writing, Texaco Star Theater, Howdy Doody, the Lanny Ross show, Kyle McDonnell, Kukla, Fran and Ollie, the best of the news round-ups, and some of the sports events from New York's Madison Square Garden.

From ABC there's Super Circus, The Singing Lady, Identify with Bob Elson, Stump the Author and Mystery Quiz. From DuMont come such hit programs as the Original Amateur Hour, and CBS kinescopes the Arthur Godfrey show.

In addition, the city sees its own Junior Amateurs in a show bearing that name. The youngsters sing, dance, wax dramatic or just gab about their hobbies—and all the time they're learning how to perform in a television studio. Some of them are showing enough talent to remain there.

One of the most popular Milwaukee video shows is the 3:15 Sunday afternoon program called Let's Look at Television. Viewers' questions supply the script for that one. When a viewer wants to know how many cameras are used, an operator pans around for a full view of the studio to show just where and how the cameras are placed. Then he's apt to complete the information by opening the side of a camera while an engineer explains the construction, in not too technical language.

If the question is "What is a director?" the camera shows the director's location in the studio and lets the viewer watch a bit of the backstage drama of production.

The mail response indicates it's one of Milwaukee's most popular programs.

* * *

"Television Today," a 35-minute documentary film (movie, not TV) made by the Columbia Broadcasting System, points out three significant facts about this new medium. One, 78 per cent of sets are owned by middle-income families. Two, an estimated 19 million sets will be in use by 1953. And three, there has been a 20-fold increase in the number of advertisers lured to television during the past two years.

Studio sequences of the film were photographed between a number of midnights and dawns in CBS-TV studios in New York's Grand Central Building—the same building that houses the famous Grand Central Station where passengers flow in and out of the big city by the millions. After the captains and kings of the video controls had departed for the night, the documentary boys and girls moved in and did their work. Location shots were made wherever the cameras could roam, even up to the roofs of towering apartment houses, to show the long rows of hairpin-like antennae.

TV mysteries such as cool light and rear projection lighting were made a little clearer by the film's explanation. You saw CBS special background slides that turn a studio setting from a summer to a winter background in a matter of moments.

If you haven't yet caught "Television Today" in your own city, maybe you'll find it programmed by your school or college or library. You may even find it appearing on your TV screen—and well worth watching when it does.

Kim, Carroll, Kay and Co.

(*Continued from page* 26)

safety rule that's never failed us. *We never go to sleep mad.* That's all there is to it!

This marital miracle is easy to manage. We don't turn out the lights until we get all the anger out of our systems, and we don't particularly care whether we do it by yelling or laughing at each other. It works wonders. Try it sometime.

Maybe what makes it work so well for us is that Kay's the dream man I didn't dream about. He's witty without being a buffoon, considerate without being a doormat, mature without being an old grandfather, intelligent without being a longhair—and sometimes he's plain ornery. But he adds up very much on the plus side.

That he'd be all these things never entered my mind when I first met him. I was under contract to Warner Brothers, and they sent me on a USO tour with Kay Aldrich, a very dear friend. We had no illusions about our importance. We were just window dressing. We drew numbers out of a bag at Army camps to choose the GIs to be questioned by Kay Kyser on his show.

I saw Kay every day as we toured up and down the coast, but I barely got to know him. This would have gone on indefinitely if someone hadn't told Kay on the bus one day that I could sing. Before I knew it, I was staring sheet music in the eye, and Professor Kyser had me up before an audience. *Opportunity,* I thought, *why don't you go away from my door?* I can't tell you how paralyzed with stage fright I was.

That was in 1941, when the feminine singing spot on Kay's band was open. He thought, to my astonishment—and dismay—that I sang well enough to go on the air. I was afraid I'd faint the night of my debut—and I'm sure I would have if it hadn't been for Kay's moral support.

"I'm sorry," I trembled. "I don't think I'm cut out to be a radio singer."

Kay just smiled, and told me to be patient.

He was just a nice guy, and I was a scared vocalist—scared only of singing, not scared of the bandleader. He seemed so harmless. Once in a while we went out, but neither of us gave it serious thought. We just didn't strike —or try to—any romantic sparks. But after being around Kay a while, your ideas change, believe me. Beneath that disarming professorial exterior beats a vivid personality. You don't realize it while it's happening, perhaps, but suddenly it's happened, and you're a very gone girl.

Lots of girls think it's a sad thing to give up a career for marriage. Not I. I guess I never was a career girl at heart—to me, it was just a matter of making a living. It's true I always liked to sing, but I lacked confidence. If I did anything at all with my voice it was only because Kay took such pains to help me. I'm one wife with no objection to the notion that woman's place is in the home.

I think that we've been mighty lucky, because we've enjoyed what so many entertainment personalities strive for, but seldom attain—a normal home life, with the warmth and affection you



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want to find in such relationships. And the laughter. Never sell those lighter moments short. A number of them came when I appreciated them most—when I was expecting the children.

You see, Kay suffered far beyond the call of an expectant father's duty before our two daughters, Kim, now three, and little Carroll, one and a half, were born. Most men wait until their wives are in the hospital before they go into their floor pacing and nail chewing acts. Not Kay. As usual, he was ahead of his class, right in there worrying from the start.

He appointed himself a committee of one to see that I took my daily walks. We lived on a mountaintop home those days, and he drove me to Beverly Hills, where the terrain was flat, let me out of the car, and rode abreast of me while I strolled down the street at a rather fast gait.

Kay would have walked with me, but he was having foot trouble. So he cruised in his car, little realizing the approaching consequences of his husbandly consideration.

We got our first inkling of it when a car screeched to a halt, and backed up while the driver glared at Kay as if he were Jack the Ripper. It was not long before several more motorists stuck out their heads and warned Kay not to bother me if he didn't want to wind up in jail.

This was not an exclusively civilian attitude, it developed. Twice during my period of expectancy, policemen interrupted my walks, darkly suspicious of Kay as he drove alongside of me, talking to me from the car.

Neither the cops nor the motorists would take Kay's word for it that he wasn't trying to pick up a strange girl. It was I who had to convince them that he was no masher, that he was my husband!

If Kay is typical, I'm convinced that childbirth *is* harder on the father than the mother. He was at the hospital every day, comforting me and telling me what fine condition the doctor said I was in. He sent a steady stream of books, flowers, candy and cologne. He acted—well, he acted just as if I'd had a baby.

I doubt that it's possible for a man to enjoy his children more than Kay does. He plays with them at every opportunity, and it shows up in their development. Kim was talking in sentences at thirteen months, and although Kay insists he had nothing to do with it, everybody knows who the talkative parent is in our family.

No matter how busy he is, Kay finds time to take the children to the carnival at Beverly and La Cienega Boulevards and ride with them on the merry-go-round. He goes into their bedrooms every night to see if they are covered, plays with them in bed in the morning, and goes down to breakfast with them.

But somehow he manages not to spoil them. He encourages them to think for themselves and be self-reliant. He always seems to know when it's best to leave them to their own devices. And though he'd like to, he doesn't shower them with gifts. He thinks it's better for them to play with, and learn to appreciate, one thing at a time.

In other instances, too, Kay's sense of values sometimes gives a mistaken impression of thrift and seems to challenge his reputation for generosity. On the matter of putting out lights, this has taken on the proportions of an eccentricity.

Kay is the last person in the world to count pennies. Yet he's constantly going around the house turning off lights. He just can't stand to have a light on in a room if he thinks it's unnecessary. The electric company must hate him. Often when we have friends over for dinner, Kay extinguishes all the lights in the living room as we adjourn to the dining room. When we return to the living room, we have to grope in the dark. It's like a scene from an Abbott and Costello comedy.

Knowing Kay as I do, I realize this habit comes more under the heading of neatness than tightness. He's a bug on orderliness and doing things in an organized fashion. I guess it goes back to his long bachelorhood.

He was thirty-eight when we got married, and his habits were as fixed as the footprints at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. He was so set in his ways that I had to handle him gently at first. Even now Kay occasionally reverts to his bachelor habits—and some of them I've gotten to like—honestly!—but by and large, I think I have him housebroken.

Of course, Georgia had to give a little too. I never tamper with drawers or closets. Kay's an absolute stickler for having things in their proper places. I'm not suggesting that Kay lives like an automaton, but he is immaculate, and he does organize his time and effort so that he can get the most out of them. He even keeps a pad and pencil with him at all times, in order to jot down ideas and things he has to do and wants to remember.

This isn't to say that Kay lives by a timetable. He's too bubbling with ideas and energy to be chained to a schedule. Take his eating and sleeping habits.

It's true Kay eats food that's good for him but he eats when he feels like it—usually every three hours—and anytime you're looking for him, you can probably find him raiding the refrigerator.

In fact, Kay spends most of his time at home in the kitchen. It's his favorite room. He loves to read the paper there and watch the cook cook. When the cook's away, he likes to watch me cook. If we should build our own home—we bought the rambling, New Orleans French style house in which we live—the kitchen would be the main room. It's Kay's castle.

When Kay gets home, he wants to forget the radio program. He's like any other man who comes home from work. He doesn't mention his job unless there's something unusual to discuss.

Particularly if he gets home right after the broadcast, it's some time before he can relax. He wanders around, muttering "I'm still on," and I leave him strictly alone. But when he does succeed in relaxing, he does a better, faster job than anyone I've ever known. He shuts the blinds, stretches out on the floor and falls dead asleep.

Since he's been doing his present daytime show, Kyser's College of Fun and Knowledge, on ABC every afternoon, the relaxation problem has become simpler.

He's not caught up in the endless behind-scenes preparation involved in his old Kollege of Musical Knowledge. He doesn't have to worry about rehearsals. He doesn't have the strain of going over material with his writers, or of finding good writers. And he's not faced with the tension of doing a single night show weekly. Daytime

radio isn't judged on one performance. It's an unfolding, day-to-day thing, and it allows Kay to get his personality across in a more leisurely manner.

Professionally, I've never seen Kay happier. The show's a labor of love. He feels it gives him his first opportunity to express himself. He's enthusiastic about the program's sincerity, and thrilled by its creative opportunities. No longer does he have to tell a joke someone has written for him.

But still it takes time to "unwind" from the strain of any broadcast, and I'm sure that if Kay didn't get his eight hours of sleep and a stolen nap during the day—as he does—he'd never be able to keep up his pace. He even squeezes in plenty of reading—before going to bed, and at breakfast—and claims the enormous amount of cigar-smoking he does comes under the heading of a hobby, which every hard-working person needs. The only other hobbies he has are personally answering all his mail, and burning himself out in charitable and civic causes.

In the beginning, while Kay burned himself out, I just burned, period. I sort of resented being a charity widow, and I began to begrudge the time this work took from his home life.

But that attitude didn't last long. The more I realized how engrossed Kay was in his work, and how much he was putting into it, the more ashamed I felt. It finally dawned upon me that if he was willing practically to kill himself to put across a charity drive, the least I could do was to understand and to make things pleasant for him when he got home. I owed to him—and to the success of his work—enough understanding and moral support to give him peace of mind.

Now instead of begrudging his charity efforts, I try to lighten the burden, and feel—as any wife should in her husband's endeavors—like a partner.

Whatever the pressures of outside activities, professional or philanthropic, Kay is always fundamentally a family man, and a girl likes that about her husband.

After Carroll was born and we moved to our present home, Kay just did everything so that I wouldn't be worried or burdened. He felt I had my hands more than full with the children, and he took every possible responsibility off my shoulders. As a matter of fact, Kay is so constantly afraid I'm going to do too much that he's almost spoiled me. (I don't think even this confession will make any difference.)

Fortunately, Kay is not entirely self-sufficient. He'd be lost if I didn't choose his clothes. I pick out all his ties, and he always consults me if he's going to have a suit made.

Before our marriage, the only thing Kay asked of clothes was that they be on his back. On the stage, he sported loud ties and bright suits because it was good showmanship. Now that he's become clothes-conscious, I don't mean to suggest that he's gone overboard. He certainly isn't a man with thirty-five suits. But those he wears look as though they belong to him.

Yes, my husband dresses well, still plays an enthusiastic, if losing game of gin rummy, works nobly with his equally novice wife at bridge, makes interesting conversation, is polite to the guests, never criticizes my cooking, still thinks I'm beautiful, is crazy about the children, and is in love with life and humanity. And I'm in love with him.



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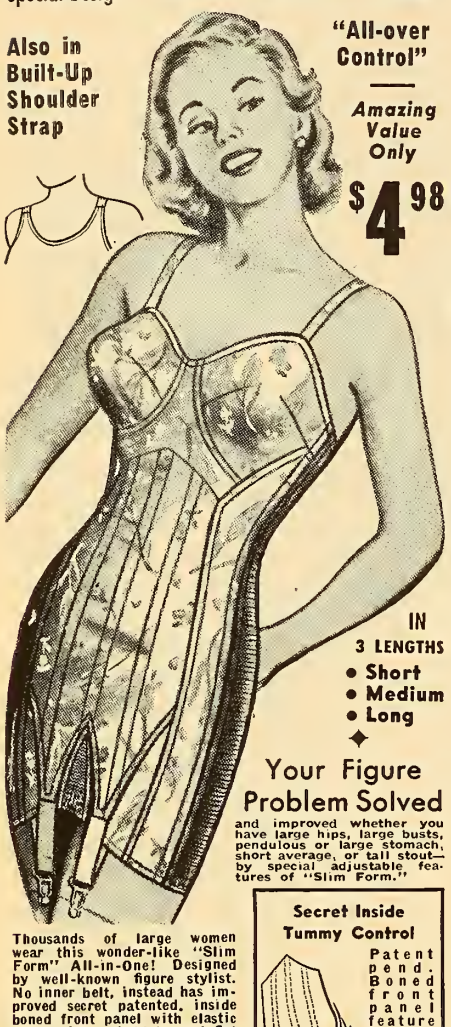
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R M

A Woman's Intuition—

(*Continued from page 47*)

but he did put his foot down when I got in high school. I remember proudly announcing at the dinner table that I'd won the leading role in a school play.

"You had better be content with singing," he said sternly. "Acting is not for ladies."

"You mean I can't take the part?"

"No. Absolutely no."

I pleaded with him and hopelessly turned to my brother and older sisters for support. Then mother spoke up.

"It's not really acting," she said. "It's recreation for the children, a kind of game period. After all, Alice isn't an actress. She's just a child."

BEFORE dinner was over mother had broken down his defense and father gave in. But she understood that for me the theater wasn't a game. Even then she had been following her intuition and as she told me years later, when I had my first role in a Broadway play, "I always had the feeling you would be a good actress."

By the time I'd graduated from high school, acting had become a sensitive subject in our home. I made it clear that a theatrical career was the only thing I wanted out of life and father was shocked. He stubbornly insisted that I enroll in a music seminary. And if it hadn't been for a woman's intuition that would have been the end. However, mother came to my rescue under rather strange circumstances.

Father was traveling to Chicago for a conference of ministers. Not often did he make a trip and although he didn't show it, he was excited. You can well imagine how he reacted when mother suggested he call the trip off.

"It's just that I have the feeling something will go wrong there," she said.

"That's foolish talk," he answered.

When I asked her what it was all about, she brushed aside any claim to second sight or foretelling the future by saying, "It's just woman's intuition. That's all."

The day we saw father board the train, mother was gloomy and father exasperated.

"Stop this silliness," he told her. "I'll be back safe and sound in four days."

But four hours later he walked into the living room, his face pale and drawn. Just outside of Minneapolis the train had jumped the tracks. Several people were badly injured and one man killed. As he told the story, I noticed a new respect in his eyes whenever he looked at mother.

A week later she took him aside and pleaded my case again. Probably she told him how desperately I wanted an acting career. Perhaps she told him that my life would be ruined if I were frustrated.

Afterwards he called me into his office. Looking as if he were about to hand me over to the devil he said, "Alice, I'm going to arrange for you to join the Chautauqua circuit for a month. Maybe that will get acting out of your system."

It didn't. The month with the Chautauqua only added fuel to my fire of ambition, although looking back at those four weeks now is slightly amusing. The midwestern Chautauqua circuit imposed very rigid standards on their productions. Most authors would never have recognized their work after the censor had deleted and rewritten whole parts. All men became either honest, fearless heroes or black villains. Even mothers were portrayed as frail, sexless women who still believed the stork delivered babies. There were more chaperons than actresses with the company and even the stagehands were forbidden to smoke with the threat of instant dismissal. But I enjoyed it all and learned a little more about acting.

I stopped off in Chicago on the way home. Strictly on a hunch I made the round of actors' agents although it didn't make sense anyone would want me with my limited experience. When an agent said, "Miss Frost, I've got a place for you at Miami Beach in a stock company," I was only half-prepared.

"Well, I don't know," I said. "I have to go to Minneapolis on business for a couple of weeks."

"That's all right," he said. "It'll wait."

I was dizzy, dazzled and completely stage struck until I anticipated the scene I'd have with father. Then I came down to earth with a crash. But if my intuition had only told me what to expect, I should have been more miserable. What I discovered when I got home turned me numb with shock.

My father was seriously ill. Two days later he died.

It wasn't till after the funeral that Mother was able to talk to me. She asked about the tour, and hoping to cheer her up I told her that an agent in Chicago had thought enough of my acting to offer a job. I had already put out of my mind any idea of leaving home.

"I want you to go to Miami," she said.

"No, dear," I told her. "I want to stay with you now."

She had barely heard me.

"YOUR brother and sisters will be here," she said. "Anyway I always disagreed with your father about your being an actress. Now I want you to take advantage of every opportunity."

A week later I was in Miami, and there I learned more about the theater—and something about being hungry. Shortly after I arrived, the backer of the show was killed in an accident and we ran into some hard days as we tried to carry on alone. If we had a popular play, the theater was packed and we ate well. Other times we didn't have enough money to buy scripts for a new play until twenty-four hours before it was scheduled to start.

At the end of a year we decided to disband, so I went to the telegraph office and wrote, "Mother, the prodigal girl is returning" and sent the wire collect.

However, I had no idea of giving up. During the year in Miami, I'd gone from bit parts to second leads. My hopes were high but there was only one move for an ambitious young actress: to Broadway!

"I'm all in favor of your going to New York," mother declared. "But there's one hitch."

I looked at her in surprise. It wasn't like her to add any reservations.

"What is it?"

"I want to go with you."

And that's how mother came to pull up her roots in Minneapolis after living there for forty years. She probably realized I would need her moral support in job hunting. She was a good

scout and an incentive for me, for I wanted to be successful for her sake so she could live comfortably. She well deserved it and I'm grateful for the measure of good fortune I had before she passed away.

When we arrived in Manhattan, the great hordes of people overwhelmed me. Not the thousands I had expected to see on the streets but the thousands of actors I found in casting offices competing for jobs. Actually many directors seemed to like the way I read parts but took exception to my appearance.

"You make a swell ingenue," a producer summed it up, "when you're sitting down."

There was nothing I could do. If it had been fat, I could have worked it off or if it had been my hair, I might have become a brunette but there's no way to cut half a foot off a woman who's five feet seven inches tall!

I can't truthfully say that I was about to give up, but I was seriously thinking of going back to the Midwest circuit where tall girls weren't considered freaks.

The break came when I overheard two girls mention in a drug store that they were going to try out for Franchot Tone's new play, "Green Grow the Lilacs." I studied them enviously—neither one was over five feet four inches.

Gulping down my coffee, I walked quickly out of the store toward the theater where they were casting. At the corner I stopped and said to myself, "What's the use? You're just as tall as you were yesterday." I stood there, considering the situation carefully.

"Make a hunch," I told myself. So I did and felt a weak, undernourished kind of confidence creep into my legs and I walked on.

The moment I got into the theater, a man pushed his hat over the back of his head and asked, "Can you act?"

"Yes," I told him.

"I hope so," he said wearily. "We've been looking all over New York for tall actresses."

I got a part and that led to better roles on the stage in a series of revivals and then to playing Portia in Orson Welles' "Julius Caesar" and the lead opposite Joseph Cotten in "Shoemaker's Holiday."

I suppose you could say I backed into radio. It happened while I was at liberty, a theatrical expression meaning financially busted. I had gone through two pairs of shoes and dozens of offices looking for a part. I had given up lunches and was about to forego dinners. Then strictly on a hunch I phoned a friend of mine in radio. I hadn't seen him in over a year and there is only one explanation for his name popping into my head: intuition.

He sounded happy and prosperous.

"I'm putting together a new show for Walter O'Keefe," he explained. Then as an afterthought he said, "You know, I'll bet you could handle the comedy."

He won his bet, and working on that program led to other comedy roles with Bob Hope, Stoopnagle and Budd, Fanny Brice and Robert Benchley.

And when I got tired of playing light roles, it was intuition again that got me out, for who in her right mind would turn down a part in an Orson Welles stage production? "You're a natural for the comedy lead," he told me.

But I had a hunch that this was the right time to make a break so I said, "Thanks but I'm looking for something

Are you in the know?



When you're a house-guest, should you—

☐ *Follow your whims* ☐ *Fit into the plans* ☐ *Forget about clock-watching*

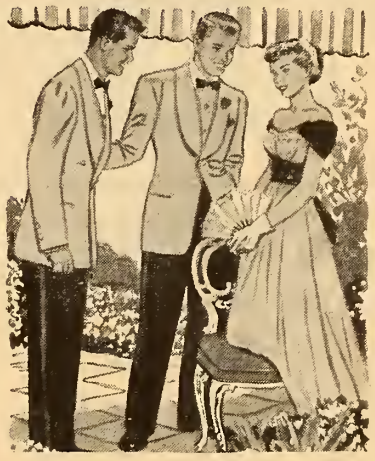
Consider your hostess instead of your whims. If a picnic's planned—*go*, and have fun; even if you'd rather dress up for dancing. And during your visit, keep clock-conscious, so you won't delay meals or curfew. Whatever the plans, you can be *comfortable* regardless of your calendar—by choosing the new Kotex. It's the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it; gives *softness that holds its shape.* Furthermore, you're so at ease with your new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's elastic; fits smoothly!



In dining cars, what's a good plan?

☐ *Freeze strangers*
☐ *Make new friends*
☐ *Bring a book*

Train etiquette doesn't say nay to exchanging impersonal small talk. Don't think you must clam up . . . or form a lifelong friendship. Use good judgment. If in doubt, *read* while waiting for your meal. Helps ward off unwelcome chatter! On certain days, good judgment tells you to keep on the cautious side with Kotex. For Kotex gives you *extra* protection; has an exclusive *safety center* that guards you, at home and "abroad." Which Kotex absorbency is "tailor-made" for *you?* Try all 3—and see!



If you didn't hear the name clearly—

☐ *Say so*
☐ *Let it pass*
☐ *Repeat it anyway*

See what happens when a friend *mumbles* introductions? You didn't get the name! Well, *say* so, rather than ignore or garble it. Even if his monicker's Schnicklefritz, he'll expect you to remember—and pronounce it right. (You'll be glad you did, next time you meet!) And to meet *any* situation with assurance, "that" time of the month, choose Kotex. Why? Because those special, *flat pressed ends* don't show; don't cause revealing outlines. So your secret's safe. Let Kotex be your poise-preserver!



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R
M

serious. I really need a change in pace."

Instead of saying good luck and walking away, he suggested I try out for the part of Portia.

I got the role and it convinced even radio people that I could get tears as well as laughs. If ever a woman played a variety of characters from then on, it was I. I played a Japanese girl, a 112-year-old woman, Booker T. Washington's mother, a neurotic, an alcholic, the title role in "Jane Eyre," a strip teaser in "Burlesque" and a multitude of others. It led to roles in daytime serials and best of all to my meeting Bill Tuttle, my husband.

Bill directed Big Sister when I was a regular member of the cast. We were together five days a week, and what impressed me most at the time *wasn't* his good looks—although Bill is as handsome as they come. It was his kindness to everyone. Regardless of age or circumstances or importance, he was patient and sweet with everyone.

Believe me, I didn't marry him on a hunch. That is one of the big exceptions in my life. For many months we had a casual "studio romance." During breaks in rehearsals we munched sandwiches together and told each other the stories of our lives.

I found him very imaginative, with a great deal of Irish charm attractively tempered by his New England background. What he thought of me, I discovered on our first date, when we went to the Twenty-one Club.

"This is to impress you," he said.

"I'm impressed," I told him.

Until midnight we filled up on impressions and then impetuously he suggested a stroll. We walked out of Twenty-one and turned into Fifth Avenue. Just as impetuously Bill flagged down a cab.

"How much do you want to drive us to Maryland?"

With the usual Broadway discretion, the driver asked, "Why do you wanna go there, bud?"

"I'd like to get married tonight," Bill explained.

The driver named a figure. Bill turned to me and asked, "Will you marry me?"

I hesitated. For six months I hesitated and then, I answered, "Yes!"

In June of 1941 we were married. It was all love, with no doubts and no necessity for calling on intuition to make a decision. But Bill, to his male chagrin, found that hunches were to play a big part in our marriage. The indoctrination began immediately, during our honeymoon.

We were driving through Michigan and our destination was a resort hotel with an eighteen-hole golf course. In order to get there by evening we had to make a ferry that left Lansing at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was the last ferry of the day.

About one o'clock, with only a hundred miles to go, Bill stopped the car at a crossroads.

"We turn left here, don't we?" he asked.

"No, turn right," I told him.

"Let's check the road map."

We looked in the glove compartment, on the floor, on the seat and behind the seat. No map.

"I'm sure it's a right turn," I repeated.

"No," he said and turned left.

It was a lovely ride with the top down, rolling through wooded hills and lake land. But an hour and a half later Bill began to glance nervously at his wristwatch. Suddenly he stopped and pointed to a road sign. It read,

Lansing—150 mi.

"We'll never make it," Bill groaned. "The ferry leaves in half an hour."

"Don't worry," I told him. "I'm sure we'll get there in time."

"It's impossible," he told me, exasperated. "It'll take us two hours to get there."

"I know we're going to make it," I said firmly. "I feel it in my bones."

I was sticking my intuition out that time and during the two hours it took us to reach Lansing, I didn't say another word. As we approached the ferry, I felt so tense I had to close my eyes. Then I heard Bill's voice, hoarse with amazement.

"I don't believe it!"

I looked up, and there was the ferry. Fifteen seconds after we were aboard, it chugged off. A worker explained the ferry had been two hours late on its run all day.

"You called that one too," Bill admitted.

"Just a woman's intuition." I told him, blandly.

Then a heavy-set, blond man got out of his car and walked over to us.

"See you're from New York," he said. "Where you headed for?"

We told him the name of the hotel, although I could tell from Bill's manner he had instantly disliked the man.

"What do you want to go there for?" the fat man asked. "Worst place you



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could pick in the state of Michigan."

When the man left, Bill turned to me and said, "He's just an old blowhard."

But the situation reminded me of the escapades of Mr. and Mrs. North when Jerry sizes up a man as a murderer and Pamela's intuition tells her the chap is innocent.

"He might be a blowhard," I told Bill, "but I'm afraid he'll be right."

"Silly woman," Bill said just as father had told my mother, as Jerry has told Pamela and as legions of other men have told their wives.

We got to the hotel before sunset. As soon as we checked in, Bill went out to look at the golf course. When he came back his face was woebegone.

"The course is worse than an army training ground," he moaned. "I guess the man on the ferry was right."

I turned my back quickly so that he wouldn't see that I-told-you-so look in my eyes, but I was too late. He was beginning to feel a bit crushed with the accuracy of my predictions.

The next day we left there fast. I wanted to wear black to match the mood of the day but the best I could manage was a dyed-blue linen dress.

It was one of those summer days when a bit of the sky is sunny and the other nine-tenths flushed with rain clouds. So Bill suggested we put up the canvas top before we got wet.

I studied the disgruntled look on his face. He had lost his chance to play golf. Worse than that he'd discovered his wife had hunches that were practically one hundred percent right, which is disconcerting to the male ego. So even though I was sure it would rain, I made the sacrifice.

"I've got a hunch, Bill," I said through tight lips. "I've got a feeling the clouds will pass right over."

He looked up at the sky again then glanced at me as if I were crazy.

So I repeated the lie again, "I know it isn't going to rain."

He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, your hunches are always right."

And it happened. Just the way I knew it would. Raindrops as large as a grapefruit poured down. By the time we stopped the car and lifted the top, both of us were thoroughly soaked.

Then Bill took a look at me and burst out laughing.

My chest, my arms, my stockings and even the seat of the car were a watery blue. The dye had washed out of my dress!

But best of all, my hunch was wrong.

Well, it's all right for Pamela North. She can get away with it for half an hour every Tuesday evening but when you're living with a man day in and day out, the accuracy of a woman's intuition can become a touchy subject. The male ego is a delicate thing. That's why I've learned to pull my hunches.

Have *you* ever "played a hunch"? Radio Mirror will purchase for publication in a future issue of the magazine, the five stories sent in by readers which the editors consider best illustrate the power of a woman's intuition. Decision of the editors will be final, and no letters will be returned. Payment of $20.00 will be made for each story chosen. Limit your stories to 300 words, and send them to "Hunches," Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y., postmarked not later than July 10.



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The Cuffs

(*Continued from page* 41)

somebody who'd give me a hand. Somebody who'd fall for a story.

It was getting light, on toward dawn. I was wandering over fields and through woody sections. Ahead of me now I could see a clump of buildings.

As I got near I saw a woman standing with a pan of chicken-feed in her hand. She was watching me as I came toward her and I knew she'd seen those cuffs. There wasn't any way of hiding them.

"What do you want?" she asked, frightened. "What do you want?"

I saw her staring at the cuffs. I said. "I'm innocent. Understand—innocent."

It sounded crazy. But I had to say something, anything. I spilled out some of the story, admitting I'd been on my way to prison, and then escaped after that wreck.

"I was going up for blackmail. It was a frame-up all the way. A frame-up because I'd threatened a man who'd been carrying on with my wife."

She was still staring, still terrified. "What do you want from me?"

"Lady—I got to get a file. I need a file to get out of these things that are holding me. Could you get me one—lend me one? I'll pay you. I'll pay you plenty."

"I don't want any money—mister." She seemed calmer suddenly. To the dog pawing the ground behind her she said. "Jack—watch him."

She went into the house. The dog lay on the ground, head between his paws, his eyes watching me. I could hear that fool woman inside, clanking the phone. Then her voice, "Gertie, get me the sheriff. There's a convict on my farm. A criminal—"

I didn't wait for any more. I turned and started running—back across those fields. I could hear the howl that dog was setting up, baying at the dawn.

It hadn't occurred to me there'd be any problem getting those cuffs off, you see. That was the trouble. It hadn't seemed that important. I was sure I could do it easily. Only I couldn't. The bracelets were still there.

I couldn't get anything to eat. I couldn't show myself. Eat corn—or fruit—or roots? But you see—I'd been seen now. They were trying to close in. I got to know the look of every dog in the area. And the sound of rifles and shotguns of people trying to close in on me. The hunt had really begun.

All that day, in the marshes, I kept trying to dodge them. Hearing their voices in the offing. "That was him, Harry. Down in the brush. Get around to the other side. . . ."

Late that night I sneaked into town. I smashed my way into the hardware store. A file—you could get a file in a hardware store. Only the one thing I couldn't find in that place was a file.

Glassware. Seeds. Garden tools. Kitchen gadgets. There had to be a file somewhere. I started fooling around behind the counter, in the stock on the shelves, and accidentally I touched a wire in the dark.

That sounded the burglar alarm I'd been able to duck by smashing in through the window. The thing set up a clanging like all the bells in hell.

Once more I was running—with my hands still shackled before me, and those silvery bracelets glinting in the night.

It was on the evening of the fourth day of this handcuffed freedom of mine that I ran into the kid. I was crawling up to a garbage can behind a roadside diner when I heard a noise and whirled. It was a boy about ten. He had a curious look on his face. He said, "What are you doing with them on, mister? Them cuffs?"

I told him it was a joke. "Some pal of mine put 'em on for a gag. Say, kid—if you get me a file or an axe to chop 'em off, we'd have the laugh on my pal, wouldn't we?"

The kid just stood there, shaking his head and saying, "Nope." I tried to argue him into going into that lunch wagon and getting me a hamburger but that was no go either. I offered him dough. The kid said, "Let's see your money."

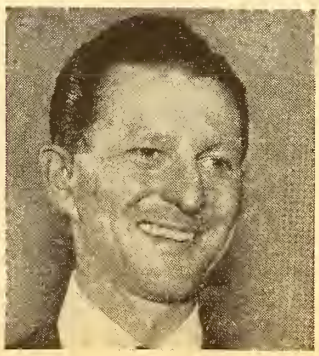
I squirmed and managed to get a ten dollar bill out of my pocket. The kid grabbed it from me. He walked toward the diner. Only about ten feet off he started running and shouting at the top of his voice, "Pop! Pop! There's a guy with handcuffs on. A crook with handcuffs. Back of the diner. Pop—"

Once again—I was running. Once again—the sound of the rest of them behind me, trying to track me down, to corner me in the darkness.

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lion hidden away, waiting for you. And all you need is a ten-cent file. And you can't buy it for your life's blood.

I spent the night sleeping beside some castoff railway ties in a siding. When I woke up—there was one of those hobo dames sitting about ten feet from me.

She was counting money. My money. She'd taken what cash I had with me out of my pockets. She sat there with a little smile on her lips.

She had dyed blonde hair and a face that was lined and thin and hard as a man's. She looked up from the money. "Good morning, chum." Her tone was easy and insolent. "Nice sleep?"

I didn't answer. She asked, "What's the matter? Waiting for orange juice?"

"I'm in trouble," I said slowly, studying her, trying to figure her out. "I need help."

"Sure," she said, and she was staring now at my wrists. "Want to get them bracelets off, huh?"

"That's it."

She laughed. "Don't be a sill," she said, holding up the money. "Think I want to lose all this hard-earned dough I took off you?"

"There's more where that came from," I said. "Lots more. A quarter of a million dollars—"

The grin on her lips mocked me. "Sure, chum. I know. I get feeling that way myself sometimes. But I got to get going."

She was on her feet, heading out of there. I ran after her. "Listen," I said. "I'm not crazy. I'm Earl French. You must have read about me. I stole a quarter of a million. It's all been in the papers—"

She was still grinning. "Sure, chum. I get it."

I made another try. "I was supposed to be killed, see—in the train wreck. They think I was killed. But I wasn't. I'm here. Look it up in the papers—last week's papers—if you don't believe it. Go into town and look it up. It's all there."

Her expression changed a little, as if she were half-convinced. "Just take it easy," she was saying. "Maybe you and I can do business. Maybe. I don't read the papers much. I gotta find out . . ."

I waited the whole day. A hot, sweltering day. I knew she'd be back. I knew she couldn't resist that dough, once she read about it. And I was right. She showed up in the twilight. Still with that grin.

"Say, I been reading about you," she told me. "You're an important guy. Only you're right about them thinking you're dead. They think you burned to a crisp."

I couldn't help smiling. "And they spotted that ring of mine on his finger—"

"You're written off the books," she said slowly, "You and that quarter million—"

I said, "Okay. Okay. Now where's that file? Let's get to work getting these cuffs off."

But she just stood there, not moving. "Don't like taking orders," she told me. "I'm not taking 'em from anybody."

Still in that insolent way. I walked toward her. I said, "*Give me the file.*"

She shook her head. "It's in my pocket," she smiled. "Right here in my jeans. And that's where it stays—till you lead me to my share of the dough."

I wanted to kill her. But it isn't so simple—when your hands are held together by steel bracelets. And she was offering a deal, after all I'd wind up with half the money—and freedom.

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It was four hundred miles to where I had that money hidden. I pointed out we couldn't ride on buses or trains while I had those things on my wrist.

"We'll walk," she said. "We'll walk nights. Daytimes you sleep out in the woods. I'll stay in town. I'll bring your grub out to you."

She was going to play it careful all the way. She'd take no chance on my getting that file from her while she slept. Nothing to do but play it out—her way.

So we started walking. Walking for hundreds of miles, with those cuffs still on my hands, digging into my flesh so that I started believing they were part of me.

The girl was always careful. She always walked behind me, for instance. And always stayed far enough off that I couldn't reach her, as she put it.

Sometimes, I'd think about turning and running after her. But you don't run easy with your hands in cuffs, as I'd found out. And I'd be helpless against her. She could pick up a rock or club—

The odd part was, she took good care of me. I might have been a pet animal. She found places for me to sleep, in the woods, in barns, in empty houses.

She'd bring me food, too, after she'd spent the day in town, sleeping at some tourist rooming house. But she'd never come close enough to hand me the food. And every time I reached for anything, it was torture. My hands and wrists were cut and bleeding now, from the cuffs digging into the flesh.

Most of the time we walked along in silence. She never talked much, never even would tell me her first name. But one night she started asking questions. What was my name—before it got to be Earl French?

I told her the straight story. Explained how that was my real name. "I spent all these years," I told her, "figuring out one job. That's going to do me for life."

She seemed friendly that night. I figured the time had come for a play. After a little while, I said, "You know, you're pretty. If you just wore a dress instead of those blue jeans—"

"Shut up!" she said. "Just—shut off that stuff."

I began thinking about getting out. Clearing out for good—after she went on into town. I was beginning to like that idea, when I heard her behind me. "Hey—Frenchy—turn around."

I turned—just in time to see her swinging at me with some kind of club she'd picked up. I felt the thud and then blacked out.

When I came to, I could feel the throbbing in my head. Talk about feminine intuition! Somehow, she'd known what was in my mind.

I pushed myself up. I had to get that money. But I had to get back at her—had to pay her off. She'd be out here in a while—with something to eat. I could count on that. She was just teaching me a lesson.

Only one thing I was sure about. Sooner or later—she had to make a mistake. I'd wait for that.

The pain in my wrists got worse. By the third night of walking, it was like a hundred knives stabbing into me. I thought I couldn't stand any more. I stopped in the middle of the road. I told her I wasn't going on. I told her she had to take the cuffs off. "You got to take 'em off. Take 'em off! Because I'm not moving. *Take 'em off—*"

She still had that insolent little smile. She said, "Frenchy—keep moving!"

I told her no. I was staying there. Right where I was—until she took off those cuffs. "That money's mine," I reminded her. "And you'll never get any of it unless I want you to. So we'll go for it—my way."

She reached into the pockets of those overalls. She was taking out a knife. It gave me a chill. I said, "Listen—you don't frighten me with that. I don't get scared of knives—"

But she wasn't planning to use it on me. She was cutting off part of a branch of a tree, her eyes on me all the time. I was sitting there by the road.

I watched her break off the branch, clean it of leaves. Then she was walking toward me. A few feet off she said, "You better get up."

"Some day," I told her, "I'll kill you. I swear I'll kill you—"

She brought the branch down like a switch. I tried to stand up, but her foot pushed me back. The branch came down over and over. I raised the cuffed hands, trying to ward off the blows.

She stopped, finally. She told me to get up and begin walking again. God, how I hated her! How I was waiting for the one mistake she had to make!

A warning voice was telling me to play it careful, not to lose my head. But I could taunt her about when we'd get there. She was getting nervous and tired as time dragged on and we kept walking and walking.

"How much farther, Frenchy?" she'd ask. "How much more now?"

"Just a little way." I'd make it sound casual. "Maybe another day or so—"

It had to end finally—our pilgrimage. Early in the morning, just after dawn, we reached the spot. I'll always know that spot, of course. Always know the loneliness of it, the high trees on both sides of the road.

I stopped walking. Inside, I was trembling but I couldn't let her know. I said, quietly, "Well—we're here."

She stopped. She seemed startled. "What do you mean? Is this—"

"The money."

She looked around. "Where? Where—"

I enjoyed the moment. "We're standing over it."

"Here?" Disbelief was welling up in those eyes. "Chum—you didn't do any digging *here*—in the middle of the highway."

"There's a culvert running under the road," I said. "A big twenty-four inch pipe. Come here—I'll show you."

We walked over to the side of the road—down into the ditch, so she could get a look at that big pipe which served as a spillway for water when it rains.

"You didn't put it in there," she said, excited. "Why, you idiot, it would wash away—"

I laughed. "Not in the pipe. It's in a deep crevice, between the pipe and the concrete." I pointed to a pile of stones packed in near the opening of the pipe. "Pull out some of those stones."

She drew back. "*You* pull them out."

"Me? With these hands? They're so raw now I can't touch anything without screaming. You pull them—"

She stood there a second, undecided. "If this is a gag, Frenchy," she said finally, "I'll—I'll—"

She believed me. She had to believe me. Because the money was there, just like I said, the whole quarter million. She must have read the truth in my eyes. So she stepped forward, stepped forward and began tugging at those stones, pushing against them heavily.

Her back was toward me. For the first time—her back was toward me. She'd made the one mistake I knew she had to make.

And I knew I couldn't wait. I had to take this instant she'd given me. I stepped forward quickly. I lifted my hands and I brought them down. Brought down those steel cuffs that bound my hands together—brought the steel smashing down against her skull. Smashing down, over and over . . .

It was only a matter of seconds. The pain in my wrists was almost unbearable. But she lay motionless, that creature in overalls. Lay there dead—in the mud of the ditch. I reached into her pocket for the file.

It had to be there. It had to be in this pocket. Or—no, the next one. Or—it had to be in one of them, of course. But then I realized as I went through all the pockets—that it wasn't there. *The file wasn't there.* She'd never had a file. The little cheat. She'd never . . .

I stopped thinking about that. I still had my money. My quarter of a million dollars. I bent down on both knees and began trying to take out the stones. "Come out, little children," I whispered. "Come out, babies. Come on—"

I couldn't get hold of them, those rocks. I couldn't do it—not with the cuffs. I couldn't get hold of the stones, you see. I couldn't reach the money that was mine. My money waiting there—and I couldn't get to it. Just that little bit—

I sat there. Sat there with my hands over my face. I'd get rid of the cuffs—if I had to rip off my own hands.

But I'd get my money. It was mine, you see. Mine and I wanted it. My quarter of a million dollars, waiting there. My money. *My money. Waiting for me.* The words kept going over and over in my mind, like a crazy song.

The towering state trooper who showed up didn't believe me. You see, that was the trouble. None of them believed me. None of them ever will. They won't check up on what I say.

The doctors are very kind. They let me have paper and pencil. They say it does me good to write it all out . . .

I know what they think. I know, all right. I remember that trooper talking to the fellow at the station house. "That's the way I found him, Chief. Sitting with them cuffs on. Sitting in the ditch beside a dead girl, and babbling on and on, like an idiot . . ."

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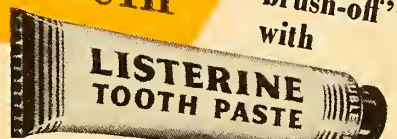
And the odor of "tobacco mouth" . . . oh—oh! Lady, it's just not like you. Why offend a friend? Why annoy a neighbor—even in all innocence? It's so easy to be completely sure of yourself if you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!



TOBACCO MOUTH ...give it the "brush-off" with



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

R M

Molly and Her Family

(*Continued from page 53*)

this show, which she writes and in which she stars, remains equally strong. During rehearsal she had to answer the doorbell, a motion she goes through at least once during every episode in the life of this gregarious family.

"Just a minute, whoever," she called out in Molly Goldberg's idiom, as she struggled to open the door. "It sticks," she reported, departing from the script.

"We'll check it," an assistant called.

"You'd better tend to that door now while we think of it," she insisted.

Ten seconds after "take five" had sounded, a man was busy fixing the door. You know that both Gertrude and Molly would worry until he did.

THE break in rehearsal gives you a chance to admire the set, which looks much as you pictured during all the radio years when you saw it only in your mind's eye. There's the narrow apartment house court, where that ringing opening line, "Yoo-Hoo, Mrs. Bloo-oo-m!" was born. There's the living room with the rose wallpaper, the framed oval George Washington—symbol of liberty to adopted citizens. The cherished grand piano, complete with what Molly calls the metro-nomee for Rosalie's reluctant practice. And Sammy's violin case. You have only to look at them to hear Molly's familiar admonition, "Start already with the practicing, please."

There are Jake's favorite overstuffed chair and the desk where Molly does her telephoning and puzzles over written English as it appears in the advertisements and her infrequent personal mail. There's the opening to the foyer with the little plants hung from the old-fashioned grillwork. And beyond is the front door—one of the busiest doors on any television set. No wonder it gets stuck once in a while!

Next to the living room is the green-papered dining room, furnished in golden oak. The tan and brown art glass chandelier hangs low over the round table, putting an added luster on Molly's *gemütlich* cooking, as if the aromas from the kitchen weren't enough!

The bedrooms are small and unimportant, and it's plain that the life of this house centers around the living and dining rooms where the whole family can gather and where the Duttons and Mrs. Herman and Mendel and the assorted neighbors and relatives can come bounding in and out.

Gertrude Berg has played Molly ever since the day someone suggested that the little monologues she had been writing and reciting might be good on radio. She read some of them to Ben Bernie, who liked them well enough to send her to someone else. That someone liked them well enough to suggest she translate some material he had into Yiddish, for which he paid her six dollars—but still left her with the monologues of Molly Goldberg and no takers. Then Mrs. Berg heard an actor on the radio whose voice she decided would be just right for Jake.

"So I went right up to see him," she says. "I made a date to show him a script—about 500 words. He said, "Let me have this. Don't call me and I won't call you for two weeks. I'll see what can be done with it in that time."

So she waited—"what else?" as Molly would say.

One day she came home as the nurse was feeding her younger child, Harriet (she has a son too). They were admiring the baby when suddenly the nurse remembered something. "Oh, Mrs. Berg," she said. "Someone was here and he left an envelope for you. It's in the cereal bowl." Important Goldberg messages are even now tucked away in cereal and fruit bowls.

The envelope was battered but an epochal message was scribbled on it. It said that the radio station wanted to see another script. There was a date and hour named for an appointment. When the day came they wanted her to leave the second script but she insisted on reading it. "I always felt things sounded better when I read them aloud," she explains. "I went out of their office with a date set, November 20, 1929, to begin a fifteen-minute program, once a week. It was shifted around to various time slots, but nothing could kill it."

Mrs. Berg decided to synthesize her stories into a stage play, paving the way for their television debut. "Me and Molly" opened on Broadway in the fall of 1947 and had a satisfactory run. It brought The Goldbergs to life in the round and it discovered a new Jake in Philip Loeb—the Jake you now see on television.

LOEB was already a veteran of Broadway by the time he played the kind-hearted but caustic-tongued papa of Sammy and Rosalie. He had made his debut with E. H. Sothern in 1916, in "If I Were King." He was actor, stage manager and casting director for the Theatre Guild.

Larry Robinson, who plays Sammy, was one of "Life With Father's" redheads on Broadway. Arlene "Fuzzy" McQuade, the television Rosalie, was a radio Rosalie when she was too young to read and had to be taught her lines. She's a Broadway veteran too, having last tread the boards in Tennessee Williams' "Summer and Smoke."

Eli Mintz, who plays Uncle David, is another happy discovery from the cast of "Me and Molly," and a veteran of New York's Yiddish Art Theatre.

The five-minute break is over. Jake goes back on the set—to play the ambitious businessman who wants the best for his family.

How about Molly Goldberg? Is she really as satisfied as she seems?

"Why not?" she'll tell you. "I have six rooms. Just think of it, six rooms. And broadloom!"

Gertrude Berg sighs. "It's more than Molly Goldberg ever bargained for," she finishes.

Did You Enter Radio Mirror's GRAND SLAM CONTEST?

Because of the wonderful response to this contest, and the resulting enormous volume of mail, we confess that we're snowed under! As a result, the winners will *not* be announced in the August issue but in

SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR
On sale Wednesday, August 10th
Watch for Irene Beasley on the cover!

I Take Thee . . .

(Continued from page 67)

"I was just thinking that Mark and Lilli are going away this evening—and if I could get Portia over to their house—but it's a silly idea. It would never work, and if it did work, and turn out badly, I don't want to be blamed. . . ."

Half an hour later she left Clint's office. Their little plot—only a part of her larger one, if Clint had only known it—was all worked out.

At the grocery on her way home, she met Bella Beasley, Edith Randall and Ida Jacobs. It was easy enough to hint, without imparting any information at all, that Portia and Clint were meeting secretly at Mark Randall's house. And then that evening Mark, Lilli and Bill Baker further smoothed the way for her. They were considerate enough to pay a visit to Portia just before starting their drive to Riverton.

A few minutes after they left, Joan, too, left, having told Portia she was going to spend the evening with Kathie. Kathie was glad to see her sister. She took Joan's coat, settled her in a deep chair, and picked up her mending. Joan swung her foot impatiently and made conversation. Presently, after a plausible interval, she sniffed.

"Kathie, do you smell smoke?"

"Smoke? No. But don't talk about fires, Joan. It would be horrible to have one now, with Bill away in Riverton."

"I smell something," Joan insisted. "It couldn't be down-cellar, could it?"

Kathie started for the basement steps. Joan waited until she heard her sister moving about downstairs. Then she hurried quietly to the telephone, dialed rapidly. Portia answered, and Joan spoke with a good imitation of Lilli's delicate French accent.

"Portia, come quickly!" she cried. "It is Lilli! Oh, please come—"

"Lilli, Good heavens! What—"

"Do not ask questions! Just come—" She slammed down the receiver, just in time. Kathie was coming up the steps, her voice preceding her.

"There's nothing down there, Joan. Joan—why are you at the telephone?"

Joan was frantically jiggling the hook. "Operator! Operator, get me the fire department! This is 18 Peach Street, and I want to report a fire at the William Baker residence. And hurry, please—"

Kathie was beside her, demanding to know where the fire was. "I don't know," Joan said. "But the smell of smoke is strong—it's stinging my nostrils. Look upstairs, Kathie, and I'll check the garage—"

"But, Joan, I don't smell anything. You shouldn't have called the fire department until you were sure! Joan—"

The slam of the back door cut off her voice. Joan raced for the garage. Feeling around in its dark interior, she found a pair of greasy overalls hanging on the wall. She pulled them down, struck one of the kitchen matches she'd snatched up on her flight from the house. A bit of the cloth caught and glowed; Joan blew on it, and when flames leaped up, she tossed the overalls into a corner.

"Joan!" Kathie's voice, hysterically high, reached her. "Get out of the garage! Get out— That's cleaning fluid next to the fire—"

Cleaning fluid! Joan stood rooted; then she leaped for the corner. Then the explosion came—flame in her face, the whole world a sheet of flame. . . .

Have you spoken frankly to your daughter about these *Intimate Physical Facts?*



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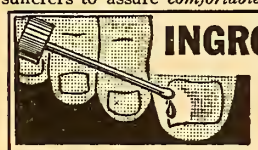


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In the Randall living room, Portia stood face to face with Clint Morley. After the strange telephone call, she had left the house with Miss Daisy, only to see the fire at the Baker house down the street. She had sent Miss Daisy to investigate the fire and had come on to the Randall house as Clint and Joan had intended her to come—alone.

She understood now that she had been tricked into coming, that there was nothing wrong with Lilli, and that Clint would not tell her who had made the telephone call for him. But what she could not understand was how keen, clever Clint had so far taken leave of his senses as to trick her into seeing him. Her first anger at him was gone, dissolved into helpless bewilderment.

She had no idea that the seeds of false hope that Joan had sown had taken root in his own desperate need for hoping. All she knew was that he had his own interpretation for everything she said, and the more she protested, the less he believed.

"Stop clinging to that lie about Walter's coming back," he said angrily. "With that between us, we can never reach a basis for understanding. I know why you're doing it, Portia, and it's all right to pretend to others—but not with me."

"Pretend—" She spread her hands helplessly. "Oh, what's the use, Clint? It's as if we were talking different languages!"

"No, darling." He reached for her; one arm went around her in a grip that refused to let her go. With his other hand he tilted her chin, forcing her to meet his eyes. "Our main touble is that we're both so much in love with each other, both so busy trying to help and protect each other, that we don't make sense."

"In love with each other!" she gasped, but he overrode her.

"Just stop pretending," he went on. "You're in some kind of trouble. I don't know what it is; I only know that it's bad. But let me try to help—"

"Clint, you've got to believe me. I've told you the utter truth about my feelings for Walter, and my quite different feeling for you. I don't know what you mean when you talk about my being in trouble. All I know is that you must believe me—and I've something else to tell you that will make you believe me. It's this, Clint—I'm going to have a baby."

"A—" His arm dropped away from her. "You're going to—what?"

"I'm going to have a baby," she repeated. "It's not something I'd lie about. Now do you see—"

"A baby. I didn't realize it was anything like this—" For a moment Portia was reminded of the courtroom, Clint Morley making a lightning rearrangement of his attack after a shattering upset. "Good Lord, Portia, do you know what this means?"

"Of course I know what it means. But don't act as if it were a tragedy. I've wanted a baby for a long time, Clint. I'm glad I'm going to have it."

"Glad! Portia, you've got to look at this realistically. People will find out, and when Manning doesn't come back—Well, you were afraid of scandal before; this will be ten times more vicious."

"But he is coming back—"

Clint shook his head positively. "They won't swallow that story any longer. No, the only thing you can do is divorce Manning as soon as possible. Then go away—leave Parkerstown before anyone finds out about the baby—and have the baby. And as soon as your divorce is final, we'll be married. If I win the election, we'll spend very little time here, anyway. Most of the time we'll live at the state capital. No one here need ever know—"

Portia stared blankly at him. He was talking gibberish—divorce Walter, leave Parkerstown— And then, in the depths of the silent house, there was a sound. A soft sound, as if a door had been closed stealthily.

The argument she was prepared to give Clint died on her lips. It didn't matter now, what Clint thought. She knew it now, in a moment of clairvoyance, knew that they were both beyond help. Why or how she couldn't explain; it was all a part of the strange and senseless events of the evening—the telephone call and the fire, and now the closing of the unseen door. The closing of the door could mean only one thing—someone had been listening.

"I think you're right, Clint," she said quietly, "about one thing, if about nothing else. About the scandal. It's already begun. And now, I think you'd better take me home."

It was as if a bottle of poison had been upset, and there was nothing to do but stand by and watch the lethal liquid spread. In the morning, after she'd seen Dickie start to school, Portia stood at the front window, watching Ida Jacobs drive up to the Beasley house next door. Miss Daisy came into the room just then, and Portia sent her

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a wry smile over her shoulder.

"I'm turning the tables on Bella Beasley," she said. "*I'm* watching her, for a change. Ida Jacobs has just arrived. And you know what that means."

"You're thinkin' it was Al Jacobs who was at the Randalls' last night?"

"I know it was," Portia answered. "You know what happened. After Clint brought me back here, I went over to Kathie's to see about the fire. Joan was pretty badly upset—and no wonder, after she'd burned her hands so badly, trying to reach that can of cleaning fluid before it exploded!—so I stayed there after you left and until Bill came back from Riverton with Mark and Lilli. It was then that Mark told me Al Jacobs had come to him before they started out for Riverton and offered to look into the house during the evening and make sure that everything was all right. Oh, yes, it was Al Jacobs, all right—a male Bella Beasley when it comes to gossip—"

"Faith, girl," said Miss Daisy gently, "aren't you lettin' it prey on your mind?"

"And why shouldn't I?" Portia retorted. "Think what was said when the gossips had no more to go on than that Al and Ida Jacobs had seen me having breakfast with Clint at the hotel, that morning I ran into him in Chicago—and that he came to the house a few times after that. The fact that he came on business— There! Ida's left, and Bella is on her way to Edith Randall's!" She shivered. "It's started, Miss Daisy—and there's no stopping it! Soon everyone will know."

When the citizens of Parkerstown sent a petition to campaign headquarters asking that Clint's name be withdrawn from the ballot and another substituted, Judge McCarthy, Clint's old friend and the most powerful and respected political figure in the state, paid a visit to Parkerstown and Portia.

But it remained for an eleven-year-old girl to make clear the full horror of the story to Portia, and to drive home the full hurt of it.

Claire Taylor, Dickie's particular friend and tormentor, came to call one afternoon. "It is a matter of grave importance, Mrs. Manning," she told Portia in her grown-up little voice. "Buzz Gordon is giving a party for all the children in our grade at school. Except for Tim Lafferty, because his father d-r-i-n-k-s. I have just learned that Richard will not be invited, either. And so I've come to ask you to help me, Mrs. Manning."

Sick with fear, Portia repeated, "Help you, Claire? How?"

"I thought perhaps Richard and I could have our own party, either here or at my house. My house would be better because then Richard would not see all the others going to Buzz Gordon's. What are your feelings on the subject, Mrs. Manning?"

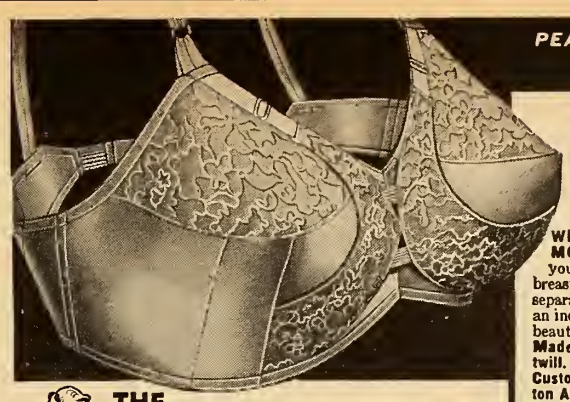
"Have you been invited to Buzz's party?"

"Oh, yes," said Claire, "but I shall turn down the invitation if you agree with me."

Tears stung Portia's eyelids. "You're really a rather wonderful little person, Claire."

"I am quite unusual," Claire admitted. "And may I say before I go that I find your company quite pleasant, Mrs. Manning? My father says that the stories about you are not true. He says that you are a splendid woman, and I agree with my father."

"Why," Portia stumbled, "thank you—"



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In Misery from



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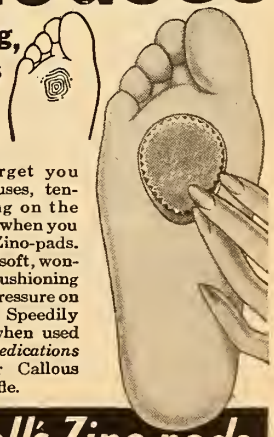
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"Of course," Claire went on, "I do not always agree with him, but in this matter, he is absolutely right. And my mother feels just as I do. And the next time I hear anyone say that you are going to have a b-a-b-y and that you and the father are not m-a-r-r-i-e-d I shall tell that person that he or she is a liar. Good afternoon, Mrs. Manning."

Portia watched Claire's straight little back go down the steps and out the gate. Is that what they were saying—on top of everything else? That the baby was Clint's child? Is this what Dickie would have to face—

Joan was before her—Joan, with the strange, feverish look that she wore so often of late. "Portia! What's happened? Where are you going?"

"Upstairs," said Portia. "To write a letter—two letters. One to Walter, telling him what's happened, telling him how much I need him. The other to Clint Morley—a note saying that when he speaks at Fayette Hall Friday night, I intend to be there with him. I intend to tell Parkerstown what it needs to know—the truth."

"Portia! You can't! Don't you realize—" But Portia had gone.

To see Portia slink quietly away in disgrace was one thing; to see her face a yelling mob at Fayette Hall—Joan flinched as though she herself stood before the mob, as though the insults were being flung at her own person. She had to stop Portia. She'd started this, and she had to stop it.

But there was nothing she could do. Portia convinced Clint, Bill Baker, and Miss Daisy and the rest that to face the town publicly was the only course left. Judge McCarthy even promised to appear on the platform with her and Clint. Joan's frantic protests had no more effect upon the solid wall of Portia's determination than the mewings of a kitten.

Friday night Miss Daisy was with Portia, waiting for Clint and Judge McCarthy to call for them. Bill Baker and Kathie had gone ahead. Joan paced the living room like one possessed. When the phone rang, she leaped for it.

"Joan?" Bill's voice came over the wire. "Kathie and I just got here—and we don't like the looks of things at all. Portia won't be facing a jury this time. It's a mob of women—all convinced that they're fighting for the safety of their homes and the respectability of their community. Tell her not to come—"

"I've been trying to tell her," said Joan. "She won't listen. You wouldn't listen—"

"I didn't realize what she was letting herself in for. If she doesn't show up, there won't be any violence—and that's something."

"Who was it, Joan?" Portia appeared on the stairs as Joan hung up.

"Bill." Through stiff lips, she repeated Bill's message. Then she burst out, "Don't go, please, Portia! When Clint and Judge McCarthy get here, tell them you've changed your mind. Those women won't stop until they've forced you out of town!"

"But, my dear Joan—"

"If you don't care what happens to you," Joan rushed on, "think about Dickie! What will it do to him to see his own mother branded as an immoral woman? Do you think for a minute you'll ever be able to live it down?"

"We've been through things as bad as this before," said Portia. "And we've always made out. We will this time."

Joan saw the lights of Clint's car, heard Clint's step on the porch. Portia moved toward the door, Miss Daisy behind her.

"All right!" Joan screamed after them. "Do it your way! Smash your life to pieces, but don't blame me!"

The car moved off down the street. Joan sank to the floor, still sobbing, screaming, "It isn't my fault! Dear God, You saw me try in every way to stop her! You can't blame me for it; You can't punish me—"

How long she sat there she didn't know. She was aware of the click of the gate latch, the steps on the porch, but she went on rocking hysterically, imploring God to forgive her, to help Portia—until she felt rather than saw the presence in the room.

Then she scrambled to her feet, staring at the strange man with the strange blank eyes. "Are you—Walter?"

"Joan Ward," said the man. "Yes, you're Joan Ward. Where's Portia, Joan? Is she—"

He took a step, made as if to sit down, and stumbled against a chair. "Sorry," he said. "It's my chair, but it used to be—" She watched him shift carefully, feeling his way with his hands.

Blind! She didn't know that she spoke the word aloud. "Walter— Oh, dear God, you're not blind?"

"Stop repeating it!" he said impatiently. "Just tell me where Portia—"

Joan was still staring at him as if she expected him to vanish as he'd come. "That's why you left her," she whispered. "She said it must be something like that. She said—"

"No, it's not the only reason I left. There's also a matter of my—general health. But I got here. I made it. She wrote that she needed me—"



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But Joan didn't hear him. She was at the telephone, dialing frantically. "Acme Taxi Service? How soon can you send someone to 17 Peach Street? It's an emergency—"

At Fayette Hall Judge McCarthy had just finished his introductory speech. In a dead silence Portia walked out on the auditorium stage—to face her friends and neighbors of years' standing. All fear had left her; she knew only sorrow that those she had lived in harmony with for years should be out there, waiting to pass judgment.

"Thank you, Judge McCarthy. Ladies and gentlemen," she began, "all I want is five minutes—"

But they had already judged her. An angry murmur rose, swelled to a roar. *We don't want to hear your excuses! We know what you are! There's no place here for your kind of woman—*

Portia raised her voice, knowing she was already beaten. "You can't condemn like this without hearing—"

Treat her like what she is—one of the women down on River Street. Run her out of town— If Mayor Winslow won't do it, we will!

Portia closed her eyes. She recognized the individual voices—Bella, Ida Jacobs, Ralph Staley—her friends, her neighbors. And then another voice, carrying over the rest—

"Stop! Stop it, you fools! How dare you accuse my wife—"

He was really there. Thin, pale, almost unrecognizably thin and pale—but Walter. As in a dream she moved toward him, her heart alive as it had not been for these many months. He reached toward her, felt for her hand, but still faced the crowd.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Hold your rotten tongues until you know what you're talking about—"

"It's time you came back!" a woman screamed. "Time you learned what was going on—"

Then the figure of Joan Ward suddenly strong, stood before Walter and Portia as if to shut away from them the babble of angry voices, her arms outflung as if she would protect them from physical violence. The remorse that so often turned Joan Ward in an instant from cruel selfishness to an overwhelming desire to atone, had come to her.

"Let him talk!" she cried. "Please listen! You don't know what you're doing! Can't you see that he's blind?"

Portia stiffened, sick with fear. *Blind? Walter blind—* Then Walter's hand found Portia's and with it came strength and peace unassailable. "My darling, my dear love," she whispered. "Let me tell them. They'll listen now."

They stood there, side by side, on the platform. Soon this would be over, and they could go home—home to Dickie and Miss Daisy, and to life as it had been before Walter went away. There would be barriers to be crossed, still, and troubles to be met, but with Walter beside her they would seem like nothing.

Together, they could do anything, conquer anything. Even this dreadful thing that had happened to Walter, his blindness, was not so terrible to him now that he was home. Portia knew that, could tell it from the smile that touched the corners of his mouth.

Walter was home. His love for her had sent him back, just as her love had cried out to him over the distance. They belonged together, and together all would be well with them.

Portia drew a deep breath, looked out over the crowd, and began to speak . . .



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When a Girl Marries

(*Continued from page 49*)

has worked for it. I have two preschool age children and I don't want to let them be brought up by strangers while I work but I can't stand this foolishness much longer.

Mrs. D. M.

Dear Mrs. D. M.:

You have every right to resent the situation, my friend. If you had not already spoken to your husband without any success, I should have advised urging your case upon him in the strongest terms, telling him that no grown woman would feel anything but abused and humiliated by such undeserved treatment. As things are, however, I think you are justified in considering the drastic step of going to work. Possibly the confusion that must result in your household routine as you try to arrange for someone to care for your children may be enough to bring your husband's point of view into better focus; possibly you may have to go further and actually take a job. But I feel certain that if you do so you will not have to keep it for very long. The realization that you are desperate enough to take such an extreme measure must certainly force your husband to reconsider his unfair stand. And your children will not suffer as much from the temporary presence of a stranger as they probably now suffer from the condition of permanent resentment in which you are living, and which you must be transmitting to them.

TELL THE TRUTH

Dear Joan Davis:

When I was seventeen, I had an accident that caused me to undergo sterilization. Now recently I met a man and we fell deeply in love. But he told me he would never marry a woman who couldn't have children, and Joan, I'm nearly out of my mind with worry as he keeps asking why I keep postponing our wedding! I'm so afraid that if I tell him, I will lose him.

A. L.

Dear A. L.:

There is no way, of course, that you can prevent your young man from discovering that you are unable to bear children. Your choice, then, is not "Shall I?" but "*When* shall I?" You might go ahead with your wedding plans, leaving your explanation for the future, and hope that by then your marriage will be so successfully established that your husband will be able to resign himself to childlessness or to the alternative of adopting children, which as you must know has brought happiness to many unblessed homes. However, you can appreciate the risk you'd be taking—the risk of losing his trust and perhaps even his affection. (In some states, too, such concealment is grounds for annulment or divorce.)

Thinking it over, I'm sure you'll agree that the best thing to do is to tell him now. This does not mean, you know, that you must reveal why you underwent this operation. Your letter to me does not give the reason, and I think you must convince yourself that the reason is no longer of any importance.

Whatever bitterness or tragedy the past may hold for you, it *is* the past; only the fact of your sterilization now matters. There are many reasons of health which call for such an operation. It would be perfectly fair, I think, to allow your young man to assume there was such a reason in your case, whether or not it happens to be the truth, for there is no point in complicating the situation by details which can only make his decision more difficult. If you are really important to him as yourself, rather than as the key to a family, I guarantee he will decide to go on with the marriage. If he decides against it . . . well, how about you? Do you believe your happiness would be safe in his hands?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

Dear Joan Davis:

I am nineteen years old and my baby is fourteen months old. I have been married for two and a half years. My husband is overseas. He seems to have lost interest in me, and the same goes for me. He has lied to me many times, and asked for a divorce, but before I answered he apologized and begged me to forgive him for the baby's sake. Three months went by without hearing from him, then he wrote and called me down for not writing to him. All the time he had not written he was just running around. Should I ask for a divorce and go through with it no matter what he says?

Mrs. M. P.

Dear Mrs. M. P.:

You married, evidently, when you were just past sixteen—a fabulously young age at which to make any serious decision, especially one so thoroughly involving your future. Furthermore, you undertook almost at once to have a baby . . . another decision which deserved more mature consideration than you and your husband were equipped to give it. May I advise you, strongly, urgently, to *make no more such decisions for a while?* In other words, forget about the divorce. Forgive me for sounding harsh, but it is apparent from your letter that you are no better qualified at this moment to take any important step than you were when you were sixteen. Both you and your husband have been buffeted about by circumstances, long enough; the time has come to take a firm stand against any move which is not the result of calm, careful thought. And before you can give your marital problem such thought, you'll have to get to know more not only about your husband, but about yourself—what kind of person you are and want to be, what you want out of life, what you want for your baby. Don't you agree that you're in no mental shape to answer these questions right now? Why not, then, put your husband out of your mind for a while? Oh, write to him, of course—try to meet him half-way, if he seems disposed to do the same for you.

But use this time while you and your husband are separated to learn to know yourself, to try to develop more self-assurance and greater self-knowledge. Take care of your child; learn to know people, as many different kinds of people as your circle can offer. You might try teaching yourself a household skill in which perhaps you're not expert—cooking, or sewing. Learn, in short, to grow up. Then when your husband returns you'll be able to evaluate him

with new eyes and new standards. You may find that, after all, the two of you *can* be happy together. Or you may know when you see him, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that your marriage was certainly a mistake which had better be cut out of your life as soon as possible, and you can then go ahead and get your divorce knowing that at least your decision is not the result of chance or impulse, but the product of a grown-up kind of thinking.

BREAKING DOWN THE BARRIERS

Dear Joan Davis:

I'm twenty-seven and in love with an Oriental girl. My parents object to our marriage because of the extreme difference in racial backgrounds. Can you help me?

R. L. R.

Dear R. L. R.:

Yours, unfortunately, is the kind of problem that no third person can adequately solve. It involves emotions so extremely personal and intimate that you yourself are probably unable to evaluate them completely, and for me to try to do so would be meaningless. I cannot tell, when you say you are "in love," what you and your loved one mean by the phrase, what intensity of feeling you are trying to describe. Therefore I must assume that every foreseeable personal matter—religion, children, general social attitude—has been thoroughly settled between you.

What I can do is point out one or two less personal features of the situation which are worth thinking over. If you lived in a large metropolitan city, I think your chances for a successful intermarriage would be excellent. In such a city these marriages take place every day, and the large, impersonal population finds them small cause for remark. But I note that you write from a small town, which—if you are planning to live there after marriage—materially alters your case. In love or out, a really small community makes inroads on the lives of all its members. You would have to be prepared for constant comment, and though you may feel your love makes you impervious to other people, believe me when I say that no two people can remain in isolation in such a community.

Of course, if the young lady is already known to and accepted by your friends, half the difficulty is eliminated—your marriage should merely improve a relationship already healthy and pleasant. If your marriage would bring her into your circle a complete stranger, may I suggest that you first invite her for an extended visit? Perhaps your parents could be persuaded to cooperate to that extent. Then, by degrees, as the mutual strangeness wears off, both they and your friends may come to accept the girl so completely that no problem remains.

Let's remember, shall we, that one of the happiest trends of the world today is toward the breaking-down of racial barriers. I believe that you and the girl you love, who are instinctively reaching across such a barrier, are the kind of people who will eventually succeed in breaking it down completely.

LIVING IN THE PAST

Dear Joan Davis:

My only son was lost at sea during the war. He had been married a very short time (there are no children) and I learned to love my daughter-in-law dearly. Now, after five years, she has remarried. Her husband resents our close friendship. He has demanded that she doesn't continue to call me Mother G. or even visit me. I wouldn't interfere with their marriage, as I want them to be very happy, and although it hurts I'll walk out of the picture, but my daughter-in-law wants to continue as before. What is the solution?

G.G.

Dear G.G.:

There is one phrase in your letter which disturbs me, and suggests that perhaps the husband has a legitimate complaint. That is your reference to this girl as your daughter-in-law. Remember, my dear, she is no longer that except in both your memories. She is the wife of a man who is a complete stranger to you; as such she is not even a member of your family. Your mutual clinging to each other, and her calling you "Mother G.," indicates that both of you are living in the past to some degree . . . and even if it is the slightest, most tenuous degree, you can understand, I'm sure, that her husband is being made to feel he is an outsider, and is naturally resentful.

There is no reason to sever your relationship with the girl, however. Just try to set it up on a less emotional, less tender basis than the memory of your son. Try to slip from the "mother-daughter" closeness into something resembling the relationship between an affectionate aunt and niece. As the elder, it is up to you to take the lead in re-forming the picture, and I believe that if you try you can succeed in removing all those elements from the situation which makes it worrisome to the girl's husband.

But I would like to add this: if you find that the girl clings to you regardless of your attempts to withdraw yourself gently, then withdraw completely. For there will be no happiness for her or for her husband if she uses your presence in her life to remind her of the happiness of her first love.

Here is this month's problem. Can you suggest a solution that will help this young woman? Your letter may win you $25.

Dear Joan Davis:

Seven years ago my mother passed away, leaving my father, who was in ill health, and four other children. I, being the eldest, quit school (at fifteen) and went to work to help support the family. Two years ago I married. I knew I shouldn't because it meant breaking up my home and separating the children, but I was terribly in love. I wanted badly to take one of the children but my husband refused, saying we could not afford it. Eight months ago, my father died, hoping to the last I would take one of the children. My husband and I quarreled bitterly over it; meanwhile my sister went to live with an aunt and my brother was placed in a boy's school. He writes heartbroken letters, saying that he is lonesome and wants very much to come to me. He is only fourteen. My husband is a good father to our three-month-old son and a good husband to me, in every other respect. I love him very much, but I can't help loving my little brother as well. Shall I persist in trying to make him see the way I feel? I can't forget about my brother.

Mrs. J. R.

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What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 11)

Rumors are flying down from the Monterey peninsula that Bing Crosby will soon have a radio station built for him within a stone's throw of his new home there at Carmel-by-the-Sea. His plan, it is said, is to do most of his weekly broadcasts from there, importing guests, instead of commuting 150 miles between Carmel and San Francisco, where he did a number of shows this season in order to be closer to his home and the Pebble Beach golf course.

* * *

While Eddie Anderson has been piling up success as Jack Benny's "Rochester," his son, twenty-year-old Billy, has been collecting some laurels of his own. An all-round track star at Compton Junior College, Billy Anderson is being hailed by Southern California sports writers and fans as "a new Jesse Owens."

* * *

If you're one of the fans of Arthur Godfrey's "All Right, Louie, Drop the Gun," go make yourself happy and pick up a recording of the number at your local record dealer's. Godfrey has disced the number for Columbia.

* * *

Howard Duff is now doubling his Sam Spade chores with work before the cameras at Universal-International on his seventh motion picture, "Partners in Crime." What we want to know is when are the movie big-wigs going to give this guy a break and cast him in something besides a thriller-killer flicker? From where we sit, Duff's romantic leading man possibilities are tremendous and the old standbys aren't getting any younger. After all, it gets a little hard to keep romantic illusions about favorite male stars when you know they've been wearing toupees or girdles for years.

* * *

A collection of old-time spirituals has been published by Wally Fowler, who is heard with his famous Oak Ridge Quartet on Grand Ole Opry. The song book, which includes words and music to many of the quartet's records, contains forty-six songs, most of which were written by 300-pound Fowler. The book, result of his many years of careful study of spirituals, was brought out in answer to the thousands of requests for the music to his songs.

* * *

Secrets of the trade. Baritone Robert Merrill never coughs to clear his throat. Like many singers, he has a phrase that snaps his vocal chords into singing position much more effectively. It's "mia bella," an Italian phrase meaning, "my beautiful one." Merrill has been clearing his throat with it for years—he is apt to break out with it at any time—but he can't remember its origin or exactly when he started saying it. However, maybe there's an idea here for lots of people, especially when they're being radio audiences.

* * *

Guy Lombardo and his orchestra are set to be the summer replacement show for the Phil Harris-Alice Faye stanza. Guy takes over for thirteen weeks starting July 3rd, which is well past the season for his speedboat tests.

* * *

When director Bill Spier and his actress wife, June Havoc were in New York recently, the lady was besieged with stage and screen offers, among them the lead in a Los Angeles production of "The Respectful Prostitute" and a ditto stint in a Theater Guild musical, "Round Trip to Cuba." The offers will have to wait, however. The Spiers are planning to spend the summer in Europe.

* * *

Instead of literary teas for his book, Jack Bailey had more colorful autograph parties for *What's Cookin'*. His opening event recently was at the May Company store, and was held in the store's auditorium, with the stage rigged as a kitchen, where Bailey not only autographed copies of his book, but also demonstrated the making of some of his recipes.

* * *

Look for Vera Vague in an evening half-hour spot this summer in her own show. The stanza is called The Merry Go Round and is an audience participation show, with, so they inform us, a couple of new angles.

* * *

Norris Goff, Abner to you, is hoping that he'll be able to arrange his affairs in such a way that he can take his family for a two weeks vacation in Honolulu this summer.

* * *

Announcer George Hicks checks out of ABC along with Theater Guild of the Air when the program switches to NBC. With all this scrambling for talent and high Hooper-rating shows that the networks are carrying on, it's going to get so performers will have to stop and think where to go and who they're working for, now.

* * *

Professor Quiz says he saw it—a law firm by the name of Robb and Steele, down in Jacksonville, Florida.

* * *

Charme Allen, veteran character actress, has taken over the Mother Burton role in The Second Mrs. Burton, replacing Evelyn Varden, who had to go to Hollywood for motion picture work under the direction of John Ford.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Columbia Pictures has been negotiating to make a series of movies based on the radio mystery stanza Pat Novak For Hire . . . Ginny Sims and Harry Babbitt will probably air for CBS in a musical show this summer . . . *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn* will be the basis for a projected half-hour dramatic series starring James Dunn . . . Allan Jones and frau Irene Hervey will bow on a new Mr. and Mrs. show over ABC soon . . . Radio's Les Tremayne wowing them in a leading role in the new Sidney Kingsley Broadway hit "Detective Story" . . . Writer-producer Norman Corwin has joined the United Nations staff as radio consultant . . . Nancy Craig has signed to do fashion commentary for Universal-International newsreels . . . ABC is planning a huge daytime giveaway show to compete with the Arthur Godfrey daytime stanza . . . Groucho Marx is being sought for the lead in a Broadway mystery musical now in the writing stage . . . Vaughn Monroe is working in a western flicker, of all things . . . Rosemary De Camp, Dr. Christian's secretary-nurse, to appear in the Warner Brothers picture, "Always Sweethearts" . . . Andy Devine, now a regular on the Lum 'n' Abner show, may have a half-hour show of his own soon . . . and that would seem to be enough of the stuff for now. Have good listening . . .

Have You Heard?

Speaking of husbands, let's consider the matrimonial venture of the telephone pole climber who first glimpsed his wife-to-be as she leaned, lorelei-like, out of a sky-scraper. If this doesn't prove that boy can meet girl under the most incredible circumstances I'll eat Emily Post . . . and that's just one story from the fabulous archives of radio's wedding whiz — "Bride and Groom."

This is one of the most delightful boysterous and girlsterous shows I have heard. For sheer talent and ingenuity emcee Johnny Nelson gets my vote for his aptitude at deflustering brides-to-be. And the impromptu tales he evokes from the engaged couples on how they met, provide an endless variation on the boy meets girl theme. You're likely to hear anything from love among the Lily Cups to tales of unbelievable enterprise.

But spontaneity (which I have almost come to regard as a lost art in radio) is really the keynote of this matrimonial matinee. From the moment the engaged couple wafts before the mike, there's a happy, unrehearsed quality about "Bride and Groom" that makes you feel as though you were part of the wedding party (staged by Sterling Drug Inc.). Johnny Nelson has a merry theory that a wedding a day keeps the blues away. "Bride and Groom" not only banishes blues but rings in a half hour of utterly unique entertainment.

★ ★ ★

If the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, the shortest way to "the quickest way" is to hear "The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air." For this quarter hour is literally the answer to any dining dilemma. Betty Crocker (I'm constantly amazed at the way in which "Betty Crocker" portrays the company personality of General Mills) has a way of inspiring you to turn a cooking chore into a charm . . . gives recipes and hints that I haven't been able to find elsewhere. To counteract the old adage that all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl, Betty Crocker also features outstanding guest stars who add spice and sparkle to the proceedings.

Wedding bells ring on *Bride and Groom* at 2:30 PM EDT Monday through Friday. *The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air* goes to press at 10:30 AM EDT Monday through Friday.

Other Tips on Daytime Dialing	
"Breakfast Club"	9:00 AM edt
"House Party"	3:30 PM edt
"Kay Kyser's College"	4:00 PM edt

Joan Lansing

Advertisement

How Long Will Your TV Set Be Good?

(*Continued from page 25*)

mitters and new receivers after such a decision is made means that a considerable length of time will have elapsed before I could get any service from a UHF station. I would buy a television receiver today because of the many worthwhile programs now available on television."

"I like the variety shows, the dramatic shows, Meet the Press, Author Meets Critic, the wrestling matches, the prize fights, and most of all, I am an inveterate baseball fan and I can hardly wait to see the Washington Nationals' games—by television. You can see that I am a tired man and don't want to leave home for my entertainment."

To make his point perfectly clear, the Commissioner also said, "I think this question of obsolescence of television receivers is something of a tempest in a teapot. I do not think that anyone buying a television set today has had a fraud perpetrated upon them. I can assure them that wherever a television signal is available from a VHF transmitter, their set will render them fine service for many years to come, and can be converted to render fine service for them if ultra high frequencies are utilized for the present system."

That last sentence answers a second question that has been in the minds of many TV set owners or prospective buyers. It goes something like this: *If and when UHF stations come into being, won't I be missing something, even though my TV set still does get the programs sent out by the VHF stations?*

No, you won't be missing a thing, unless you want to. In the first place, the UHF is being developed to take care of areas in which there are at present less than four present-day TV channels. The purpose of this is so that people in those areas can get reception from all the networks, plus local stations, when all are in operation. Of the more than a million TV sets now in operation, only a very small number—something like seven percent of them are in such areas of less than four channels.

And, even in those areas, owners of present-day TV sets won't lose out. A converter will be developed and manufactured, which can be purchased and installed on present-day sets in order that UHF stations may be received in addition to the VHF ones that are now in operation.

There is still another field of experimentation going on in the TV world at the present time, concerning stratovision. Under stratovision, transport planes carrying transmitters and circling five miles above the earth could, if properly spaced, broadcast television to the entire nation. However, the present TV channels are insufficient in number to carry stratovision.

With these explanations, it is not hard to understand that the scientists and the broadcasters, under the FCC's watchful eye, are carrying on their experiments so that, as far as television is concerned, the greatest good may be had by the greatest number. But the end-products of these experiments are a long way off. If and when UHF and stratovision come, the choice will be up to you. So relax and enjoy your favorite programs—and let the future take care of itself!

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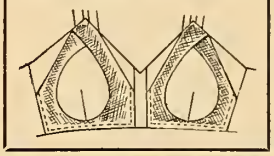
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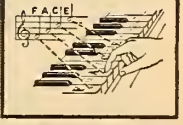


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We Love Children

(*Continued from page 31*)

is sometimes an asset and sometimes considered in the nature of an unfair practice.

Take the matter of punishment. Art is, like most fathers, the final court of appeal and authority. But he has had an advantage most fathers don't have. He has conducted a one-parent poll of punishment preferences. Having asked dozens of youngsters, he has learned that with children from four to six, spanking is effective. From six on, the taking-away of privileges is more telling. This program is in effect at the Linkletters'.

Too, he has learned that the matter of bedtime is the major cause of arguments between parents and children. None of this is tolerated at our house. At 7:30 the word is passed and there are no tears, no excuses.

"If we had to argue with each one of them," Art points out, when I try to stave off the evil hour for one or another who has made a private appeal to me, "none of us would ever get to bed before midnight."

This seems logical and so the subject is dropped.

However, not all his contact with other youngsters is considered on the liability side by our own children. There was, for example, the day Art learned that one of the children on the show had never ridden a street car. A bus, yes, a trolley, no. Art was stricken with an awful realization. Our children had never ridden one either. That afternoon he came home, assembled our four oldest, collected coats and sweaters, marched them down to the streetcar line, put them aboard a car, rode a dozen blocks, took them off, and caught a car back. Everyone had a wonderful time. But I've been afraid to mention since that they've never ridden a train or a boat either. Art is a man to see that his youngsters have well-rounded lives.

He has long since become used to the flights of fancy taken by children about their families. Questioned before the House Party goes on the air it's ordinary for the smaller guests to say their fathers are big game hunters, or pilots, or cowboys. Once in front of an audience though, the truth comes out, Daddy is a bookkeeper or a salesman or a mechanic. Art, however, was a bit surprised one day when one of our children was overheard telling a friend that *his* father was a world's champion swimmer.

"It's not good enough," Art said, "that I held the Southern California 50-yard backstroke title in college—and I was sort of proud of that, too."

At least it wasn't quite as surprising as the day he asked a five-year-old girl, before the show, what her father did, and she said he owned a grocery store, then added the information "Today he's in jail." Art pursued the subject. Patience and the ability to interpret the conversation of the very young have often stood him in great stead. He learned that the father had actually gone to court to pay a traffic fine. If the youngster had told this on the air, it would have taken Art the half-hour show to prove that Daddy's transgression was a common one and not a permanent blot on the family escutcheon.

We got a distinct surprise ourselves as a result of our son Jack's appearance on the show something over a year ago. It was the first time either Art or I realized that Jack had actually, seriously settled on a career. On that day, Jack was visiting his father at work, and as is usual when any of the children make an appearance, was given the same introduction as the other young guests. Art started through the group asking what each wished to be when grown up. He came to Jack, asked the question, then leaned back waiting for his son to say a baseball player—which at the last family poll had been his choice.

"A master of ceremonies on the radio," said Jack.

Later Art and Jack had a long discussion. It developed that Jack, for sometime, had been conducting a "show" of his own, using the other Linkletters as guests or audience. He is determined to follow in his father's footsteps. Since Art was not much older than Jack is now when he too decided on a career, we are inclined to believe he'll do it. Jack practices with old scripts his father brings home from the studio, and the drive he has reminds me of the days when Art and I were in high school in San Diego. Then Art used to go onto the deserted stage in the empty auditorium there and give speeches for an audience that was limited to me. He didn't know that radio was to be the answer—but he knew it was the stage, one way or another.

Art was naturally very pleased by Jack's choice of careers. But he did


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some rapid calculation. When Jack is twenty and old enough to really go into radio, Art will only be forty-five, and he figures he can keep on working at that age. Jack's first name is Arthur, too. Art feels that one Art Linkletter is enough on the air—two might prove confusing. So Jack will probably never use his own first name—but will always go by Jack. Both Art and Jack are called "Link" by their friends, however, and I don't know how they plan to iron that out.

Our children are a long way from being a series of perfect examples in spite of their father's experiences with the children of other people. No amount of extra-curricular observations seem to solve some of our problems. For one thing, there's the matter of alibis.

Our children are very prone to use them. A single question such as "Who left the door open?" is apt to lead to a lengthy discussion on a series of loosely connected facts which are supposed to prove that the person who did leave the door open was merely a tool of Fate.

This greatly irritates the head of the Linkletters. Sometimes I wonder why, because (though I wouldn't have it get back to him) I can remember that when we were very young he was given to much the same sort of thing.

Art has become more than ordinarily aware of the frequent lack of companionship between parents and children. He finds on the House Party that this is sometimes due to broken homes, or to the working hours of parents, or in some cases apparently to a lack of interest.

Perhaps because he is conscious of the longing of children for the company and interest of their parents, he gives a great deal of time to his own children. On weekends he takes Jack and Dawn horseback riding when the weather is good, and takes Robert and Sharon to ride the ponies at the children's park near us. When we take trips we very often take either the two older children, or all of the family except the baby. We do this not because we feel it is an obligation; we just like our children. We find our own fun is doubled by theirs. On the other hand, we don't subscribe to the theory that we are inseparable. We leave our five with easy minds, so long as we know they are in good hands. We don't want them to become too dependent on us. I go on tour with Art; last year we spent several weeks in South America, sans children. They don't cry when we leave them—they are happy when we take them. We will leave them this summer when we take our long-planned trip to Europe. While we are gone we will see our sixth child—a French boy, just Jack's age, whom we adopted. Our youngsters are intensely interested in him and his letters are worn to shreds from innumerable readings by his fascinated foster brothers and sisters.

Although he wasn't a "world's champion," Art is an expert swimmer and our children are taught to swim almost as soon as they can walk. He has built a badminton court and a basketball court in our yard and is waiting impatiently for the day the boys will be old enough to give him some real competition. In the meantime, the badminton court is used mostly for roller-skating.

Outdoors or in, Art and the children are together most of the time.

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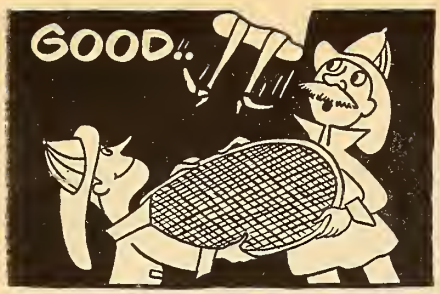
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When it's rainy, or when too much activity has calmed down even their spirits, they fall back on a series of quieter "sit down and think" games. The favorite of these we call "Cliff Hangers," and it goes something like this:

Art or one of the children will begin a story—a hair-raising, breath-taking tale which involves the hero or heroine in all sorts of seemingly inescapable difficulties. At the most exciting point, the one who is telling the story will stop, and it's up to the next one to go on with it, clearing up those difficulties and creating others, which in turn are taken on by a third story-teller. You'd be surprised what a pleasant—and comparatively quiet—time-passer this can be.

Art has one very handy advantage in that the children on the House Party are from five to eleven years old. This approximates the ages of his own family, so he can do the research he needs for interview material in his own living room by the simple expedient of keeping his ears open. He doesn't rehearse the children on the show. He doesn't need to. He can hold a full-scale dress rehearsal in his own house any time he feels in the mood. From our children he has learned what youngsters of various age groups are interested in, what they are doing in school, and most important, that no amount of advance preparation can rule out the element of surprise—a natural hazard in dealing with youngsters. Ask any parent.

He talks to the small fry ten or fifteen minutes before the program begins, mainly to test their responsiveness and to reduce the unexpected as much as possible.

However, every now and again, something happens on the show that gives the audience a big laugh and leaves Art limp for several minutes. There was a little girl who, when asked on the air what she wanted to be when she grew up, answered, "A saloon dancer." Naturally Art couldn't leave it at that. Further questioning revealed that she'd seen a movie about one day before. "The name of the picture," she said, "was 'Saloon Dancer' and it was all in color." Art thought fast, and luckily, came up with the right solution. The film which made such an impression on the six-year-old was a Technicolor production titled, "Salome, Where She Danced." The studio that made the picture sent a note of thanks for the free mention of its product.

No one can come into daily contact with youngsters without becoming keenly aware of the many large and small tragedies made by broken homes. Art is always careful to avoid any inadvertent admission from the youngsters about their homes.

Often though, some family incident is told by one of the children to the delight of the listeners.

This winter, as everyone knows, Southern California had a spell of weather best described as extremely unusual. One day on the House Party, Art asked a seven-year-old boy if he'd always lived in Los Angeles. The reply was no, the boy's father had brought the family to California from Cleveland only a few months before, to see if they liked it here.

"And does your daddy like California?" Art asked.

"We're going back to Cleveland next week," the youngster told several million radio listeners.

Art was still laughing over this when he got home. "Did you hear that kid?" he asked us. "He threw that line away like Jack Benny."

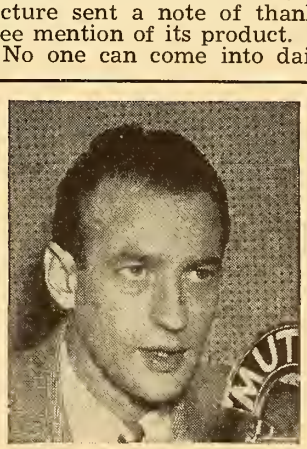
When they aren't in school, our children listen to their father on the air and get a big thrill out of hearing him and his young interviewees. They want to know all about the children on the show when he gets home and he gives a rundown on the day.

Art has developed a healthy dislike for precocious children and even more, for precocious parents. Children who are to appear on the House Party are notified through their school teachers the day before and this sometimes gives extrovert parents an opportunity for a little coaching. Art seldom lets such an incident pass unnoticed. So when he asked a six-year-old boy what he liked best about school and got for an answer, "The pretty teachers," he said in his best "see-here-young-man" voice, "Who told you to say that?"

"My daddy," the boy admitted.

At our house the children aren't allowed to show off. We want them to know our friends and we always see that they meet them—but we want no party tricks.

Art and I generally see eye to eye on the subject of raising our family. There are points, though, where we differ. For one thing, there is the matter of coats, overshoes and other precautionary measures against colds. Art, like most men, lives in mortal terror that I'm going to baby the children. On the other hand, I point out that exposure to the elements has never led to anything less than a sniffle, and on



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occasion has been reliably reported to bring on pneumonia.

Another point is the matter of time. Probably because of his years on the air, Art is a stickler for punctuality. I agree with this. It's only that I can't seem to plan everything so that all seven Linkletters are ready at the same time. It mostly happens that everyone is on time except me.

If Jack is bent on following his father in a career on the air, there are a couple of spots I'd just as soon he left out. For example, there was the time Art was hoisted in a bos'n's chair up and down the front of a skyscraper, interviewing people on each floor. (Art's own contention is that dealing with children on the House Party is just as dangerous.)

I've gathered from the remarks I hear or overhear that Art's radio audiences are divided into two general schools of thought concerning him.

One is that Art has some sort of extra-sensory perception about children Followers of this school describe him as having a way with children. This apparently classes him with people who have a green thumb or play the piano by ear.

Opposing this, there's a theory I've become aware of through hesitant questions asked about our family life, that since he is too much at ease with children on the House Party, and so genial and friendly there, he must show his true nature by beating us all regularly an hour after he is off the air.

Neither of these theories has a basis in fact.

In the first place, Art doesn't consider it takes any special talent to get along with children. He happens to be interested in them—he likes them.

And, in the second place, he doesn't put on a false face for the program; we like each other.

There's another set of stock remarks we listen to almost invariably when we meet people for the first time or when we see friends we knew when we were first married but haven't seen in the past years.

First comes: "So you have *five* children!" This is uttered in a tone of complete incredulity. It's followed by: "How in the world do you *manage?*" or, "But you're so *young* to have so *many!*"

Either of these begets the following: "And then Art sees more children on his show. Don't you *ever* get tired?"

Well, here are the answers to those.

We manage pretty well, thank you. We are still fairly young, and no, we don't get tired of children. We think, on the contrary, that it's amazing other people *don't* have five.

We think children are more fun than anybody.

Did you like the sound of the "Cliff Hangers" game which Art Linkletter and his children play, and which Mrs. Linkletter told you about on page 100. Would you like to try your hand at it? In August RADIO MIRROR, we'll print a cliff-hanger story—give you all the complications, all the difficulties, and ask you to untangle them. There'll be prizes for the most interesting, ingenious endings for the story. You'll find all the details in August RADIO MIRROR Magazine, on sale Friday, July 8.

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More Fun Than a Picnic

(*Continued from page* 63)

¼ inch thick. Add ¼ of a dill pickle cut lengthwise. Wrap a strip of bacon loosely around the frankfurter. Fasten each end of the bacon with a toothpick. Grill until bacon is crisp. Serve on a hot buttered roll.

Relish stuffed franks: Split frankfurter as directed above. Stuff with 2 tablespoons pickle relish. Grill until frankfurter is heated through (about 5 minutes). Serve on rolls.

Boston stuffed franks: Stuff split franks with 2 tablespoons of homemade or canned baked beans. Grill 5 minutes. Top with barbecue sauce or catsup. Serve on rolls.

PICNIC COLE SLAW

1 small head cabbage
salted water
½ cup mayonnaise
2 tblsps. top milk or cream
1 tblsp. vinegar
1 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 apple
1 tblsp. celery seed
2 tomatoes
1 green pepper

Cut cabbage into quarters and remove core. Soak in salted water ten minutes. Drain dry and shred. Mix mayonnaise, top milk, vinegar, sugar and salt. Peel apple and dice. Add to cabbage with celery seed. Stir well. Add dressing and toss. Chill. Peel tomato and cut into sections. Clean pepper of core and seeds. Slice into rings. Garnish cole slaw with tomato wedges and pepper rings. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

OATMEAL COOKIES

½ cup sifted flour
¼ tsp. salt
½ tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 cup sugar
1 egg
½ cup shortening
½ cup chopped raisins
¼ cup chopped nuts
2 cups uncooked rolled oats

Mix and sift flour, salt, soda, cinnamon and sugar into a mixing bowl. Add egg and shortening. Beat until smooth (about 2 minutes). Add raisins and nuts. Blend well. Fold in rolled oats. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 12-15 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.

ICED TEA

8 tsps. bulk tea (or 8 tea bags)
2 cups boiling water
4 cups cool tap water
ice

Place tea in tea pot. Pour on boiling water. Let stand five minutes. Stir. Strain into a pitcher. Add cold water. Let stand at room temperature. (Tea may be carried to picnic in ordinary mason jar.) Fill glasses with ice. Pour tea over ice. Makes 8 servings.

HOW TO CARRY FRUITS & VEGETABLES

Greens and other raw vegetables will stay fresh and unwilted for several hours if properly packed. Never put lettuce into sandwiches until you are at the picnic spot. Instead, wrap it separately, first in a damp cloth, then in waxed paper. Carrot sticks, celery and radishes will stay crisp with the same treatment. Carry tomatoes whole. Peel and slice them at the picnic site. (Peeling is easier if you toast the tomato first over the coals to loosen the skin.) Apples, pears and other fruits travel best in their natural state with lots of crumpled paper between them to prevent bruising.

DEVILED EGGS

8 eggs, hard cooked
2 tblsps. relish
1 tsp. prepared mustard
¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ tsp. pepper
4 tblsps. mayonnaise
1 tsp. salt

Cool and shell hard-cooked eggs. Cut off rounded end about ½ inch from top. Remove yolk from center. Place in a bowl and mash. Add all ingredients. Blend thoroughly. Fill whites. Replace tops. Wrap each egg in waxed paper. Makes 8 servings.

PICNIC LOAF

2 12-ounce cans luncheon meat
½ cup drained shredded pineapple
2 tblsps. pineapple juice
1 tblsp. prepared mustard
½ cup brown sugar

Make diagonal slices one inch deep in loaves of luncheon meat. Place in baking dish. Spread with a paste made of pineapple juice, mustard and brown sugar. Cover with shredded pineapple. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) 40 minutes, basting occasionally. Chill, and serve cold. Makes 8 servings.

BARBECUE SAUCE

2 tblsps. salad oil
1 onion, minced
1 clove garlic
2 tsps. chili powder
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 bay leaf
2 tblsps. vinegar
½ tsp. celery salt
¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 can tomato sauce (8-ounce)

Cook garlic and onion in oil over medium heat, until soft. Add all other ingredients. Blend well. Simmer, stirring frequently, until thick (about 20 minutes). Serve over grilled hamburgers, spareribs or frankfurters. Makes about 1½ cups sauce.

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

3 pounds spareribs
1 cup water
¼ cup vinegar
½ tsp. salt
barbecue sauce

Have butcher crack rib bones across middle. Cut into fingers of two ribs. Wipe with damp cloth and place in skillet with water, vinegar, and salt. Simmer, covered, one hour, or until meat is tender. Let cool. Dip in barbecue sauce and broil until brown and crisp. Top with more barbecue sauce and serve. Makes 6 servings.

SAVORY HAMBURGERS

1½ pounds ground beef
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ cup chopped onion
prepared mustard

Mix beef with salt, pepper, and chopped onion. Shape into large patties. Spread both sides with prepared mustard. Broil. Makes 8 patties.

COOL CHICKEN SALAD

2 cups diced chicken
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup diced cucumber
¾ cup mayonnaise
salt and pepper

Combine ingredients, seasoning to taste. Pack in vacuum jar. Serve on crisp greens. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

FRIED CHICKEN, PICNIC STYLE

2 frying chickens
flour
salt and pepper
fat for frying

Have chickens cut in serving pieces. Wash and dry well. Roll in seasoned flour. Fry over medium heat until well browned. Cover and cook slowly until tender, turning occasionally. (45 minutes is about enough for small fryers.) If chicken weighs more that 3 pounds, add ¼ cup water to browned chicken. Cover and cook until tender. Drain on absorbent paper. Cool and wrap in waxed paper. Serves 6 to 8.

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Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

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New Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give you the most natural-looking wave you've ever had—or your money back! Waves many types of hair in as little as 30 minutes! **$1.00**

Complete Set of New Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands. Makes every wave from now on twice as easy. ($2 when bought separately.) **$1.29**

Both for $2.29

"Now we're both Toni Twins," says Katherine Ring, of Chicago, Ill. "When I saw how easy it was for Kathleene to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni, too!"

The audience has Bushels of Fun at WINS every day from 12:30 to 1 P.M. when Jack Lacy and Patsy Garrett are in charge of the questions. Winners receive merchandise from the sponsor.



STOP, LOOK and . . .



Stop, look and Listen To Lacy. Jack's record show follows Bushels of Fun and is heard again at 4:30.

Radio listeners are quite familiar with Jack Lacy, the popular quiz emcee and disc jockey. They know that his friendly voice and timely ad libbing keep his daily audience participation show, Bushels of Fun, WINS, 12:30-1:00 P.M. going at full speed. Along with partner Patsy Garrett, they each head a team of contestants (four on each side), and when the easy questions are properly answered, prizes are awarded. Each contestant has a bushel filled with prizes placed in front of him, hence the name. Incidentally, Jack is the only emcee who conducts a daily quiz show on an independent station.

Lacy hails from Hartford, Connecticut, where he was graduated from Teachers College. The future broadcaster taught for awhile, but the love of radio soon brought him to station WONS (then called WNBC) as an announcer. In 1939 he became chief announcer because of his fine, friendly speaking voice. After a four-year hitch in the army, Jack returned to WONS as program director and one year later joined WINS.

Jack's voice wasn't pushed upon the public, but rather they took to him immediately, as his fan mail indicates. On his Listen To Lacy disc jockey program, heard twice daily, 1:00-2:30, and 4:30-6:30 P.M., Jack's informal chatter, and his timely ad lib have earned him a wide following.

Lacy is the originator of the Song Pluggers Parade which features a guest song plugger and the song he is selling. Jack plays all kinds of popular music; his own taste never interferes with his selection of records.

R
M



HE GAVE HER THE AIR . . .

and was it frigid!

THERE HE WAS . . . that wonderful boy she met last night at the hotel dance! Suzanne uncorked her most glamorous smile, batted her most luscious lashes. No recognition. She waved her shapeliest arm, "yoo-hoo-ed" her most musical "yoo-hoo." No response. All of a sudden it dawned on her that he was deliberately giving her the air . . . *and was it frigid!* She hadn't the foggiest notion why he should snub her so.

Your breath may be beyond suspicion most of the time. And then, when you want to be at your best, you can be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) . . . *without realizing it.*

You Can't Always Tell

If you're smart, you won't fail to guard against offending this way. You'll use Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* precaution that so many rely on.

Listerine Antiseptic is no mere makeshift of momentary effectiveness. Its wonderful cleansing, freshening effect is a *continuing* effect . . . helps keep the breath sweet and agreeable . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually!

Never Omit It

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before any date... **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** ***the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath***

VACATIONING? Take Listerine Antiseptic along—Because of safe germicidal action, it is an efficient first-aid in cases of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions. By the way, it helps take the sting out of mosquito bites.



WHAT'S NEW FROM



Jack Bailey crowned Ruth Cavert not only Queen For A Day, but Queen of Paris, too, when her wish to visit brother-in-law's grave in France won her trip there.



Ruth and her husband inspect an artist's canvas in the Montmartre, Paris' Bohemian quarter.

By DALE



The Caverts' brief whirl of Paris included a visit with Josephine Baker back stage at the Folies Bergere.

At this writing WOR expects to have the first segment in its projected TV network in operation sometime this summer, maybe by the time you read this. The transmission tower being constructed in North Bergen, New Jersey, is the tallest structure in that state. Towering 760 feet above the ground, it is higher than any of the industrial skyscrapers in Newark, the state's largest city.

* * *

You probably won't read anything directly about this, but we hear rumors from Hollywood that a lot of the filmtown's radio stars are spending their summer vacations in the hands of competent plastic surgeons and toupee-makers. Video is forcing them into competition with the glamour boys and girls in Hollywood and they're fixing up their facades to be able to get into the tussle.

* * *

Howard Duff and Wally Maher, who work together on the "Adventures of Sam Spade" radio stanza, have just completed a motion picture stint together in Universal International's "Partners in Crime," in which Howard Duff is starred.

* * *

The way to get genial Jack Carson livid these days is to mention cream pie. On that recent stage tour made by Carson and his troupe, he was whammed in the face 400 times with pie liberally

COAST TO COAST



Tour of Rome was high spot of the Cahills' trip. That's the Coliseum in background.



Writing the best letter on why he'd like to visit Italy's Lake Como won a trip to that country for Robert Cahill and his wife. Perry Como made award.

BANKS

topped with whipped cream. The pie toss was the highlight of a skit in which Carson burlesqued the Hollywood stand-in, a skit in which his fellow actors manhandled him, poured buckets of water on his head, tore off his shirt and finally threw pie in his face. Pie is off the menu at the Carson menage for some time to come.

* * *

Rumor has it that The Case Book of Gregory Hood will go national network this fall, now that it has been sold to a sponsor by Mutual. This is the Elliott Lewis starrer that's been a West Coast feature for some time.

* * *

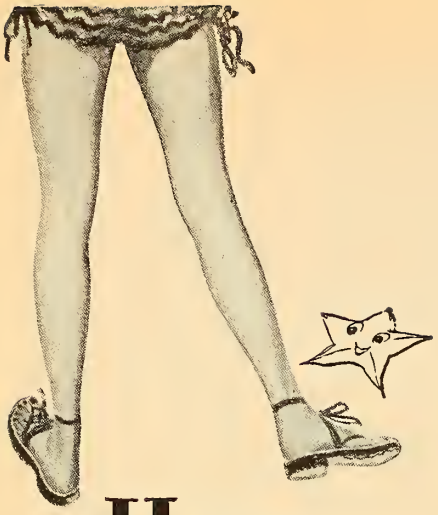
Lorna Lynn, blonde actress on the David Harum series, has been selected by swank Salon Lentheric to introduce its new Guillaume de Paris hairdo. Lorna is a professional model, in addition to her radio work.

* * *

Jim Ameche has reached the point where anyone who offered him a job which would enable him to stay put in one place might find a welcome hearing. Jim's numerous radio assignments as announcer and emcee have been keeping him dashing all over the map for some time, now, but one weekend, recently, the thing kind of piled up too high for Jim. He was flying to Fort Wayne, Indiana, for a Saturday (*Continued on page* 9)



Back home in Waterbury, Conn., the Cahills survey the souvenirs of their two weeks' trip abroad.



Have "SECOND LOOK" Legs!

Kept smooth and hair-free longer . . . by Nair . . . the safe, odorless depilatory lotion . . . that removes leg hair quickly, easily . . . leaves legs smoother . . . more exciting . . .

Lady—throw your razor away—use safe, odorless, new Nair lotion to keep legs smoother . . . more exciting.

No nicks . . . no bristles . . . no stubbly regrowth. No irritation to normal skin.

Nair keeps legs hair-free longer . . . because it dissolves the hair itself closer to skin.

Have "second look" legs! Get Nair today.

For free sample mail this ad before November 30, 1949, to Dept. 419, Nair, 53 Park Place, New York 8, N. Y.



COSMETIC LOTION
TO REMOVE HAIR SAFELY

79¢ plus tax

For Legs that Delight Use NAIR Tonight

INFORMATION BOOTH

Step Up And Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

TOPS IN COMEDY


Clarence Hartzell

Dear Editor:
I am writing for information on a radio actor, Clarence Hartzell. I have enjoyed his work on the Lum and Abner Show (as Ben Withers). Now, may I have some facts on Mr. Hartzell's background? If I'm not mistaken, I believe I used to hear him on the Vic and Sade program in the part of Uncle Fletcher. I believe him to be one of the best comedians in radio, and I shall look forward to hearing more of him in the future.

Mr. B. B.
Dover, Delaware

You're right . . . Clarence Hartzell did play the part of Uncle Fletcher on Vic and Sade, and you will be hearing more of Mr. Hartzell—he is a regular member of the Henry Morgan show and also plays the role of Peter Piper in NBC's Today's Children.

UNCLE CORNY

Dear Editor:
I often wondered who Uncle Corny was on Tom Breneman's Breakfast in Hollywood. Could you tell me?

Mrs. V. E.
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Uncle Corny was Tom Breneman himself.

IDENTIFICATION


Jone Allison

Dear Editor:
I am a faithful listener of Hearts in Harmony and would like to know who plays the role of Penny Gibbs. Also, who plays the part of Jim Brent in Road of Life?

Miss F. E. W.
Hannah, Ky.

Penny Gibbs is played by Jone Allison. And Don MacLaughlin is Jim Brent; he is also David Harding in ABC's Counterspy.

PAT NOVAK


Jack Webb

Dear Editor:
Who plays the title role in Pat Novak For Hire, heard Saturday nights on ABC? Also, who plays the part of Jocko Madigan?

Miss R. E.
Sterling, Michigan

Pat Novak is played by Jack Webb, who formerly starred in the Johnny Madero series. Tudor Owen plays Jocko.

TWELVE PLAYERS


Cathy Lewis

Dear Editor:
There is a program called Hollywood Star Theater on Saturday nights that deals with giving unknown but up and coming motion picture actors a chance to star in a radio program to make themselves known. I enjoy this very much; but here's my point in writing you: wasn't there at one time a program like this which dealt with giving radio actors and actresses a chance to appear in leading roles?

Miss G. C.
Austin, Texas

The show you have in mind was called Twelve Players, a stock company composed of a dozen of the best radio actors in Hollywood; they were Lurene Tuttle, Jack Moyles, Jay Novelle, Bea Benedaret, Edmund MacDonald, Cathy Lewis, Virginia Gregg, John Lake, Ray Buffum, John Brown, Howard McNear and Herbert Rawlinson. Each one had a chance to star on the program which consisted mostly of original plays. Unfortunately, this series did not last long; it had its premiere on February 9, 1948 and left the air eight weeks later. Here's Cathy Lewis, one of the Twelve Players.

ONE OF THE BEST


Wyllis Cooper

Dear Editor:
I consider Wyllis Cooper's Quiet Please as radio's best dramatic program. Does he write for any other show?

Mrs. J. H. G.
New York, N. Y.

If you have a television set you're lucky because Cooper is the writer for ABC-TV's Volume One, Numbers One to Six. Incidentally, he originated the now-famous Lights Out.

What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 7*)

Meanwhile, we can't get anything but rumors concerning NBC's big effort to counteract CBS's inroads on talent line-ups of rival studios. We hear that plans are beginning to jell for the giant give-away show NBC is cooking up to compete with Jack Benny next season. Current indications are that the show will originate from the coast and use film celebrities and that the contemplated jackpot will be around $35,000. From where we sit, Jack Benny, that penny pincher, should feel proud that NBC considers such a sizeable piece of change necessary to woo dialers from his show.

* * *

Johnny Long has his own way of cooling off patrons during heat waves. We hear that on some of the hottest days of this summer, Johnny's been dragging out and playing his bouncy arrangements of "Jingle Bells" and "Winter Wonderland," much to the amusement and refreshment of dancers and theatre patrons.

* * *

Here's a sidelight on the Suspense shows. Seems the producers get a bang out of using radio stars in their shows who are known to audiences for a very different kind of work. And they've been very successful with Frank Sinatra, Fibber McGee and Molly and such in their chiller-dillers. But they also have to make sure that comedians and singers, et al, aren't going to spoil the sustained mood of suspense for which the show is famous. So—when they signed Bob Hope to do his stint on the program recently, the contract Bob penned specified "there shall be no ad libs, asides or other extraneous comments," which Bob must have found very limiting.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Lucille Ball is doubling her radio stint with work on the new Bob Hope movie, "Where Men Are Men" . . . Paul Stewart almost busier in pics than on the air, his latest soon to be released film, "The Window" . . . Bob Hope reported setting up a new recording company with his brother and Louis Prima . . . Hope Emerson on the Jack Benny show working in an important role in Sam Goldwyn's "Roseanna McCoy" . . . Frank Sinatra will turn disc jockey in the fall, five times a week for MBS . . . Mutual is considering Joan Edwards for a musical quiz as an evening airer . . . CBS is readying a new soaper, Other Women's Children . . . Dinah Shore will be missing as a regular on the Eddie Cantor show next season. Budget trouble . . . James Mason and his wife, Pamela Kellino, auditioning for a new mystery series over NBC . . . Milton Berle's success on video has several movie studios dickering for his flicker services . . . Bill Todman and Mark Goodson have a new book on the stands, *Winner Take All Home Quiz Book* . . . Inner Sanctum was named radio's top mystery program . . . Agnes Moorehead, Marilly to Mayor of the Town fans, is considering a manuscript which is scheduled for fall production on Broadway . . . And that's all for now. Good listening.

You'll feel his burning kisses on your lips... when you use Tangee



Kiss-hungry lips... in a pulse-quickening scene starring

MIKEL CONRAD AND CAROL THURSTON IN "ARCTIC MANHUNT"

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Tangee KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—Puts your lips "in the pink" to attract loving looks...and lovelier kisses!

TANGEE RED MAJESTY—Lush and luscious...ideal for a man-hunting brunette.

TANGEE RED-RED—It's redder than you thought red could be...and definitely "kissterical."

TANGEE MEDIUM RED—A happy medium for the girl whose man needs —a little encouragement.

Don't trust your romance to anything less than Tangee!



Tangee KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS and L-A-S-T-S!

THE OLD GETTER-UPPER



Ed Schaughency (r.) and Rainbow have turned the Musical Clock into a highly personalized and entirely irresponsible variety show for KDKA.

Pittsburgh listeners expect the unexpected when Ed and Rainbow take to the airwaves.



There's an institution at KDKA, "The Old Getter-Upper" which, come next October, will be sixteen years in radio. Listeners know Edwin L. Schaughency as the "Old Getter-Upper," "Col. Ed," and the Pioneer Station's "One Man Show."

Schaughency was only a freshman when he left Geneva College to become an actor. First attracted to the little theater in Pennsylvania's Beaver Valley, he was introduced to KDKA in 1932 as a member of the KDKA Kiddies Klub. Then, with radio dramatics a definite goal, he moved to Chicago and successfully auditioned for dramatic parts in NBC.

Schaughency returned to Pittsburgh with a membership in the KDKA Drama League and in October, 1933 he became a staff announcer. In 1934 he founded the KDKA Musical Clock, which has won him the designation as the "Old Getter-Upper"; in 1936 he placed second in the H. P. Davis Memorial Announcers' Award.

The Musical Clock has been his greatest achievement. In 1938, Rainbow Jackson, veteran Pittsburgh character actor, joined the show and since then many thousands of KDKA listeners have been tuning in each morning at seven to hear the tunes, gags and arguments provided by Ed and Rainbow. They have been sufficiently interested to write letters at a rate which once reached 10,000 in one week without any offer of prizes.

Schaughency is "Col. Ed" to the talented juveniles, trained and directed by Betty Dugan, who present their own radio show, Starlets on Parade, every Saturday morning on KDKA.

In addition to Musical Clock and "Starlets," Schaughency also has his own news show and a Sunday disc jockey broadcast; he devotes his spare time to the Artists Service Bureau through which he books famous radio acts throughout the Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia district, and now that their two children have reached school age, his wife, Gertrude, helps him with many of the bureau's details.

What makes YOU tick?



John McCaffery, who asks the questions on What Makes You Tick? (CBS, 2:45 P.M. EDT, Mon.-Fri.), has compiled another set of questions designed to help RADIO MIRROR readers determine what kind of persons they are. This month's question is "How Frustrated Are You?" You'll know the answer when you've added up your score to the quiz below.

	Yes	No
1. Do you ever feel like just getting away from it all?	☐	☐
2. Do you feel that people in general are "just no good" more often than you should?	☐	☐
3. Do you sometimes think that loves as an institution is over-rated?	☐	☐
4. Does it make you feel bad when a surprise you planned for your husband (wife, or sweetheart), is not accepted with the enthusiasm with which it was presented?	☐	☐
5. Do you sometimes think you could have made a better choice in the matter of a husband (wife or sweetheart)?	☐	☐
6. Does a gloomy day make you feel depressed sometimes?	☐	☐
7. Are there certain aspects of life and living which you admit are too much for you to cope with?	☐	☐
8. Do you get annoyed easily with those you love or yourself when you can't seem to understand them or yourself?	☐	☐
9. Did it ever make you tense and nervous when you had to hold a particularly strong emotion in, such as anger or jealousy?	☐	☐
10. If you had your life to live over again, are there many things about it which you'd change, knowing what you do now?	☐	☐

Give yourself 10 points for every yes answer. Frustration is the thing which licks most of us and as one grows older one protects himself from the pangs of frustration by becoming either more tolerant or more cynical of the world. The best protection is a combination of both, that is, to take things in their stride and adapt a reasonable attitude toward disappointments. 80 through 100 points would suggest considerable frustration. It's quite possible that you have been subjected to some of the situations in the questions and can speak from first-hand experience. 30 through 70 points would seem to suggest frustration of a sort, but chances are you've got enough resilience to get up and dust yourself off and try again. 20 points or less would seem to suggest two things—either an extreme tolerance and understanding of life and its problems or a callowness which suggests you haven't experienced the emotional barbs found in these situations.



Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? **Your deodorant can be the difference** . . . and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use... Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. **Prove this to yourself** with the free jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.



Beauty depends on Hold-Bob®



...because HOLD-BOB bobby pins really *hold*. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

More women use HOLD-BOB than all other bobby pins combined



. . a GAYLA® hair beauty aid

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
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"WARM, Isn't it?"



Marion Hutton has found —and passes on to you —a way to keep cool and crisp, even on the hottest days of summer.

by Mary Jane Fulton

About now, uncomfortable temperatures may have sapped so much of your energy that you have decided to give in to being lazy—in attempting to present a cool, attractive appearance. For it takes more effort, in the heat of the summer, to do everything.

However, take it from Marion Hutton, lovely singing star of the Jack Carson Show, looking as dainty as a freshly plucked lettuce leaf is half the battle of nerves during a warm spell. Since she is noted for her unusual vitality, there is no better person qualified to give a few hot weather beauty tips.

Marion advises getting lots of rest, taking things more calmly, eating with greater care, and being especially meticulous about cleanliness and grooming. Planning is also important. For you just can't sit down and do nothing, much as you'd like to. So whatever your duties do them according to a pre-planned schedule. Then you'll be able to dispense with them leisurely, with a minimum of effort, and still have time left for relaxation and pleasure.

She feels that the refreshing value of scented, lukewarm tub baths, the use of refrigerator-cooled colognes, the daily application of a deodorant for underarm daintiness, and fragrant bath powders cannot be too much emphasized. So have these things in good supply. When freshly bathed and dressed, Marion saturates a cotton ball with a scent and tucks it into her bra where it will enhance her fragrance.

As soon as you feel yourself becoming tense and irritable, stop whatever you're doing and hum a gay little tune to yourself—out loud, if possible. As a singer, Marion realizes how spiritually refreshing a song is, and suggests that you try this, too. At once, you're sure to find that the song will take hold, making it impossible to feel cross. You'll find yourself getting things done faster, and more pleasantly.

You might borrow her trick of relaxing mentally and physically for ten minutes, several times a day. Put your mind completely at ease by filling it with pleasant thoughts. In other words, daydream!

By the time this little period of complete relaxation is over, you should have renewed energy to tackle anything you must do. One good way to put this theory into practice is to lie down in a darkened room with cotton balls soaked in witch hazel, or soothing eye pads, over your closed lids. If you're a working girl, keep a bottle of eye lotion in your desk drawer and give your tired eyes an occasional refreshing bath.

There's no reason why you shouldn't enjoy the entire summer—even the hottest days, if you will try to maintain your energy and looks at par as Marion has helpfully suggested.

Coming Next Month



In September: we leave our calling card at Gordon MacRae's house.

The wives have it. They usually do, of course, but this time they have it in RADIO MIRROR—in next month's issue. There's where you'll find three wives telling all (or almost all!) about their famous husbands. The trio includes Mrs. Gordon MacRae (there are color pictures of the whole handsome MacRae family), Mrs. Dick Powell (sometimes known as June Allyson) and Mrs. Jim Ameche. These dispatches from the distaff side are only one reason why you'll find more than your money's worth in the September issue.

* * *

RADIO MIRROR, as you know, is famous for "firsts" and here's one we're especially happy about. We know you will be, too, because for the first time—anywhere — pictures of Galen Drake will be published. The pictures are in color, taken at Galen's home. It's the scoop of the month—in a month of scoops. We're also visiting another gentleman at home—Ted Steele on his Bucks County, Pa. farm. This, too, is in color.

* * *

There's lots more in next month's issue—a Living Portraits feature on that beloved daytime serial, Hilltop House; a list of the Grand Slam contest winners (Irene Beasley is on the cover, by the way); and, of course, all your regular friends —Ted Malone, Kate Smith, Joan Davis, Kay Kyser—will be on hand in the September issue of RADIO MIRROR, on sale Wednesday, August 10.

"I dress for a beach party... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





1. "At business I wear a soft linen suit. Its tucked-in jacket is held by a rainbow of belts whose circles are echoed by bands of hem tucking. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . *because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!*"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "At the beach I don braided, bright straw sandals, an apron copied from a Portuguese fisherwoman's, take off my jacket, and get down to work in my pretty yellow linen peasant blouse. I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream ... *because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!*"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the *perfect* deodorant!



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(*Now in 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.*)

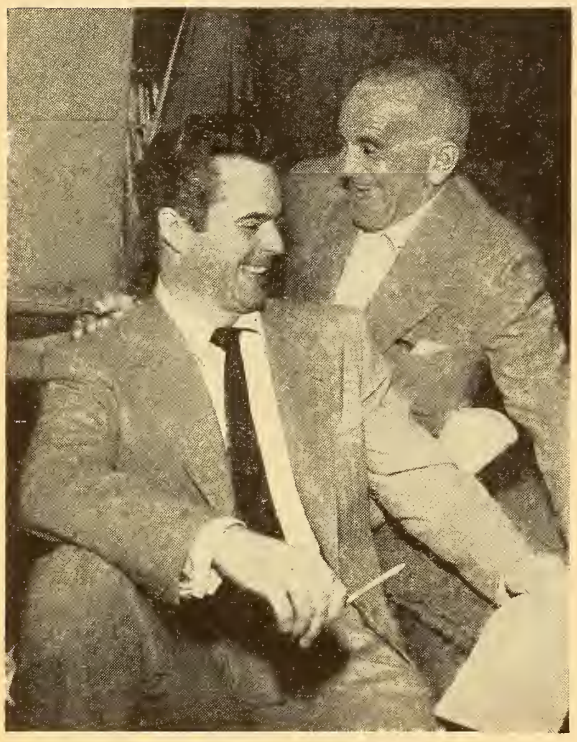
FACING



Songstress Monica Lewis and Columnist Frank Farrell have pooled their talents to make up a new Mutual musical-commentary program. Broadway's Ray Bolger (right) was one of show's first guest stars.



Dick Brown, young baritone on Stop the Music, has succumbed to the new fad of wearing a matching tie and belt.



Two gentlemen with a lot in common—Larry Parks and Al Jolson—together on the Kraft Music Hall. Larry, you remember, played Al on the screen.

Show people have always had a reputation for being somewhat superstitious. Call it what you will, they do get into certain habits that are hard to break. Editor Dave Dexter in the *Capitol News* editorialized recently that Clyde McCoy insisted on kissing his cornet after every solo. Dave went on to report that Harry James allegedly lets a band clinker (bad note) go through on every record he makes. Nappy Lamare wears the same shirt for each recording date, Guy Lombardo carries his fiddle along with the band's instruments even though he hasn't played it in years, and Margaret Whiting kicks her shoes off before singing into the recording microphone. Strange? Not if you're in show business!

* * *

Claude Thornhill recently announced that he felt that he and movie director Alfred Hitchcock had something in common—they both use suspense to try and hold an audience. Claude went on to say that by blending his piano tone with a French horn and reeds he gets the listener to try to anticipate what is going to happen next. Just thought you'd like to know.

* * *

Looks like the people in England will have to go without Frankie Sinatra for at least another year. This year, as he did last year, Frank found that his proposed per-

the MUSIC

By MARTIN BLOCK

Martin Block conducts Make Believe Ballroom daily on New York's WNEW. He's also heard on NBC's Supper Club, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 P.M. EDT.





Dorothy Lamour's young son, Ridgely, finally got to meeting his favorite movie star—Lassie—at a recent party.

sonal appearance in London had to be cancelled at the last moment. Movie work is the reason.

* * *

The U. S. State Department has paid me the singular honor of making me the official disc-jockey for the Voice Of America broadcasts. I'm going to short-wave and record an International Make Believe Ballroom program that will be beamed to all the countries of Europe—including those behind the Iron Curtain, to Latin America and much of the Far East. It certainly makes me very happy to think that my voice and my pair of record players will be bringing American music to so many different kinds of people. It most certainly is an honor.

* * *

Believe it or not, there is a strong possibility that Rudy Vallee will be waving a baton again this coming Fall. Rudy's recent nightclub appearances have convinced him that his famous old style of crooning is still a favorite with lots and lots of people. Well, Rudy, quick as you make some new records—"My Time Is Your Time."

* * *

Even baseball has gotten itself mixed up with bebop music! Jazzman Chubby Jackson's recent disc "Father Knickerbopper" is a musical impression of an afternoon at the Polo Grounds—home of the N. Y. Giants. At least, that's what Chubby says it is.

* * *

Heaving a sigh of relief, now that National Donut Week is over, we'd like to report that National Dunking Association of 3,000,000 members (count 'em) has elected singer Jack Smith as "The Man They Would Most Like To Dunk With." Whew!

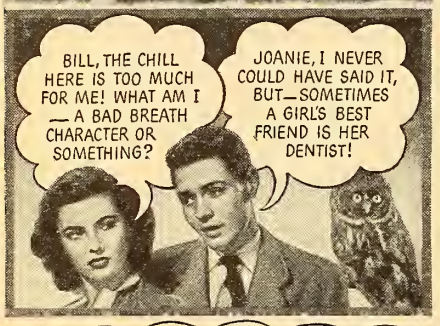
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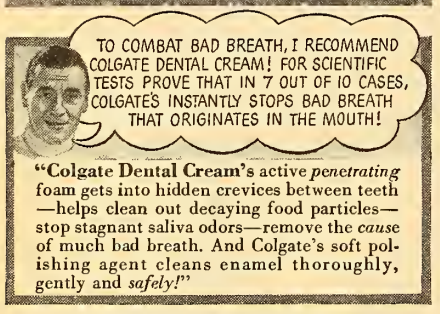
This may not be news to some, but it was certainly news to us to learn that Cole Porter didn't write *all* the lyrics for "Kiss Me Kate." Mr. Porter himself makes the admission that William Shakespeare was responsible for the words to "I Am Ashamed That Women Are So Simple." "Kiss Me Kate," you know, is based on Shakespeare's "Taming Of The Shrew."

* * *

Sorry, but reports from the majority of the critics who attended the opening of New York's Bop City were very much anti-Artie Shaw. The bandleader alternated between waving a baton and playing his clarinet in front of a forty-piece symphonic orchestra. Evidently the audience didn't expect this, and it appears, didn't like Artie's music any more than the critics did.







"Colgate Dental Cream's active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —helps clean out decaying food particles— stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin



Dick Contino, as you can see, has more qualifications than his ahility as an accordionist. He's also one more reason for the continued popularity of Horace Heidt's program.

FRANKIE CARLE (Columhia)—Even if the wedding season is over, you'll like Mr. Carle's new song, "Save A Piece of Wedding Cake For Me" as sung hy Boh Lochen. Marjorie Hughes sings "Tulsa" with the aid of the Sunrise Serenaders on the other side of the disc. That's from the movie of the same name.

SAMMY DAVIS, JR. (Capitol)—Sammy sounds very much like Frankie Laine, hut with an added touch of behop to make his discs sound so much more modern. Two old-time tunes are paired on this record. They're "You Are My Lucky Star" and "I Ain't Got Nohody."

ZIGGY ELMAN (MGM)—The trumpet-playing maestro, who starred with both Goodman and Dorsey, has come up with a top grade dance record in "Cheek To Cheek," from the pen of Irving Berlin. The reverse, "That Wonderful Girl Of Mine" shows off his horn-tooting.

SAMMY KAYE (RCA Victor)—The Swing and Sway band has a hit platter in "Kiss Me Sweet." The Laura Leslie-Don Cornell vocal is cute as a button. "A Chapter In My Life Called Mary" is properly sentimental.

MARLENE DIETRICH (RCA Victor)—While both sides are sung in German, you don't have to know the language to understand what the lady is trying to get across. The two titles are "Kinder, Heut' Ahend Such Ich Mir Was Aus" and "Ich Bin Die Fesche Lola."

DICK CONTINO (Horace Heidt)—The sensational rise to stardom of the youthful accordionist is easily explained after seeing his good looks and listening to his playing. This alhum includes such show pieces as "Czardas," "Lady of Spain," "Canadian Capers," and "Chirihiribin."

BLUE BARRON (MGM)—Hit records, it seems run in pairs. After "Cruising Down the River" here comes "Open the Door Polka." "Whose Girl Are You" is sung hy the entire ensemhle.

MARGARET WHITING-JOHNNY MERCER (Capitol)—There's no doubt ahout the puhlic reaction to this record. "Bahy, It's Cold Outside" is prohahly one of the most clever songs ever written. Perhaps, you may prefer the Buddy Clark-Dinah Shore version—they're hoth fine.

BOB CROSBY (Columbia)—Boh and his Club 15 cohorts, The Crew Chiefs and Jerry Gray, offer "Old Fashioned Song" and "Don't Call Me Sweetheart Anymore." "Don't Call Me" is done in shuffle rhythm.

BILLY ECKSTINE (MGM)—Mr. B, as they've taken to calling Billy, was never hetter than when he recorded "A New Shade of Blues" and "Night After Night." This guy is one of the finest singers to have come up in many and many a year.

RAY ANTHONY (Capitol)—While Ray also offers "A New Shade of Blues," you'll get the higgest kick out of the silly ditty "The Wreck On the Highway." Watch this hand rise to the top.

Al Madru

Many curious folks who listen to the Saturday night shenanigans of Duncemaster Tom Howard and his crackpot crew on CBS's It Pays To Be Ignorant (9:30 PM, EDT), write in to ask the identity of that anonymous cast member billed simply as the "Ignorant Baritone." Here's the answer—Al Madru, comedian, staunch citizen and servant of justice in Tenafly, N. J.

Al's one fixed chore is to open and close It Pays To Be Ignorant, singing the theme song of the same name. How far he gets, depends, of course, on how many or how few seconds can be spared for his deep, rich baritone, and he seldom finishes before heartless technicians cut him off the air. Over in Englewood, N. J., the illustrious Bum's Club, whose membership boasts such local dignitaries as judges, lawyers, industrial tycoons and a U. S. Senator or two, takes bets every week—whoever guesses the word or line where Al is silenced gets the kitty. Otherwise, Al serves contentedly as a jack-of-all-trades on the show, doing his job with a spirit undampened by his anonymity.

Born in Jersey City in the Gay Nineties, Al has dedicated his life to preserving the boisterous spirit of those times. In his long career of clowning, he has worked on the stage, in vaudeville, radio and television and as an entertainer for private parties and benefits. He has been a close friend of Tom Howard's for twenty years and has appeared often with Howard and George Shelton in vaudeville and club dates. He is married and the father of four-year-old Thomas Albert Madru, named for the duncemaster himself and godfathered by Shelton. With such a start, it is not strange that Thomas A. already shows definite signs of following in his father's comic footsteps.

Al confines his entertaining these days to the CBS comic quiz and to emcee engagements at private socials and benefits around northern New Jersey in behalf of hospitals and charities. On weekdays, he assumes the mantle of justice as sergeant-at-arms in the District Court in Englewood, N. J. A handy man around the community as well as on his radio program, he upholds law and order performing such duties as serving summonses on lawbreakers and auctioning off the goods and chattel of delinquent taxpayers. Once, he auctioned off a mule named Virgil whose master, a Wild West rider, neglected to pay a $500 feed bill at a local livery stable. Virgil had the last hee-haw, when Al artfully knocked him down to the irate stable owner for $400. In 1945, Al was sued for $1½ million by an Italian baron, who was deeply offended when Al auctioned off his valuable art collection on charges of non-payment of rent. The U. S. Government rescued Al from serious embarrassment by deporting the baron as an undesirable alien.

Al prides himself on being the only living soul collecting old porcelain pots. Among his rare 50-piece collection are a relic of the Napoleonic era, a unique model boasting a glazed, wide-open human on the bottom and another dating from Valley Forge.

Richard Hudnut

enriched creme
SHAMPOO
contains egg!



Gentle! Lustre-giving! Leaves hair more manageable...more receptive to home permanents!

It's the real egg, in powdered form, that's the magic in Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo. By actual test the egg makes your hair easier to set! You'll twirl pin curls smoother, so they're bound to last longer. And how much better your Richard Hudnut Home Permanent "takes"! Try this gentler, kinder shampoo for hair that shimmers!

Richard Hudnut **Shampoo is better because:**

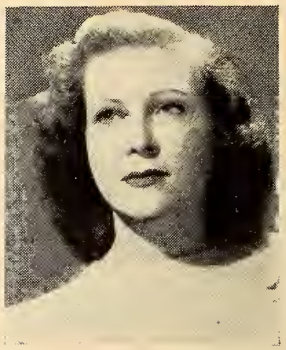
1. Contains egg (powder, 1%)—proved to make hair more manageable.
2. Not a wax or paste—but a smooth *liquid* creme!
3. Easy to apply; rinses out readily.
4. Removes loose dandruff.
5. Same shampoo Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon uses for luxury treatments!



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FIRST and
BEECH-NUT GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
CHEWING GUM
BEECH-NUT GUM
LASTING!
First choice of millions of people throughout the nation.
Lasting in flavor enjoyment · · · with unvarying high quality that can be depended upon, always.
Beech-Nut GUM
It's "Always Refreshing"

Lurene Tuttle



Sam Spade's (and William Spier's) indispensable lady.

Producer William Spier would feel lost without petite, titian-haired Lurene Tuttle, who plays Effie Perrine on The Adventures of Sam Spade (CBS, Sundays, 8 P.M., EDT).

It isn't just that Effie, as played by Miss Tuttle, is a special kind of Girl Friday—it's Lurene's ability to play almost any kind of feminine role. Whenever the script calls for a gun moll, a slinky confidence woman, a grandmother, an adventuress, a Main Line debutante, it's Lurene's name that Bill Spier pencils in for the part. Actually, Lurene's favorite part on the show is not that of Effie, but Spade's talkative landlady. There's scarcely a radio program on which Lurene hasn't been heard, but she's no radio Cinderella. She came to radio as a stage actress seasoned by seven years of trouping in stock. She played her first part—at seventeen—in a Burbank, California, garage. And for a considerable period, she was a pillar of the Pasadena Playhouse group.

Lurene was born with actor's blood in her veins. Her father, O. V. Tuttle, was a minstrel man and her ninety-year-old grandfather, Frank Tuttle, taught dramatics in college and at one time managed the opera house in Angola, Indiana. From the time she was five Lurene wanted to be an actress, and her first appearance was as a ring-bearer in a minstrel show.

The Hoosier-born trouper has always had a soft spot in her heart for her home state. And she frequently returns to Indiana to visit her family at Pleasant Lake. The home folks have been able to see as well as hear their favorite actress since 1947. For in that year she made her screen debut as a featured player in "Heaven Only Knows" with Robert Cummings, Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Reynolds.

Orson Welles afterward featured her in his "Macbeth" and then she was cast as Girl Friday to Cary Grant in "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House." Only her many radio billings prevent her from appearing in more movies.

An actress all her life, Lurene Tuttle, still "dies several deaths" before each performance, but once she's made her entrance on a movie sound stage or steps to a mike, she forgets herself in the part she is playing. Right now she teaches a class in acting at the University of Southern California. At home, her chief interest is her teen-age daughter, Barbara, who yearns to follow in her mother's footsteps. The girl is already developing into a promising singer with an unusual style.

William Spier



Director of CBS's Philip Morris Playhouse and Sam Spade.

A bearded veteran of twenty years in radio, William Spier, director of the Philip Morris Playhouse, heard Fridays at 10 P.M. EDT over CBS, is generally rated radio's top-notch creator of suspense-type dramas.

Born in New York City, October 16, 1906, he began doing things upon graduation from Evander Childs High School. When nineteen, following a series of small jobs, Spier went to work for the *Musical America* magazine. Deems Taylor was then editor of the magazine and it was under his watchful eye that Spier rose to the position of chief critic during the five years he remained with the magazine.

Spier's next important assignment was that of producer-director for the Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn Agency in New York City. During his years with BBD & O, leaving there in 1941 to join CBS on the West Coast, Spier produced such radio programs as the Atwater Kent Radio Hour, General Motors' Family Party, Bond Bakers, Ethyl Tune-Up Time and many others. His outstanding dramatic radio achievement, other than four years spent at the production helm of Columbia's Suspense series, was the direction and partial writing of the March of Time which enjoyed more than 450 performances on the air.

During his work on the March of Time, he brought to the mike, and to subsequent greatness, Orson Welles, Agnes Moorhead, Joseph Cotten, Nancy Kelly, Ellis Reed. What many people don't realize is that the man behind Sam Spade and therefore the one who brought Howard Duff to his present eminence, is also Bill Spier. Currently the Spade program is part of his weekly activity.

Bill Spier has been referred to as a juvenile Monty Woolley because of the capillary effusion that hangs from his chin, and by some of the people who work for him as "The Old Man," but Bill, though he's spent twenty years in radio, and incidentally those are the twenty years that radio itself has been part of the American scheme, is only forty-two years old.

Spier is a talented pianist and composer; his record collection is one of the most complete in Hollywood. It has been said of him that he knows Bach, Beethoven and Brahms as well as he knows the composers of modern music and they're all included in his collection.

Married to June Havoc, star of stage, screen and radio, Spier lives quietly with his wife in Brentwood.

...dream girl, dream girl... Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens...from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

NOT A SOAP! NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S RICH LATHERING
CREAM SHAMPOO WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar $1; 10-oz. economy size $2. Smaller jars and tubes 49¢ and 25¢.

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN . . . for *true* hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, *tonight*, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—*and you*—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

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Frances Scott



Femcee of It Takes A Woman doesn't know the word can't.

All anyone has to do to get Frances Scott going on a project or an idea is to tell her it can't be done. Miss Scott is the well known "femcee" of a number of radio and television shows, most of which she not only appears on but helps to write, cast and direct. One of the most popular of her shows at the moment is a transcribed series presented locally, throughout the country at different times and on different networks. It's called It Takes A Woman.

Frances Scott was born in San Francisco. Her father was an advertising man. It was this fact that led indirectly to Frances' present career. Like all children, Frances had imagination, but hers took a very practical turn. Radio was then an infant industry and in Frances's fertile mind the idea grew that someday radio would be a wonderful medium for advertising. So, when she was graduated from high school, she hied herself to New York.

She wound up in the office of the manager of WHOM in Newark, N. J. The manager listened tolerantly, but skeptically, to her idea about radio advertising and, perhaps by way of lessening the shock of rejecting her big idea, suggested that she ought to go on the air herself. Frances had never thought of that but the following week, she turned up for an audition.

"At that time women on radio either read recipes or sang," she said. "I didn't know about cooking or singing so I thought up a little, humorous program kidding the news. I called it Razzing the News and found my audition turned into a live broadcast. The fans loved it but the newspapermen hated it."

One newspaperman, however, Tom Brooks of the *Journal-American* radio department, offered her a job on their radio station. He let her put on a funny, gag-filled cooking program. Following that, Miss Scott did a Lovelorn feature on the air.

Frances next got the idea that she would like to do special events broadcasts from a woman's angle. She did special events for WMCA and other stations for three years, doing impossible things like climbing a flagpole to interview Shipwreck Kelly, when he was breaking flagpole-sitting records.

She likes people which is one reason why she has special success with audience participation shows. She never talks down to participants.

Frances's hunch about radio having proven correct, Frances now has an idea that television will be *the* evening entertainment medium in five years.



In addition to a daily TV show, WFIL sportscaster Walsh is kept busy covering indoor and outdoor athletic events for sports-conscious Philadelphians.

Word Wizard

Though he is only thirty-four George has been in radio and television for fifteen years. While still in college, he began broadcasting for a small Florida station.



During the last year, sports fans in the Philadelphia area have been learning from experience that the phrase "George Walsh speaking" is their guarantee of capable, colorful sports broadcasting and telecasting. Since joining the staff of WFIL-TV in the summer of 1948, this young commentator with the impressive professional background has distinguished himself by his work before the microphone and the television cameras. For the past fifteen years, George has been gaining experience in radio and TV.

As a result of his ever-increasing popularity, the likeable Floridian has been kept busy covering indoor and outdoor athletic events. In addition, he does a television show from the WFIL-TV studios every day. During the warm-weather months, his principal job is sharing the microphone duties at all home games played by the Athletics and Phillies.

From November until May, George did the blow-by-blow narration of the feature boxing bouts from the Philadelphia Arena on Monday nights for the benefit of WFIL radio audiences. During the fall, he did the commentary on the home football games of the professional Philadelphia Eagles, as well as those of Temple University and Villanova College. In the field of sports, there are few forms of competition in which he is not qualified to do a first-rate job, and when a special event like the Penn Relays or a Sportsmen's Show comes along he's usually behind the mike.

Thirty-four-year-old Walsh, a graduate of the University of Florida, studied at the New York University Radio Workshop and the University of Louisville. Curiously enough, he had his sights set on a career as a certified public accountant, but a fling at sports announcing cut short his business career. While still in college, he began broadcasting at a radio station in Gainesville, Florida, replacing a young unknown named Red Barber.

In 1940, George joined a network station in Louisville, Kentucky, but his radio career was interrupted in 1943 when he left his position to serve in the Navy. In 1945, he returned to the Louisville station as sports director.

Seven times he handled network broadcasting assignments at the Kentucky Derby, in partnership with such noted sports announcers as Ted Husing, Clem McCarthy, and Bill Corum. The list of sports figures he has interviewed includes such names as Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jack Dempsey, Frank Leahy and Eddie Arcaro.

During his many years as an observer and chronicler of athletic events, Walsh has had a front-row seat at more than a few history-making spectacles. "But usually you don't realize the importance of things when they're happening," he says. "For instance, in 1939 I covered a training game between the Yankees and the Dodgers. One kid had the sports writers and announcers talking, yet he wasn't even listed on the Brooklyn roster. He hit two home runs and two singles that day—and that was Pete Reiser's debut in big league baseball. In the same game we all remarked how slow and awkward the Yankees' first baseman looked. We thought he was either slowing up or out of training. A year later, Lou Gehrig was dead."

George Donald McDaniel, two, goes for a ride on Rin Tin Tin III at Laube's Old Spain as the movie dog's master, Lee Duncan, and emcee John Corbett (with mike) look on.



MAN of VISION

With four relatives physicians, John Corbett's family envisioned for him a career in medicine. But Johnny set his sights on a career as a radio executive—and is well on the way to his goal. He is co-emcee of Buffalo's most popular audience show; he's a night-time disc jockey and he's a television celebrity. He televises very well, indeed.

Johnny is best known for his announcing work with emcee Ed Dinsmore in Breakfast at Laube's Old Spain over WBEN, Buffalo, Monday through Friday mornings from 9:15 to 10:00. He also pilots the only six-nights-a-week half-hour show in all Buffalo radio, Club Canandaigua, every week-night from 11:30 to midnight on WBEN. In between times Johnny announces over WBEN and appears in WBEN-TV programs.

Twenty-five-year-old Johnny played varsity hockey for three years at Central High School in his native Syracuse and enrolled at Syracuse University, where he met Chuck Healy, assistant sports director of WBEN. Johnny haunted the studios of WFBL, Syracuse, so much that in 1940 they made him a part-time announcer.

His university career was interrupted in 1942 when Uncle Sam tapped him for the air force. He served as an air cadet for two years with the 52nd Wing at San Antonio, Texas, studying at Butler University. After the war he returned to Syracuse University and won the award for public-speaking in 1946. He enrolled in the University's School of Business Administration and there met Ada Jane Kreinheder of Buffalo. They were married in May, 1946 and daughter Patricia Anne was born in September, 1947.

Young Mr. Corbett had a rugged schedule when he left the Army in 1945. He worked forty hours a week as announcer at WFBL, Syracuse, while attending university classes for an average of twenty-two hours weekly. He joined WSYR, the NBC station in Syracuse, in July, 1946 and became one of that city's best-known voices.

Because his wife was a native of Buffalo, he thought he would like to broadcast over WBEN. He auditioned informally at the station in 1945, "just to look around," he said. He did not join WBEN until September 17, 1948. When asked whether he still has his sights set on a radio executive job despite his success as an entertainer he usually answers, "You know of any better way of learning the executive end than by working all angles as a broadcaster?"

His hobbies are ship-model building, fishing and hunting, and he is a member of Psi Upsilon fraternity.



Co-emcee John Corbett (r.) helps Ed Dinsmore query two contestants on WBEN's participation show, Breakfast at Laube's Old Spain, aired Monday through Friday mornings from 9:15 to 10.

Collector's Corner



By KAY STARR

(The beautiful Kay Starr, guest collector of the month, possesses one of the most pliable voices in the music world. While blues songs have been Kay's forte on records, her recent Capitol disc of "Wabash Cannonball" has presented a new Starr to the record buying public. A look at Kay's list of favorites offers an insight to her singing style.)

* * *

It must be obvious that every singer collects records. Aside from the fact that it makes for an interesting hobby, the collecting of records is, to a singer, an educational necessity. Actually, people in the music world are avid record buyers, but not as often avid record collectors. You see, if I were to keep all the records I bought I'd have to maintain a warehouse and an inventory system to take care of them. So I go through my new purchases and sort out "keep" records from the "listen-once-or-twice" records. Here, then, are five records and three albums that will always remain in my "keep" department.

Way back when Ella Fitzgerald was singing "A Tisket, A Tasket" with the late Chick Webb's orchestra, I was a great admirer of her vocal abilities and musical tastes. The one Ella disc that I cherish above all others is her version of "Stairway To The Stars."

Of all the wonderful records that Frank Sinatra has made, I'll take "Nancy," that wonderful song dedicated to Frank's little girl.

I wonder if you remember the great Artie Shaw band of pre-war days? Remember his little jazz group within the band that was called the "Gramercy Five"? Their version of "Summit Ridge Drive" is nothing less than great.

"Perfidia" by Benny Goodman is just a record to many people, but it's a musical education to me.

Whether or not Charlie Barnett deserves the nickname of "Mad Mab" has nothing whatsoever to do with the great bands he has had and the great music he has played. While his newest band is considered the best he ever had, I'll take his three-part harmony band of "Cherokee" days.

My album favorites run the gamut from Errol Garner's modern piano styling, through Buddy Cole's music and right back to Benny Goodman.

Please don't think that my likes or my records stop there, it's just that the space I'm filling stops here.

Are you a young wife who knows only half the truth?



Then read this scientific knowledge *you can trust* about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

It's really a pity when you consider how many young women continue to enter matrimony without first learning the *real truth* about these intimate physical facts. So often a young wife finds her husband's honeymoon devotion rapidly cooling—yet she doesn't realize the wife is often the guilty one.

Every young woman has a right to be instructed on how necessary vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, married happiness, after menstrual periods and to combat offensive odor.

And even MORE IMPORTANT, she should be told that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE!

Developed By Famous Surgeon and Scientist

A great surgeon and scientist developed the ZONITE principle—the *first* antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germ-killing and deodorizing action yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to tissues. ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.* You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as you want* without the slightest risk of injury to most delicate tissues.

A Modern Miracle!

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective*—it kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can FEEL CONFIDENT that ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Complete douching instructions come with every bottle. You can buy ZONITE at any drugstore.

Zonite FOR NEWER feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-89, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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TRAVELER OF

Hitch-hiking can be more than just a means to an end— it can be an adventure

By TOMMY BARTLETT

An English instructor, who is studying for his Ph.D., has his own following among the devotees of jazz and who likes to go hitch-hiking, is half of a team we have chosen as our Travelers of the Month. The other member is a little six-year-old. They are John Parker and little Johnnie, Jr., from Orangeburg, New York.

We've had quite a number of father and son teams before our ABC microphone, at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, but the story told by the Parkers is one of the most interesting.

The minute John senior started talking we knew that he was not a native New Yorker. His soft, low, friendly voice sounded like Texas to us, and that is just where he hails from. But he reached New York by way of California and Nevada.

Little Johnnie looked on and smiled while his Dad told their story. "The trip," he said, "from New York to Chicago, was just an elongation of what I do every day to get to work at Columbia University, where I am teaching, as well as taking a full study course.

"We live in Shanks Village in Orangeburg. As Camp Shanks, it was one of the largest army posts during the war. Now part of it has been converted into 8,000 living quarters, where



Tommy Bartlett (middle) with John Parker and his son, Johnnie, Jr.—a pair who successfully substituted the thumb for a ticket.

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Tommy Bartlett and his Welcome Travelers program can be heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EDT, over ABC stations.



What but "Blondie" would the Bumstead family laugh at in the comics? Dagwood (Arthur Lake), Blondie (Ann Rutherford) and Cookie (Joan Rae)

MOTHER and I

By
ANNA ROOSEVELT



Making the most of it: the Roosevelts seldom have chance for a pre-broadcast conference. Anna speaks from Hollywood, Mrs. Roosevelt from wherever she is—sometimes it's Paris.

At the outset of my program with Mother over ABC, I made it clear that Mother and I would not rule out honest differences on the air for, like any two human beings, we don't always agree. But there was a time, I must admit, when I lacked the maturity to discuss differences of opinion rationally. I remember one episode in particular in which Mother and I did not see eye to eye. I did not reason with her—instead, I pouted like a child.

I was in my late teens when it happened. Mother suddenly made it plain that I was to work in the summer. It wasn't that I minded working; I was perfectly willing to do anything on our own farm. But Mother had other ideas—ideas that clashed with mine.

In my foolish stubbornness, I did not explain to Mother my chief reason for not wanting to go away to work, as she wished. I had just made what to me was an extremely important adjustment at private school. For the first time in my life, I had run into snobbery and cliques. I could not become reconciled to the strange way of life I had encountered at the school. I loathed it. But when finally I had made friends, I had no desire to leave the surroundings I had conquered.

Since I did not confide in her, Mother had no way of knowing the motivation of my misgivings. If she had, I am sure she would have convinced me of how silly they were. Mother looked upon summer employment as a character-building experience rather than as an added source of family income, of course, but I was too rebellious to appreciate this in the first flush of her gentle, but firm, ultimatum.

Yes, I did have words with Mother before her put-Anna-to-work-plan became an accomplished fact, but I did not speak them with anything approximating an open mind. My part of the discussion consisted solely of unwavering opposition. I blurted out that I would never, never work in a stuffy office.

Without my saying so, Mother calmly took this to mean that I would be much happier working on

Much has been written about

Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt are heard Monday through Friday at 4:45 P.M., EDT, on ABC.



Interview in the field: Anna, like all good reporters—and her mother—believes in going out and seeing for herself.



Anna Roosevelt's home is alive with mementos willed to her by her father. This is the chair FDR used when he worked in his office at the White House.

a farm. The next thing I remember is a journey of several hundred miles from Hyde Park to the New York State Agricultural Experimental Station in Geneva. Mother sat next to me during the entire trip, but I was so furious that I did not once open my mouth as I drove the car. And Mother resolutely returned the compliment with her own judicious silence.

After it was over, I was terribly contrite. I realized—as Mother must have known I would—the truth of the old bromide that Mother knows best! I was profoundly grateful to her, in fact. My summer at the Agricultural Experimental Station opened exciting new horizons. I not only enjoyed my work immensely; I experienced the fascination of getting to know new people and coming in contact with new points of view and broader outlooks. How reassuring when I learned how easy it really was to make friends.

It is so difficult to measure fully Mother's uncanny judgment. Results, and results alone lighted up her insight.

Life with Mother always has been rich with her inspiration. Her aim never was to mold me in her image, but to guide me along lines of intellectual independence, social awareness and understanding. If I am able to bring any of these qualities to our radio program, I recognize how deeply indebted I am to Mother—even when I have the temerity to take issue with her on a subject.

Neither Mother nor Father ever courted sycophants among their children. And if I have learned to speak up, I can trace my assertiveness to the family hearth. Although the family has arrived at broadly the same general philosophy, it would be an error to suppose that we agreed automatically on every social and economic question of public interest.

Certainly there was nothing to support such a notion at our spirited family gatherings where everyone was free to express opinions, where sometimes even Father would have to shout to get the floor. The dictum that children should be seen and not heard was (*Continued on page 77*)

the woman the world knows so well, but only her daughter could tell this story

KATE SMITH'S



"If she's not in the garden, look for her in the kitchen." They're talking about Kate Smith, the lady whose talents are many, and not all musical. For Kate, though she's supposed to be vacationing, puts in an active summer on her island in Lake Placid. She grows eleven different vegetables, frequently does all the cooking and hardly ever has less than a dozen house guests. Kate discovered Camp Sunshine —as she calls her idyllic spot—when it was just an abandoned farmhouse. She supervised the renovations herself, keeping the interior as colonial as Yankee Doodle. Kate's 2,000 piece antique collection, which she says is her "big indulgence," helps preserve the early American atmosphere she likes so much. But Kate's manager, Ted Collins, prefers the twentieth century. He and wife Jeanette live near by—in a strictly functional house. Kate does make one concession to the streamlined age, however, and that's in her kitchen. It's as modern as tomorrow and is Kate's favorite room. For, after all, when she's away from the microphone, that's where she's most at home.

Kate Smith's program can be heard every day at twelve o'clock noon, EDT, on Mutual stations. Also 9-11 P.M., EDT, Mondays, on ABC.

No one tarries when the dinner bell sounds at Camp Sunshine — especially when Kate does the cooking.



Kate's house guests are usually so numerous that she has been accused of running a small hotel. But once in a while, at tea time, it's just the family circle: Grandmother Hanby, Aunt Martha and Jeanette Collins.

SUMMER

The lady with the voice doesn't ever quite get away from it all—even on an island. But then who would want her to?



Patience and planning, plus Kate Smith, turned a dream into a reality. And Camp Sunshine is the happy result.

Kate's Buck Island neighbor always lends an assist at broadcast time. His name? Ted Collins, of course.



When you live on an island, you have to be a sailor. And Kate, as you might know, makes a very good one.



Having Wonderful Time



"AREN'T YOU," ROARED HER PRODUCER



Jack Benny's always full of compliments and puts Louella at ease.

By Louella Parsons



At-home rehearsal—guest William Powell, writer Ruth Waterbury and producer Richard Diggs enjoy a "run through" with Louella in her lovely garden.

THE FIRST LADY OF HOLLYWOOD?" ALL OF A SUDDEN, BROADCASTING WAS FUN!

Out here in Hollywood, land of superlatives, it's the thing to do to boast a little about yourself, and how and why you're a little different from the rest. I might as well start out that way, too. What can I tell you about my radio show that will fall into any of those categories? Well, I can safely say that no one else in the business can boast that her program was almost a radio casualty because of a toothache, a can of soup, and Audie Murphy's cold! Likewise, I'm the only woman in these parts who's had the dubious distinction of being almost "stood up" by Clark Gable. . . .

Mr. Gable put me through the paces when he was scheduled for an appearance on our old Hollywood Hotel program. Our rehearsal had been good, and we were looking forward with considerable anticipation to the actual broadcast. This, we were certain, would be one of our best shows to date.

But when we had only a few minutes left before air time and our leading man was nowhere in sight, half a dozen of us began collectively to chew our fingernails, make frantic telephone calls, and juggle last-minute changes in the script to account for the lack of a hero.

I was suffering the tortures of a woman in such circumstances when suddenly the door burst open, and there stood Clark. But, instead of the usual suave Clark Gable we're all accustomed to on the screen, he looked as though he had just tangled (*Continued on page 82*)

Louella Parsons is heard Sundays, 9:15 P.M. EDT, on ABC. Miss Parsons begins her summer vacation on July 24.



Pleasant interlude in an all-talk show is the recent addition of singers, like Dinah Shore, to the program. It's working out well, according to letters from listeners—some four thousand a week!

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Through the Years with

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

A doctor's life is dedicated to service—to kindness and consideration. So dedicated is the life of Jerry Malone.



In this Radio Mirror review of the career of Jerry Malone, you can follow the life of the brilliant young doctor—his wife, friends and associates—just as it is presented on the air. And the players who act out the roles on these pages are the ones you hear when you listen to the Young Dr. Malone program on the radio:

Jerry Malone.....Sandy Becker
Ann Malone.....Barbara Weeks
Lynne Dineen.....Donna Keath
Roger Dineen.....Barry Thomson
Dr. Ralph Munson.....Larry Haines



2. Rebeling against the futility of unrequited love, Ann resigned as Jerry's assistant. But before she could leave town, Jerry realized he was losing more than an efficient nurse, and he ran after her at the station. Jerry was able to convince Ann that he really did love her and she accepted his proposal.

1. When Dr. Jerry Malone opened an office in Stanhope early in his career, he hired a trained nurse, Ann, who soon fell helplessly—but hopelessly—in love with him. Jerry was too absorbed in his work to notice the depth of Ann's feelings, even when she managed to see him after working hours.

3. After their quiet little church wedding, Ann and Jerry settled down to a full and satisfying life together—both at home and in the office—for Ann returned as Jerry's assistant. They saw service in China during the war and when peace was declared, they returned to their happy, useful lives in Stanhope.



4. Ann again resigned as Jerry's assistant—this time to have a baby. It turned out to be a girl and the happy parents named her Jill. Shortly after their daughter's birth, Ann and Jerry moved to Three Oaks, a town badly in need of a good doctor.



5. Three Oaks was a small community, dominated politically by the unscrupulous Roger Dineen. He and Jerry soon brushed when Dineen tried to get Jerry to condemn an old reservoir so he could buy and re-sell it to the railroad at a fat profit. But Jerry refused to be bribed by Dineen.



8. Mother Malone succeeded in her efforts to break up Ann and Jerry. Heartbroken, Ann took Jill and fled to a lake resort. There she met kindly Ralph Munson, also a doctor. He fell in love with Ann immediately, but she could think only of Jerry.



9. Back home, Jerry suffered a nervous breakdown because of the separation. Hearing about it, Ann rushed back to Three Oaks, Dr. Munson following. Ann realized that Jerry loved her deeply, that nothing could ever come between them. Mother Malone, ashamed, begged forgiveness.



6. Angered by Jerry's refusal, Dineen tried to frame him, but he was defeated and had to leave town. Some time later, Dineen returned to Three Oaks—a reformed man. He donated his wealth to a new hospital which Jerry was to head. The Malones and the Dineens became good friends.



7. Trouble began for Ann and Jerry when Jerry's widowed mother came to live with them. Mother Malone didn't like Ann, and in trying to regain the important place she had once held in her son's life, she resorted to lies and tears to cause disharmony.



10. Dr. Munson, staying on in Three Oaks, stifled his love for Ann and helped her nurse Jerry back to health. After his recovery, Jerry was offered an important research job by Dr. Thomas of the New York Medical Institute. Munson knew Thomas to be an opportunist, but Jerry was tempted.



11. Certain of success, Jerry made up his mind to take the job in New York. Ann was doubtful of life in the big city, but loyally decided to accompany Jerry. They left Jill temporarily with Mother Malone and said goodbye to life in Three Oaks.

KAY KYSER'S NONSENSICAL



OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

Wed forty-six years, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sims, of E. St. Louis, recalled their courtship while attending college. Mrs. Sims explained that when her husband proposed, she asked for two hours to think it over. "Where did you go to think it over," inquired the professor, bringing this reply: "I was sitting on his lap."

* * *

FUN AND GAMES—

Any number of people may engage in this game, and the one with the most retentive memory is likely to win. Guests are arranged clockwise, and someone starts by saying, "I had apricot pie for breakfast." The next person must pick it up alphabetically, saying, "I had apricot pie and beans for lunch, etc." Each successive person continues in this wise, including all the previous edibles mentioned, and adding one beginning with the next letter in the alphabet. It's a fun-loaded verbal endurance test, and the one who holds out longest wins. You name the prizes—or the penalties.

* * *

A LITTLE LEARNING—

Wondering all these years what happened to the end of February? It was grafted on to the month of August. Honest. To make August equal to July—only democratic, you'll admit—the Roman Senate borrowed one day from February and added it to August. This eighth month of the modern year was named for the Roman emperor, Augustus.

August is pretty shy on legal holidays. August 1 is Colorado Day, August 16 Bennington Battle Day in Vermont, and August 30 Huey Long's birthday in Louisiana. It's the late Kingfish's birthday elsewhere, too, but they observe it in Louisiana.

* * *

LET'S FLAG BETSY DEPT.—

Betsy Ross, so long credited with designing the American flag, doesn't rate those historical bows. It was designed by one Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

* * *



HALF-MINUTE QUIZ (1)

Who is famous as "The Mad Russian"? Check one.

Andrei Vishinsky	( )
Joseph Stalin	( )
Bert Gardan	( )

YOUR HOME STATE—ARIZONA—

Capital: Phoenix. . . . *Admitted to the Union:* 1912; the last state to be admitted. . . . *Population, men vs. women:* 258,170 men; 241,091 women. . . . *To Marry:* With parental consent, men must be 18, women 16; without consent, men 21, women 18; no blood test, no waiting period. . . . *Origin of the Name:* Arizona was named after "Arizonac"—or Ari, meaning small, and Zonac, meaning spring. So called by the Papagao and Pima Indians. . . . *State Motto:* Ditat Deus (God Enriches). . . . *State Flower:* saguaro cactus. . . . *State Nickname:* The baby state. . . .

* * *

OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

Robert Brown, a student from Colorado Springs, Colo., cheerfully told the class about a mishap that befell him when he was trapped in the path of an onrushing train. Fifteen cars ran over him. He suffered thirty-seven broken bones, lost his right leg and left foot, and was in the hospital thirty-five months. "It took a little dough," he smiled philosophically, "before I got on my feet again." Artificial feet, as a deeply moved student body realized for the first time.



KAY KYSER (born 1905) SAID IT—

"There's many a tune left in an old accordion if you know how to squeeze it."

* * *

HALF-MINUTE QUIZ (2)—

An old proverb warns you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. In that case, check each of the following statements which is true.

Before you can become a butterfly, you first must be a caterpillar. ( )

Before you can become a horse, you first must be a donkey. ( )

You can make glass out of sand. ( )

* * *

YOU'D BETTER NOT—

Commit suicide in Chicago—it's against the law. Loiter on bakery shelves in Massachusetts—it's against the law. Buy chickens between sundown and sunrise in Idaho without first notifying the sheriff—it's against the law.

Kay Kyser's Nonsensical Knowledge will appear every month in Radio M

KNOWLEDGE

FILE AND FORGET—

The annual bill for the radio talent you get with the twist of a dial is $50,000,000 and going up steadily.

Thirty-four million American homes are equipped with radios—no doubt many more since the last count.

Twelve million of those homes have secondary sets, bringing the total to 46,000,000 sets.

Six million autos—probably a couple million more since they stopped tallying—are equipped with radios.

The nation's annual radio repair bill equals that of the talent tab—fifty-million dollars.

* * *

ALEXANDER POPE (born 1688) RHYMED IT—

" 'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

* * *

WILLIAM PENN (born 1667) SAID IT—

"Truth often suffers more by the heat of its defenders than from the arguments of its opposers."

* * *

OSCAR WILDE (born 1865) SAID IT—(and I'm glad!)

"Experience is the name everybody gives to his mistakes."

* * *

HALF-MINUTE QUIZ (3)

Which of the following great American presidents provided in his last will and testament for the freedom of his slaves? Check one.

Abraham Lincoln ( )
Ulysses Grant ( )
George Washington ( )

* * *

OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

Russ Simmons, a sensitive citrus grower from Altadena, California, taught the class an unusual lesson in semantics. The term, smudge pot, incurred his displeasure. "Smudge pot is an ugly expression," quoth student Simmons. "It's like spit. We call it an orchard heater."

* * *

THE CLEVER AND THE GOOD

If all good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could.

But somehow, 'tis seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should;
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good.

—Elizabeth Wordsworth



HALF-MINUTE QUIZ (4)

Although he rose to a million-dollar-a-year band leader, this famous personality never sang or played an instrument with his orchestra. Who is he? Check one.

Ozzie Nelson ( )
Tex Beneke ( )
Kay Kyser ( )

(Answers to all half-minute quizzes will be found upside down on this page.)

QUIZ ANSWERS

1—Butterflies do emerge from caterpillars, and glass is made out of sand. Donkeys do not become horses.

2—Bert Gordon

3—George Washington

4—Kay Kyser

Kyser's College of Fun and Knowledge is heard M.-F., 4:00 P.M. EDT, ABC.

Jessie finds



1. Shortly after Rosemary Dawson's marriage to Bill Roberts, an amnesia victim, he remembered that he had a wife and a six-year-old daughter, Jessica. Heartbroken, Rosemary took Bill to her home town of Springdale, then set out to find his family for him, for his happiness was more important than her own.

Rosemary is the story of a girl who not only had faith in the future—future happiness for herself and for her husband—but who was willing and eager, as so many women are not, to work and fight in order to make that dream of happiness come true. Rosemary and her husband Bill live in Springdale with Rosemary's mother, her sister Patti and Jessica, the little girl whose story is told here. In these pictures you see Rosemary and her family playing the same roles in which you hear them on the air.

ROSEMARY CAST MEMBERS

Rosemary	Betty Winkler
Bill	George Keane
Mother Dawson	Marion Barney
Patti	Patsy Campbell
Lefty	Larry Haines
Jessica	Joan Lazar



2. Rosemary located Bill's wife, Audrey, at a party with gangster Lefty Higgins. Audrey agreed to return to Bill because of his money, but afterward made life utterly miserable for Bill and Jessica.



5. Bill went after Jessie, brought her to Springdale where she was warmly welcomed by Mother Dawson and Rosemary's sister, Patti. For the first time, Jessica knew the warmth and security of a real home.

a home—A ROSEMARY STORY IN PICTURES



3. At last Bill remembered his relationship to Rosemary. Then he learned from Lefty that his marriage to Audrey was not legal—Lefty told Bill this because he, and not Bill, is Jessie's father. Leaving the little girl with Lefty, who loved her, longed to be a real father to her, Bill returned to Springdale—and Rosemary.



4. While Rosemary and Bill were happily reunited in Springdale, Lefty was involved in a bank robbery in which one of the guards was killed. Lefty, a gang member, escaped to the mountains, leaving Jessie in a hotel room where she was discovered by the police and questioned. Terrified, the child telephoned to Bill.



6. With authorities closing in, Lefty had to flee the mountains. He worked his way to Springdale and hid in the Dawson cellar. There Jessie discovered him and fed him secretly, afraid he would be found.



7. Finding a plate in the cellar, Mother Dawson felt something was wrong, and was sure of it when Jessie dropped a coffee pot—a signal to warn Lefty that someone was about to go downstairs to the basement.



8. Lefty's love for Jessica exceeded his fear for himself—he knew he must leave. Jessie helped him slip away. When Bill and Rosemary kissed her goodnight, her feelings of insecurity vanished for good.

BETWEEN



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday mornings at 11:30 EDT over ABC

Hello There:

Of all the months in the year . . . we're sometimes apt to look on August as the least welcome.

Summer is dying . . . the roses that bloomed in June are about gone . . . dog days come along . . . everybody is concerned with "how to beat the heat . . ." and a lot of us not very anxious for tomorrow's sun.

In August, as they say in the song . . . "life gets tedious."

Same old temperature . . . same faded roses . . . the same memories . . . and about the same kind of tomorrow.

And yet . . . what day is ever the same . . . ?

In August, as in January . . . Tomorrow is a whole new day to explore and discover new adventures.

At the end of summer the same old memories can take on new magic; our house . . . our town . . . our life . . . can take on new meaning.

So here's a page of August poetry . . . with some magic for another Tomorrow.

—Ted Malone

Rodio Mirror's Prize Poem

INARTICULATE

He never spoke of lave in all the years
They were together, twenty-five or more.
He met her every wish, ond soothed her teors
With awkward gentleness, then hurried to the door
In search af tasks that he could understand:
Intricate workmonship in stone or wood,
Flowers that seemed to blossam for his hond . . .
All things inonimate he understaad.

The hame he built for her was all her own;
The flawers he grew graced raom and hearth and hall . .
And when he died, and she was there olone,
She thaught with grief, "He laved me not ot all . . ."
Then suddenly, althaugh he wos not there,
She felt his love obout her everywhere.

—Morylu Terrol Jeans

LULLABY FOR A CITY

Call in your children from their evening games
beneath the blossoms of your street lamps, call
your mother cats indoors to their hungry kittens,
and take your leashed dogs for a final stroll
while the wind blows bare tree shadows on a wall
and ships moan softly on your darkened river.
Then slowly down the glitter of your towers,
put out your lights, O fabulous city. Sleep
while the foggy stars are clocking the too brief hours.
At dawn the ships will cry you wide awake
and sun will wash your soaring walls with flame
while you lift into another day as lovely
as yesterday, yet never quite the same.

—Frances Frost

FOR MARY, DEPARTING

Her life was substitution,
Sparrow instead of lark,
Instead of roses, thistles,
Instead of morning, dark.

By sparrow, thistle, darkness,
Answer our request;
Let her have authentic
Heaven, after rest.

—Jane H. Merchant

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42 N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.

THE BOOKENDS

SON GROWING

I've watched him stretch out inch by inch
Just like rubber band;
I know just when he cleared my knees,
And when he reached my hand.

And then, almost before my eyes
(He barely seemed much older)
I looked, and there his tousled head
Stood even with my shoulder.

And next (it seemed no time at all
Since he was shoulder high)
I gazed upon my son again
And he was tall as I.

And now . . . I can't believe it yet—
I'm filled with pride and wonder,
To note that when I'm next to him,
It's I who's standing under!

—Mae Winkler Goodman

MAY I BE STRONG

A butterfly caught in a web
Wears out each fragile wing
With futile beatings against
The spider's final sting.

May I, when death comes knocking,
Not worry myself thin
With postponing the moment
I let him in.

—Beatrice Brissman

TORN BETWEEN

Many a notable,
I have noted,
Likes to be quotable
But not quoted.

—S. H. Dewhurst

BLIND

When I stepped out into this present night,
There was no time to question, be afraid,
Turn back for one last look, one scrap of light;
I left abruptly, and the brightness stayed.
A sunset painted red by God's own hands,
A dark sky set with fire, a yellow flower,
The common things a poet understands,
Are what I carried with me in that hour.
I followed destiny, or fate, or God—
I knew him only as a quiet guide—
Into my dark adventure, deeply awed,
To find more beauty, though I was denied
The chance to grow indifferent and blind
To all the beauty that I left behind.

—Rudy Story

THE LITTLE THINGS

If you know beauty, then you know how well
It rests upon the heart. In your mind's eye
May live the memory of a singing shell
That cupped the sea and stole its restless sigh,
Remembrance of a mountain lake asleep
And dreaming in the dawn, fine wisps of cloud
That cradle stars, and great hills, high and deep,
Like massive shoulders of a world without.

And yet the actions of our everyday
Include such formless things—a thought, a jest,
A kindness done—that lead another way
To beauty's throne, and where their favors rest
Is one more step on the immortal span
Toward goodness and the godliness of man.

—Harold Applebaum

LINES TO A CERTAIN SOMEONE

Think twice before you speak to me
Of marriage vows and drudgery,
Of making beds and Monday wash,
And learning how to cook a squash.
Count ten before you offer this
Exquisite view of wedded bliss,
Of dirty shirts tossed carelessly
Where dirty shirts should never be;
Of knitting little things, and then
Of knitting little things again.
Think twice before you dare propose
This life of never-ending woes
To one whose way of life is gay—
Think twice, then ask me anyway!

—Marian Martin

He Sings



Jack and Helen Owens are fascinated by the children's experimental hamsters. And it looks as though Meadowbrook is, too.

Fame, fortune, fun—and family. Jack Owens has all of these. No wonder he doesn't worry about music before breakfast—or at any other time!

By MRS. JACK OWENS



Put 'em up. Young Jack learns how to use the gloves from his versatile father who was an all-around athlete in his youth.

If you sing before breakfast, an old adage warns, you'll cry before supper. But don't you believe it—simply mark it down as an old wives' tale, because I know a man who's been doing an extensive survey on the subject for a number of years. In all that time he hasn't shed a single pre-supper tear, although he not only sings before his own breakfast, but before, after and during a good many other morning meals from coast to coast.

His name is Jack Owens, known also—in that romantic language which seems to surround handsome men who sing for a living—as the Cruising Crooner, of ABC's Breakfast Club. Around home he's known as my husband, and as Daddy to Mary Ann, Johnny and Noel.

Jack's a happy man, and he sings because he enjoys singing. The happiness is contagious all through the family, and the talent seems to have been catching, too, at least as far as Mary Ann, who's now fourteen, is concerned. Mary Ann has already made her debut singing on radio and television programs, and she and her Dad have appeared together on TV, and together they've recorded a song which Jack wrote around a title Mary Ann suggested, "Will You Be My Darlin'?"

Before Breakfast



The Owens Family finds fun in doing things together—even when a gin rummy game divides them. At left, John and Noel help Mother make a smart move while Mary Ann tells Dad to discard the ten.

Although Jack's a busy man with his Breakfast Club stint, his show dates and recordings and his song-writing, he's never too busy to show as much interest in Mary Ann's career as if it were his own. He has, for instance, been her only singing coach. The professional side of that career of hers, however, is simply going to have to wait. In the first place, there's school. Mary Ann is a freshman, majoring in music, at Sacred Heart Convent in Lake Forest, Illinois, and we want her to finish, just like all the rest of the girls. She feels, too, that she wants to be "just one of the girls."

"I don't want to be *different,* Mother," she says, and I see her point. No girl, nowadays, wants to be different. I remember that when I went to high school, we were rather a dressy lot. I recall telling my own mother that I would "simply die" if I didn't have a caracul coat with a red fox collar. I'm sure that if I offered such a garment to Mary Ann for school wear now she'd "simply die" if she were forced to wear anything so ridiculous! Being different, to a girl of Mary Ann's age today, is the social kiss of death, and I'm heartily in accord with the simple clothes that make it practically impossible to be able to tell the colonel's daughter and Rosie O'Grady's apart.

But getting back to the talent department in our family. All three youngsters study piano, too, and Jack's quite a good player. I'm the only one who doesn't play. Jack's skill along those lines probably accounts for the speed with which he can compose, arrange or record tunes. Sometimes he can put together the lyrics for a song in a very short space of time—five minutes is his record, as I recall. Not just any old songs, either, for his "How Soon?" made the top of the Hit Parade and stayed there a while, and then there's the "Hukilau Song" and "Hi, Neighbor!" and "Cynthia's in Love" and, of course, the "Hut Sut Song," to name a few of them. You can see that I'm not at all modest about my husband's accomplishments!

Jack has been on the Breakfast Club for a bit more than seventeen years. He'll tell you solemnly that "a cruising crooner—that's me—is an ambulatory vocalizer," and *I'll* tell you, in case you've never seen a Breakfast Club broadcast and watched ambulatory vocalizing in action, that Jack travels through the audience, sitting on the lap of one woman after another, with one arm draped cozily about the lady's shoulder. Singing, he'll explain, becomes more personal this way —actually, his song is for only (*Continued on page* 90)

Jack Owens is heard on ABC's Breakfast Club, Monday thru Friday, 9:00 A.M. EDT.



When a

By JOAN DAVIS

A problem shared with another is

In the June issue I asked for your help in the problem of Mrs. W.—or rather, the problem of Mrs. W.'s good friend who wondered whether or not to tell Mrs. W. that her husband had been dating a girl from his office. I feel that Mrs. Clara Harris has made a point in her letter which makes it stand out from most of the others I received—so, to Mrs. Harris for the penetrating and mature solution, which follows we've sent RADIO MIRROR'S check for twenty-five dollars.

Please tell Mrs. W.'s best friend and all other well-meaning friends not to tell Mrs. W. of her husband's philandering! Chances are that Mrs. W. is trying her best to "keep face" before friends who know them both —she probably knows too well what is going on, but so long as it isn't out in the open, so long as she can go on pretending ignorance, she may save her marriage.

I know whereof I speak. I faced the same problem. I knew more than my friends did, but I pretended all was well. Then one who felt duty bound to tell came to me and told me—and it was no longer possible to go on. Result—another case for the domestic court. No man on earth can fool a wife when he wanders from her. She is first to know—but usually last to acknowledge that she knows. Let her work out her own problem.

SECOND CHANCE

When I was young, I seemed to be the only one in the family who was able to stay home with our invalid mother. The young man whom I loved very dearly got tired of waiting and married a younger girl. A year after my mother passed away, I married a widower and lived with him and his five children until he died. The children now all have homes of their own; I have been alone and lonely nearly ten years now.

Three years ago, the only man I ever loved came to see me—the man who got tired of waiting for me. He had been divorced, had wandered from one part of the country and from one job to another. He now works steadily. I am doing needlework. We both make a living. Also, we are both sixty years old. We feel that we could still be supremely happy together.

Mrs. B. B.

Mary Jane Higby plays Joan Davis, heroine of When A Girl Marries, Mon. through Fri., 5 P.M. EDT, on NBC.

Girl Marries

only half a burden—here Joan will help by sharing yours

Dear Mrs. B. B.:

I want you to re-read one sentence in your own letter—the one that says "We both feel that we could still be supremely happy together." If you mean this with all your heart, if you are honestly, completely certain that there is enough flexibility in each of you to make what is, after all, a very serious change in your lives, if you find satisfaction and comfort in each other's company—then, by all means, go ahead! You are a very courageous woman—your letter says this plainly by its calm acceptance of self-sacrifice—and it seems very clear to me that you have earned the right to make a definite choice of how you wish to spend your remaining years. I'm assuming you do not agree with the relatives who criticize your old suitor. But you must remember that, after all, you're the one who will live with him after the decision has been made, or who will, possibly, regret to your last day that you sent him away, closing the door forever on your chance of happiness. Search your heart, my friend, and if the answer is still yes, act on it!

(*Continued on page* 75)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $25.00

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and

ANOTHER $25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than July 24th. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

The problem for this month will be found at the end of this article.

QUIZ CATALOGUE REVIEW: WHAT CAN

Here's the second in a series of twice-yearly bulletins to keep you up to date on shows in which you can participate, prizes that you can win!

The opportunities for home listeners and studio contestants to take away rich rewards in merchandise and money from network audience participation programs continue at a dizzy pace. More than thirty-five radio shows lure listeners with valuable prizes. On these two pages RADIO MIRROR has prepared an up-to-the-minute catalogue of information about all the network prize shows, which should help you prepare for your participation on any of these programs. This is a careful revision of a similar Quiz Catalogue printed some months ago.

Seasonal replacements and Daylight Saving Time in many areas have changed the broadcast times of some of these programs. Many new quiz shows have begun since the last report, and quite a few have been somewhat changed in form. It's still a good idea to consult the radio listings in your local newspaper, because some of these shows are broadcast nationally at one hour but rebroadcast, as recordings, at another time in certain sections of the country.

If you wish to attend any of these broadcasts, and will be in the city from which they are given, be sure to write in advance for tickets. Address your ticket requests to the Program Ticket Division of the network on which the program is heard, at the city—usually New York, Chicago or Hollywood—from which the program is broadcast, as shown in the *Information* columns in these listings. If the program requires your participation by mail, send your letter or postcard to the network, at the city from which the program is broadcast, and make sure to mention the specific program on the address of the envelope or card. Network addresses for all origination cities are given at the end of the list of quiz programs on the next page.

PROGRAM	INFORMATION FOR YOU
DAYTIME PROGRAMS (Monday through Friday)	
Tell Your Neighbor (9:15 A.M. from N. Y.) MBS	They read listeners' household hints for merchandise prizes. Send your hints.
Kay Kyser's College (4:00 P.M. from Hollywood) ABC	Quiz interview with four simple queries. Gog prizes.
Grand Slam (11:30 A.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Music quiz. Listeners send questions. Studio audience answers. Merchandise prizes. $100 bond for jackpot.
Welcome Travelers (12:00 Noon from Chicago) ABC	Interview visitors in Hotel Sherman, Chi. No studio audience. No prizes.
Breakfast in H'wy'd (2:00 P.M. from Hollywood) ABC	Studio interviews only. No quiz. Prizes are orchids.
Double or Nothing (2:00 P.M. from Hollywood) NBC	Category quiz. Every correct answer doubles winnings, from $2 to $80. Jackpot, $200 up. Listeners get paid for questions used on program.
Queen for a Day (2:00 P.M. from Hollywood) MBS	Queen chosen from audience, has wishes granted. Merchandise, cash prizes.
Anniversary Club (Golden Hope Chest) (2:30 P.M. from Hollywood) MBS	Quiz for married women. Merchandise jackpot. Send in your anniversary dote ond you moy shore in winnings.
Bride and Groom (2:30 P.M. from Hollywood) ABC	Newlyweds tell courtship story, win wedding presents.
Talk Your Way Out of It (Mon. Wed. Fri. Only) (2:30 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	M.C. proposes situations ond audience contestants with best solutions win merchandise prizes. Listeners con send in situations and win prizes.
What Makes You Tick? (2:45 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Contestants rote their own personality.
Ladies Be Seated (Tues. and Thurs. Only) (3:00 P.M. from Chicago) ABC	Generol information quiz. Some stunts. Merchandise prizes.
Movie Quiz (3:00 P.M. from N. Y.) MBS	Quiz on movies. Audience competes for merchandise prizes.

I WIN? · ANOTHER RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

PROGRAM	INFORMATION FOR YOU
G. E. Houseparty (3:00 P.M. from Hollywood) ABC	Art Linkletter interviews, some quiz. Mostly G.E. prizes. Show sometimes trovels.
What's My Name? (12:30 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	Fomous person oppears, gives clues to identity. Telephone colls then mode. Merchondise prizes.
Beat the Clock (4:05 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Quiz with definite time limit, Jockpot $1,000. If audience contestont foils, telephone coll is mode. This show now 25 minutes.
Winner Take All (4:30 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Two contestonts compete, winner con toke on oll comers. Merchandise prizes.
SATURDAY ONLY	
Give and Take (1:30 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Audience quiz. "Secret Sound" jockpot. Merchondise awords.
True or False (5:30 P.M. from N. Y.) MBS	One of the oldest stroight quizzes. Usuolly generol questions. Cash prizes.
NIGHT-TIME PROGRAMS	
Dr. I. Q. (Mon. 9:30 P.M. Travels) NBC	Reol oldtimer. Silver dollor prizes. Usuolly originotes from movie theoters oll over the U. S. Listeners can send questions.
Bob Hawk Show (Mon. 10:30 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Five generol questions, then LEMAC question. Cosh ond cigarette prizes.
Strike It Rich (Tues. 9:30 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Write in why you wont to Strike It Rich. If letter selected you get chonce to win cosh prizes up to $800.
Hit the Jackpot (Tues. 10:00 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Complicated quiz with secret sound for jackpot question. Phone listeners get a chonce. Merchondise and DeSoto cor prize.
People Are Funny (Tues. 10:30 P.M. from Hollywood) NBC	Zony stunts, practical jokes. Valuoble merchondise prizes, gag prizes. Art Linkletter, m.c.
Can You Top This? (Wed. 8:00 P.M. from N. Y.) MBS	Professionol jokesters try to top jokes you send in. If you top them you get a smoll prize.

PROGRAM	INFORMATION FOR YOU
County Fair (Wed. 9:00 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	This proctical joke show may soon go off oir. Merchondise and cash prizes. Some stroight quiz.
Groucho Marx (Wed. 9:30 P.M. from Hollywood) ABC	More comedy thon quiz but one of best. Moy soon move to CBS. Merchondise and cosh prizes.
Go For the House (Thurs. 9:00 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	Generol quiz. Seven correct answers win house, lot, merchondise.
Break the Bank (Fri. 9:00 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	Answer 8 out of 9 questions to breok the bank. Prizes from $10 to often $10,000 in cosh. Bert Porks does this one expertly.
Alexander's Quizdom Class (Sat. 6:30 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	High school panel, generol information. College scholorship ond merchandise prizes.
Twenty Questions (Sat. 8:00 P.M. from N. Y.) MBS	Experts play old "onimol, mineral, vegetable" guessing game. Listeners submit subject matter for small merchondise prizes mostly lighters.
Truth or Consequences (Sat. 8:30 P.M. from Hollywood) NBC	Rolph Edwards' fomous stunt show with gag ond valuable orizes and hidden identity jockpot worth up to $20,000. Some phone colls.
Sing It Again (Sat. 10.00 P.M. from N. Y.) CBS	Biggest telephone jackpot, $55,000, holf merchandise, holf cosh. Identify phontom voice, onswer one question. Jockpot: telephone listeners only.
SUNDAY SHOWS	
Quiz Kids (4:00 P.M. from Chicago) NBC	School kids compete, oll question types. $25 cosh ond o rodio to listeners sending questions.
Quick as a Flash (5:30 P.M. from N. Y.) MBS	Generol informotion quiz. Contestants compete ogoinst eoch other. Small cosh ond merchandise prizes.
Stop the Music (8:00 P.M. from N. Y.) ABC	Telephone quiz. Identify mystery songs. Merchandise only, up to $30,000. Now seporate TV show. Jockpot: telephone listeners only.

REQUESTS FOR TICKETS AND LETTERS FOR MAIL PARTICIPATION IN THESE PROGRAMS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE NETWORK AT THE CITY FROM WHICH THE SHOW IS BROADCAST:

NBC—30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City; Merchandise Mart, Chicago; 1440 No. Highland Ave., Hollywood

CBS—485 Madison Ave., New York City; Wrigley Building, Chicago; Columbia Square, Hollywood

ABC—30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City; Merchandise Mart, Chicago; 1440 No. Highland Ave., Hollywood

MUTUAL—1440 Broadway, New York City; Tribune Tower, Chicago; 5515 Melrose Ave., Hollywood

RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION SECTION

BOSTON RED SOX and BOSTON BRAVES



JIM BRITT
Fons like his fost-poced concise style. Storted in football.

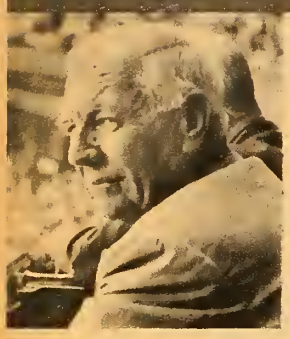


TOM HUSSEY
His deep boss got first chonce when Britt got loryngitis.



IRV "BUMP" HADLEY
16 yeors mojor leogue pitcher, on oll-round athlete.

CLEVELAND INDIANS



TRIS SPEAKER
Boseboll's "Groy Eogle." Stor centerfielder yeors ogo.



LEN ROOF
Teoms with Tris. Got into TV doing footboll, hockey gomes.



BOB NEAL
Introduces diomond heroes in his Dugout Interviews.

CINCINNATI REDS



WAITE HOYT
Boy Wonder of Yonkees. 11 yeors o sports onnouncer.

CHICAGO WHITE SOX



JACK BRICKHOUSE
Big Brick brings on othlete's know-how to his telecosts.

BASEBALL TV ROUNDUP



If you haven't met them yet on TV, this will bring you face to face with most of the men who do the announcing, commenting and interviewing from the nation's major league baseball diamonds. They're all experts in their field, of course—they have to be. After all, that's the national sport they're handling!

DETROIT TIGERS



HARRY HEILMANN and VAN PATRICK
Heilmann won four botting chompionships with the Detroit Tigers. Assisted by Von Potrick, they do ploy-by-ploy report.

WASHINGTON SENATORS



ARCH McDONALD
16 years at Capital sports mikes. A top play-by-player.



BOB WOLFF
4-year mike career plus inside knowledge put him way up.

NEW YORK YANKEES



MEL ALLEN
Cited for dispassianote reporting on sports. Law grad.



CURT GOWDY
Allen's sportcast teammate. Wyoming basketball champ.



DON DUNPHY
Started as sports scribe, won competitive audition in '41.

CHICAGO CUBS



JOE WILSON
Wanted to oct until he talked into mike at hockey game.



RAJAH HORNSBY
Kid sandlot sensation became noted player-manager.

NEW YORK GIANTS



RUSS HODGES
Football injury sent him into onnouncer's box. He stoyed.



GEORGE AL HELFER
Called plays on '39 experimentally televised ballgame.



GUY LEBOW
Comprehensive Sport-of-Call interviews and commentary.

PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS and PHILS



CLAUDE HARING
19 years at the mike, adept at play-by-play announcing.



GEORGE WALSH
Kentucky Derby first made his commentary well-known.

BROOKLYN DODGERS



RED BARBER
Walter Lanier Barber has been in sports 20 years.



CONNIE DESMOND
Barber's sidekick for Dodgers. Doing baseboll since '30.



ERNIE HARWELL
Got breok when he pinch hit for Barber in '48 gomes.

ST. LOUIS BROWNS



BOB INGHAM
Pioneer in sports on TV, sticks to thát subject and medium.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS



HARRY CARAY and "GABBY" STREET
Street interjects color into Coroy's report of games, wos big league cotcher ond manager. Team works for one sponsor.



HAROLD GRAMS and J. ROY STOCKTON
These two teom up for second sponsor. Grams is KSD-TV program director, and Stockton sports editor of Post-Dispatch.

this summer when you click your dial to the major league games in your home city or via coax-cable.

Up in



Busman's holiday: The Singing Lady leads her guests in Russian folk songs. L. to r. are Allan Grant, Ireene, her husband Victor Hammer, Clayton Rushlight, Kay and Blair Walliser.



Cool spot on sizzling days is Ireene's garden terrace overlooking East River.



Ireene's living room—two stories high—is antique furnished and has view of midtown Manhattan skyline.

Ireene Wicker, ABC-TV's Singing Lady, knows what fun it is for visiting kids to sit way up in The Cloud Ship on the set. She has a cloud ship of her own—a penthouse apartment twenty-two stories above New York's East River, where she lives with her husband Victor Hammer of the Hammer Galleries. At the grand piano in the big two-story living room, Ireene and pianist Allan Grant, who composes the original music for the shows, work out lyrics and rehearse the first three days of each week. Producer Blair Walliser and his pretty wife Kay have the twin penthouse, so Blair can come right in on re-.

the Clouds





Entrance to terrace is through this small dining room. Ireene's daughter did watercolor on the wall.

Up In the Clouds, with Ireene Wicker, is telecast on ABC-TV, 6:30—7:00 P.M., EDT, Sundays.



That's a make-believe wand Ireene is flourishing in her at-home rehearsal with Grant.

Ireene and Allan Grant play a new Grant composition while Blair and Victor concentrate on what they hear.



hearsals. The trio of Wicker, Grant and Walliser were together in the earliest days of The Singing Lady on radio in Chicago, and the Kellogg Company became its sponsor, as it is again on television. Ireene (a numerologist added the extra "e") grew up in Quincy, Illinois, said yes to a summer stock company offer at eleven and then had to get her parents' permission (no easy matter). She married at seventeen, had two children and started in radio in Chicago as a singer. Her desire for a better children's program eventually led to The Singing Lady. Latest addition to Ireene's audience is young grandson Mike.

Up in the Clouds



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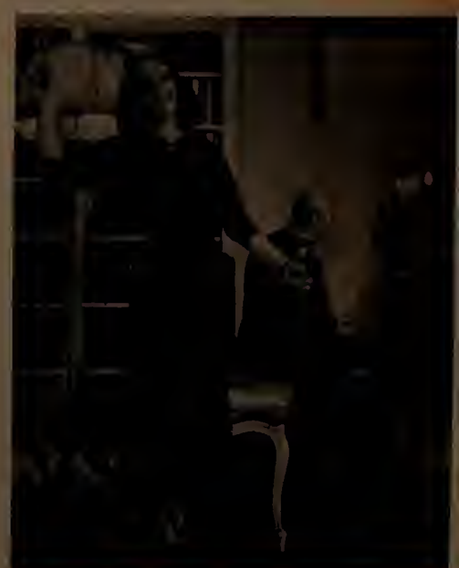


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The WHEEL of FORTUNE

Hope and fear and joy and sorrow—all these are present at Amateur Hour Auditions

Through the glass panel of the control room you watch the auditioning tenor as he takes his stance before the microphone. The studio accompanist strikes a few chords. The tenor takes his cue, and the strains of "Have you ever heard the story of how Ireland got its name?" fill the control booth.

"Oh, I certainly have, honey, many many times," murmurs the girl next to you, a regular on the Original Amateur Hour's auditioning staff. "And I know all about what can happen on "A Slow Boat to China' and when you're 'So In Love.' To say nothing of 'It's Magic' and all the hit songs from 'South Pacific.' Nobody could work here long and not know them all by heart."

Which gives you an idea of the repertoire of the aspirants for Ted Mack's amateur show—the one on television Sunday nights from 7:00 to 8:00 over the DuMont network, and the ABC radio show Wednesday nights at 8:00 EDT.

One of the official listeners to these initial auditions, which go on four afternoons and a couple of evenings every week, often until midnight, and on whose attractive shoulders the burden of decision rests, is Marie Correll. Once known as the lady who was married to (*Continued on page* 85)

These "cowboys" have passed the audition committee, got their chance. All you see on your TV set is the performers, but the others—technical staff—work just as hard.



Spins



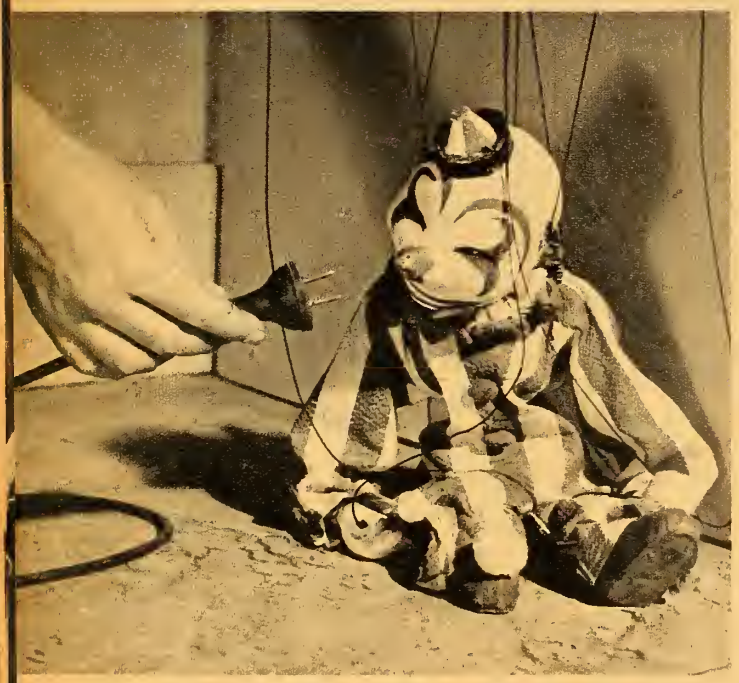
Ted Mack—with gong on one side and wheel on the other—presides over The Original Amateur Hour on both TV and radio.

It was sure to happen—serials on TV. KFI's Slice of Life, one of the first, is woven around the lives of two young couples. And already it's a favorite.





Supplying the songs twice a week on WNBT's Mohawk Showroom is videogenic Roberta Quinlan.



Better watch out, Pirro, or Small Fry Club will have one slightly punctured puppet on its hands.

Coast to Coast

Video Notes: Bob Emery's Small Fry Club on the DuMont television network recorded its 100,000th member late last May . . . Repeat performances are a new note in television, and one of the best was CBS's Julius Caesar in modern dress, repeated by Worthington Miner's Studio One . . . TV set designing (the kind of set you perform on, not look at) is an art, and Albert A. Ostrander is the artist who designed the one on which the Fred Waring Show is played every Sunday evening at 9:00 EDT. It cost around $12,000, is built in three tiers with jack-knife wings, has turn-table units and trolley features, hanging mirrors to give the effect of greater height and unusual camera angles—about as flexible and mobile a set as television can conceive of at this point in its development. Vail Scenic Construction Company built it and CBS's George Stoetze designed its excellent lighting.

* * *

Televisits: Jack Sterling, popular star of CBS-TV's 54th Street Revue, Thursdays at 8:00 P.M. EDT, was born in a theatrical boarding house, did a vaudeville single in blackface at seven as a song-and-dance man, and was six feet tall and playing grown-up leads at fifteen in a stock company . . . Dione Lucas, who by the miracle of television shows you how to work culinary miracles over CBS-TV every Thursday night, took off one Friday morning by the miracle of air travel, visited her son in London, and was back (*Continued on page 94*)



Oky Doky Ranch takes over the WABD screen twice a week and it's all very Western, from the singing to the lariat swinging. Burt Hiler is the emcee.



in TELEVISION



KTTV's Pantomime Quiz brings charades to TV—a natural combination, if there ever was one. Making like a bird—or something—is Vincent Price. That's Lon McAllister in foreground.

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Come and Visit



Home—in the Hollywood Hills, not on the range—is a place where everyone does what he wants and has fun doing it: Linda Lou, Cheryl, Dale

ROY ROGERS



(Queen in her own right). Dusty—smallest cowboy, and Roy himself.

A hero to other people's children and a hero at home—what more could a man, already King of the Cowboys, ask?

By DOROTHY BLAIR

From the front porch of his hillside home, Roy Rogers could spot a cattle rustler on Hollywood Boulevard if that type varmint were native to the area. For the house, like the King of the Cowboys himself, is in Hollywood but not a part of it.

When the King comes riding his station wagon up to the front gate he puts aside his Stetson and gets to the real business of living. Here are his three children, Cheryl, nine, Linda Lou, six and Dusty, the smallest cowboy, who is going on three. Here too, is Dale Evans who manages to combine her picture career, a projected radio show of her own, a role on Roy's Mutual program, and songwriting, with being Mrs. Roy Rogers and mothering the three young Rogerses.

There isn't a horse or a saddle on the place. (There's a 360-acre ranch, Skyhaven, some fifty miles north where all those are kept.) Instead, there's a small stream that drops down the hill into a series of fish ponds, an acre of trees and grass, a loft for racing pigeons, a big workshop, kennels for ten hound dogs, and several hundred ideas for things to be done when Roy has time.

The house built on the slope of the hill has had a wing added when and where the need was greatest, which (*Continued on page 86*)

The Roy Rogers show is heard on Sundays at 6:00 P.M., EDT, on Mutual stations.

Come and Visit ROY ROGERS

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I tag

By Mrs. Robert Trout

When their wedding date had been postponed a fourth time Bob said, "This is ridiculous—you come with me!" So Kit's been tagging along—all over the face of the earth—ever since



"And to think," says Kit Trout, "that I might have



Bob does the talking for the family, but his wife's job is to dig up facts to talk about.

When our wedding date was changed for the fourth time because big news was breaking and Bob had to be in front of a microphone instead of a minister, he said, "This is ridiculous! Get your things. You're coming to Washington with me."

Right then, I realized that I had to make a choice. Either I could fit my life into his career, or I could be that lonely woman, the microphone widow, sitting at home with the radio while her husband covered the news of the world wherever it was breaking.

My wedding was typical of what my whole life as the wife of a news commentator was to be. Nothing was according to long-range plan. Instead of a wedding dress, I wore a suit. Instead of best friends for attendants, we had witnesses I had never met before. My family was not there, and we did not have a formal reception. But just the same I thought it was a perfect wedding. And I still think so.

The reason for the change of plan, this time, was Bob's assignment to cover President Roosevelt's Fourth of July speech on the battlefield at Gettys-

Bob Trout is heard on NBC: reporting special events; on Sunday News,

along



been that loneliest of women, a microphone widow!"

burg and then other speeches in Washington. Bob could rearrange his schedule so that he could be away from his microphone for only an hour. He did his first broadcast; we got into a car, rushed across the river, were married in a little church in Alexandria, turned around, rushed back and he was on the air again—all within sixty minutes.

That was in 1938 on Independence Day, and I have been "free" ever since from making definite plans for theaters, dinner parties or any other purely social engagements. When the news breaks, a news commentator has to be there, and his wife would have no appreciation of his responsibilities if she said, "But, dear, we have a date with the Smiths!"

I tagged along from the start, wherever I could. Even our wedding trip took Bob to a broadcast! It was spent aboard the special presidential train that was taking Mr. Roosevelt to Kentucky for a speech. Before we "settled down" in New York, I had watched Bob sink below the waters of Long Island Sound to report the trial run of a new submarine; gone with him to Kingston, Ontario, for the dedication of the new (*Continued on page* 92)

:30 P.M. EDT; on Who Said That? (radio and TV) Saturdays, 9 P.M. EDT.



Tagging along, Mrs. Trout always had her camera handy. Above, FDR's 1934 campaign. Below . . .



. . . during the blitz in London, an on-the-spot interview with survivors in a bombed area and . . .



. . . getting the reactions of typical Londoners to the bomb damage done St. Paul's Cathedral.

I tag along

By

Mrs. Robert Trout

When their wedding date had been postponed a fourth time Bob said, "This is ridiculous—you come with me!" So Kit's been tagging along—all over the face of the earth—ever since



Bob does the talking for the family, but his wife's job is to dig up facts to talk about.



"And to think," says Kit Trout, "that I might have been that loneliest of women, a microphone widow!"

When our wedding date was changed for the fourth time because big news was breaking and Bob had to be in front of a microphone instead of a minister, he said, "This is ridiculous! Get your things. You're coming to Washington with me."

Right then, I realized that I had to make a choice. Either I could fit my life into his career, or I could be that lonely woman, the microphone widow, sitting at home with the radio while her husband covered the news of the world wherever it was breaking.

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Bob Trout is heard on NBC: reporting special events; on Sunday [illegible] 4:30 P.M. EDT; on Who Said That? (radio and TV) Saturdays, 9 P.M. EDT.



Tagging along, Mrs. Trout always had her camera handy. Above, FDR's 1934 campaign. Below . . . during the [illegible] interview with [illegible]







Serve Something Simple

By
KATE SMITH
Listen each Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks on MBS.



RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

So many of us get that "just a sandwich, please" feeling, come July and August. It's true that when the dog days come, cold food is more appetizing. To keep the family healthy as well as happy, plan such a meal carefully.

Always include one hot food. Make sure the food is well-balanced—serve a meat and a vegetable salad. Brighten both with tangy seasoning.

The meal in our picture will fit any hot day. Old-fashioned beef loaf with baked-in green peppers and fresh tomatoes, is gay because of its ketchup frosting. Old-fashioned German potato salad is always satisfying. Late summer corn is our suggestion for the hot food in this supper. Chilled tea relaxes as it refreshes. Try ending this meal with blueberry peach parfait—a sweet blend of the season's fruits.

Cold Beef Loaf

1 egg, slightly beaten
3 tablespoons milk
1 cup crumbled dry bread
1 pound ground beef
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 small onion, chopped
1 small green pepper, chopped
1 medium tomato, diced
½ cup ketchup

Combine egg and milk. Add bread crumbs and allow to stand until bread crumbs are soaked. (About 10 minutes.) Add meat, salt, pepper, onion and green pepper. Mix well. Add tomato; mix until just blended. Shape into a loaf or turn into a lightly greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool, then frost with ketchup. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

German Potato Salad

3 strips bacon, diced
6 medium potatoes, boiled
2 teaspoons salt
1 small onion, minced
½ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup vinegar
1 tablespoon sugar
¼ cup water
bacon fat

Cook bacon until browned. Drain, reserving fat. Dice potatoes and add salt, pepper, onion and drained bacon. Combine vinegar, sugar, water and bacon fat in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Add to potatoes. Makes 6 servings.

Ketchup-frosted meat loaf (at left) is a new idea to try out on the family when summer heat slackens appetites.

Direction for Cooking Fresh Corn-on-the-Cob

Remove husks, cut off undeveloped tip and strip off silk. Fill flat pan with one inch of water. Add 1 teaspoon salt and bring to full rolling boil. Add corn and cook for 3 to 5 minutes, or until tender, turning frequently.

Roast Corn

Place ears of corn with inner husks on in a hot oven (400°F.). Roast 15 minutes until corn is tender. Remove husks. Serve with butter.

Blueberry Peach Parfait

½ pint heavy cream
½ cup sugar
1 pint blueberries
2 peaches, mashed

Whip cream with sugar until stiff. Fold in blueberries and peaches. Chill thoroughly. Serve in parfait glasses. Makes 6 servings.

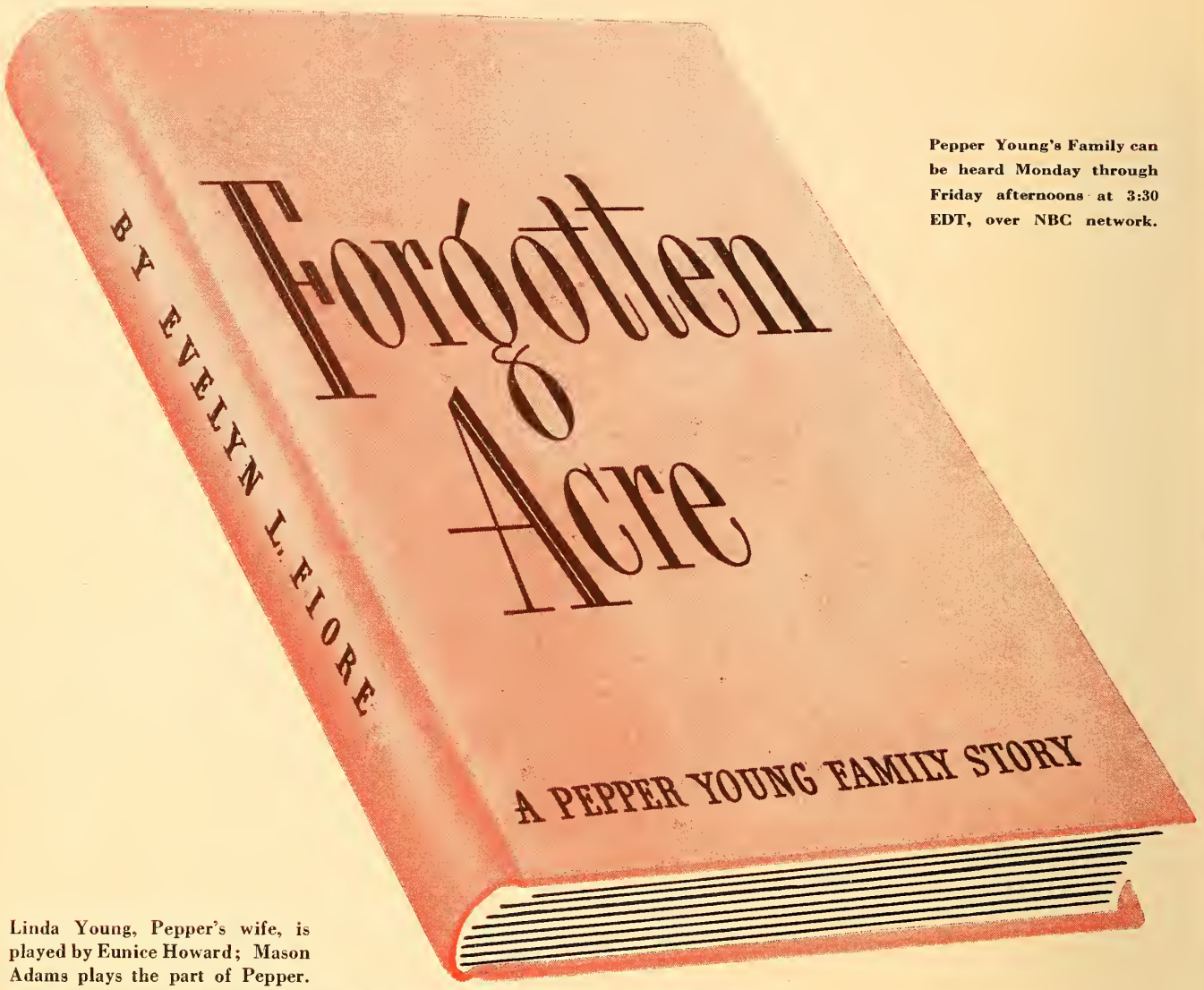
For a truly light meal, which is still very hearty, serve either the main dish salad with special salad dressing or tuna cucumber salad along with hot rolls and butter. Finish the meal with blueberry crepes and hot tea.

Main Dish Salad

1 head lettuce, escarole or endive washed and chilled
½ cup diced celery
1 cup American cheese, cubed
1 can luncheon meat sliced and cut in strips
1 small onion, chopped
¼ cup olives, chopped
2 tomatoes
2 hard-cooked eggs

Break chilled lettuce into salad bowl. Add celery, onions, olives, cheese and luncheon meat. Garnish with wedges of hard-cooked eggs and tomatoes. Serve with special salad dressing. Makes 6 servings. (*Continued on page* 95)

Looking at his wife with love and a sort of awe, Pepper thought,

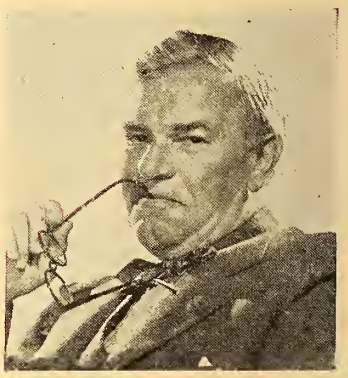


Pepper Young's Family can be heard Monday through Friday afternoons at 3:30 EDT, over NBC network.

Linda Young, Pepper's wife, is played by Eunice Howard; Mason Adams plays the part of Pepper.



Mr. Young
(Played by Thomas Chalmers)



"Linda says so little, sees so much!" Already, she shared his dream . . .

All over Elmwood, lights were going out one by one. The sleepy town was settling down for the night. But on the second floor of the Young house, in the little apartment that Mother and Father Young had made over for them, Pepper and Linda were wide awake.

"Wider awake," as Pepper expressed it, "than I've ever been before. At least I hope so. I'd hate to be making an important decision like this in my sleep."

Linda rubbed her cheek against his reassuringly. "Don't worry, darling. It's not a spur-of-the-moment decision. I've known for a long time you weren't going to take the job with Andy. I've watched you puzzling it out, worrying . . . now I know you're really awake—awake to what you want to do with your life. Any decision you make now is safe enough for me."

Funny, Pepper thought, looking at his wife with love and a sort of awe. *Linda says so little, and sees so much* . . . He used to think he'd own the world if he could make his living flying. He'd dreamed about a job with Andy's air transport company, as soon as Andy felt there was a good spot in it for him. Especially since it meant working with Andy, his best friend . . . and yet, somehow, Linda had known almost before he himself had known that somewhere along the line these things had stopped being enough. Frowning, he tried once again to shape his thoughts.

"I guess you're right, Linda—maybe it's been brewing longer than I realize. All I know for sure is that I want to do something more than just taking care of us, more than just another job. I want to help out. There's so much hunger, so much misunderstanding . . . so many people wasting things and not knowing about the others who need those things so desperately." He sighed. "Gee, I sound like someone on a platform. Probably that's what Andy thought when I told him tonight. I tried to make him understand . . ."

"He understands. Anyone would who knows your family." Linda put her lips to the worry-lines on Pepper's forehead and coaxed them away. "After all, your family has been helping people out for years. Look at Mr. Smiley!"

Pepper laughed, remembering the day his father had discovered the mild little inventor on a park bench, reading the want ads, and had brought him home. "Just to dinner," Father Young had said; but Mr. Smiley ended up a permanent tenant at the Youngs'. Until the day he suddenly wasn't there any more. His note had said he didn't want to be a burden to them . . . and Pepper, avoiding the sight of his mother's tears, had gone for a long walk to get rid of the lump in his own throat.

"You wouldn't think such a quiet little fellow would make such dramatic entrances and exits." Linda's thoughts had been keeping pace with Pepper's. "After he disappeared, I mean, and we thought we'd lost him for keeps . . . and then suddenly we just happen to be on Main Street when somebody gets hit by a car, and it's Mr. Smiley."



Mrs. Young
(Played by Marion Barney)

"I guess he was just meant to come back to us," Pepper said. "He's a lucky little guy, at that—his broken leg is healing nicely, and when Dad and I get that apartment built for him out over the garage he can invent around to his heart's content without feeling he's bothering us. What are you smiling at?" for Linda's face had crinkled mischievously.

"There's your answer, darling. You'll never have to worry how to help people. You'll just fall over people who need help and that'll be that. And while they still need nurses like me at the hospital, we'll get along. Now come along to sleep, Pepper. You can do the rest of your worrying in the morning."

But it wasn't as easy as that. Long after his wife's eyes had closed, Pepper lay awake. Was he making a mistake, tossing away a good opportunity for a wispy idea? What could he do, except fly; what had he been trained for? And yet this urge he'd suddenly realized—it wouldn't be stilled by what people called "practical" considerations. That very afternoon he'd learned how strong it was, when he was passing by the section in Elmwood known as Shantyville. Those miserable, derelict shanties . . . oh, you didn't have to go round the world to find the hungry and homeless. You couldn't be alive today, really alive, and not know they were all about you. Surely a man who cared could find some way to help, to call attention to their trouble.

Abruptly, Pepper sat upright. How about that—"to call attention"? Was that the key to what he could do—look around at the things that day close at hand that needed fixing, and then tell the others about it, the well-meaning others who were too busy, or too close, to see for themselves? Or better still—he'd write about it. "That's it—that's it!" he thought excitedly. "It's newspapers that bring these things into the open. I can try to be a reporter!" And he lay back at last with his mind made up. Tomorrow he'd go calling on the *Free Press* editor, Mr. Goodwin.

Somewhat to Pepper's surprise, his plan seemed quite as sensible in the next day's sunlight as it had in the middle of the night. But when he sat facing Mr. Goodwin in the business-like *Free Press* office on Main Street, uncertainty put a tremble into his voice. He'd detoured, on the way downtown, to have another look at Shantyville; the look had given him a few more ideas. But, as he answered the editor's friendly questions about his family, he was fumbling for the right—the very best—words in which to offer his idea. They must be the best words he'd ever found, for in a way the rest of his life depended on them.

In the end, as he told Linda later, it came out "as though it were the most casual request in the world." He simply announced, "I want a job on your paper, Mr. Goodwin."

Mr. Goodwin didn't seem at all surprised. "There are no jobs," he answered with equal simplicity. "Ever worked on a newspaper?"

"Only a school paper."

"What do you think you can contribute to the *Free Press?*"

"Well—" Pepper sat forward eagerly. "I've got some ideas. I'd like to do a story on Elmwood itself. On that place over near Hayground they call Shantyville."

"Hmm," said Goodwin. Pepper examined his face anxiously, but the shrewd eyes and the rather tight mouth told him nothing. He noted for future reference that you wouldn't tell, from Goodwin's face, whether he liked what you said or not. Then unexpectedly the editor smiled. "Pepper, I've seen a lot of young fellers like you come in here, all wanting to write. You know what happens to their stories. Right in the wastepaper basket. You know why? Because they don't know the first thing about a story, which is that people have to want to read it. It has to hit them—bang—right in the mind, or the emotions, or someplace. Now, what makes you think there's a story in that broken-down, forsaken bunch of shacks out there?"

"The people who live there," Pepper said quickly. "Mr. Goodwin, I've got a slant—"

"Don't tell me about it. Write it. If I like it, I'll

print it. Don't give me any vague stuff. I want facts, names, dates. Now get out and show me what kind of newspaper man you think you are!"

Pepper found himself out on Main Street without quite knowing how he got there. His head was buzzing with Mr. Goodwin's rapid-fire conversational style. *Facts, names* . . . there was only one place to get them, and that was Shantyville itself. "You're in for it now, my lad," he told himself ruefully, turning down the side-street that would lead him out toward Hayground. "As a reporter, you may turn out to be a darn good flier—but you talked a lot of big words to the man, and you'd better have a try at living up to them."

Shantyville had been, to begin with, an empty lot—no more or less offensive than most. But now, over the broken bottles, the torn-up cartons, the occasional garbage that any lot collects, had risen the strangest assortment of shelters the town could boast. Some were lean-tos, genuine ones—the kind that lean in four directions at once. One enterprising householder had found enough bricks to make one side of his house; the other three were pieced together of corrugated tin. There was one, however, of considerable elegance: a reconditioned railway coach whose windows were screened by threadbare, but very clean, cotton curtains. There was a general air of tidiness about the place that advertised the self-respect of the people who lived there, and Pepper decided at once that this was the family he ought to interview for his first story.

As he picked his way toward the coach, a woman came out of it with a basket of wet clothes and began to drape them over a nearby line. She watched Pepper's approach without expression; it was obvious that she expected no good from it.

Pepper used his friendliest smile when he said, "Good morning." The woman merely nodded. She was about thirty-five, he thought, but her drawn, grayish face and lifeless, pulled-back hair made her seem much older. "I'd like—may I talk to you for a moment?"

She asked sharply, "You an investigator?"

"Not me! I'm a reporter. I want to do an article on Shantyville. You see, I think if other folks in town knew what conditions were down here . . ."

The woman looked him up and down. "Conditions? Why, they're just grand. Look at the children—" Pepper, following the sweep of her arm, saw that several urchins had left their play and were closing in on him, eyes wide with curiosity— "Aside from not having a decent place to live and not enough food, they're just fine. They've got a lovely gravel pit to play in, over there in the corner, and it's nobody's fault that if one of them makes a bad slip the sand'll slide down and bury him, same as happened to the Gorman's child last year."

Pity and horror turned Pepper cold. "You mean a child was hurt over there?"

"Lost," the woman said. "Killed."

"Why didn't people hear about it? There are playgrounds in the rest of the town—why don't you have one here?"

The woman laughed in Pepper's face. "Hey, Pat," she called. "Come out and listen to a lot of high-falutin' talk."

A slight man, whose thin dark-browed face showed the same pallor as the woman's, appeared in the doorway. "This is my husband, Mr. Kelly. Tell him about it, Mr.—"

"Young. Pepper Young."

Mr. Kelly looked hard at Pepper. "What's going on here?" he asked.

"This young feller thinks we should have a playground for our kids," explained Mrs. Kelly, sarcasm heavy in her voice. "Along with a Hollywood swimming pool, maybe."

"Why not?" Mr. Kelly's laughter echoed his wife's bitterness. "Except has he figured out yet how we're going to get it?"

Pepper said earnestly, "It's no joke, Mr. Kelly. I want to tell people in Elmwood the facts about the way you folks are living here. It's a shame and a disgrace to the town, and I know they won't let it go on once they're made to realize—"

Mr. Kelly had stopped laughing. "Facts? Sure—I'll give 'em to you. We have a hard time keeping fed, warm and clothed. You can see for yourself how close we come to keeping a roof over our heads. We've been living here in plain view of the town for quite a time, and nobody's noticed the shame and disgrace that I can see. But we're not squawking. We just want to bring up our kids best we can, like other folks."

From the corner of his eye Pepper could still see the silent, curious children. He saw the patched clothes, the uncut hair, the torn shoes, the pitiful sharpness of little bones that should have been padded with soft, rosy flesh. He felt as though a hand had reached in and squeezed his heart.

"Something's got to be done," he said passionately. "Something's going to be done for these kids if I have to turn the town on its head." He wasn't worried any longer about writing a good story. Those kids were going to write it for him; the kids with rocks and pieces of glass and string in their hands instead of the dolls and trains they should have been holding. Instead of the things all kids had a right to . . .

A couple of evenings later, as Mother and Father Young were sitting down to dinner, Pepper and Linda came thundering into the little house, shouting "Where is everybody? We've got news, *what* news—"

Father Young looked at his wife and gave a mock sigh. "It's as bad as when Pepper was twelve and won the roller-skating contest. Can't a tired business man have a little quiet?" Then his son and daughter-in-law were upon him, waving a paper and both chattering at once.

"Children, children," Mother Young laughed, "one at a time. Hattie, bring two extra plates, please."

"I'd like to hear the news first," laughed Hattie, who had rushed into the dining room when she heard the commotion.

"So would I," Father Young said. "Now, would you two mind—"

Linda thrust the paper into his hand and fell into a chair, breathless. Pepper leaned over his father's shoulder. "Here," he pointed. "Look, here—on the front page! Mr. Goodwin liked my story so much he says I'm to do a whole series, and he put it on the front page!"

"And paid for it," Linda added.

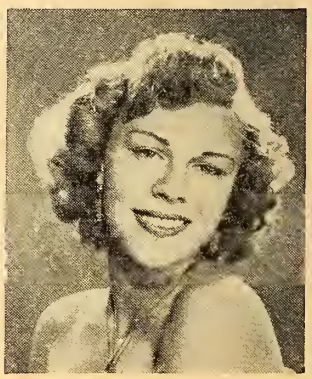
"Pepper! Let me see!" Mother Young, more agile than her husband, succeeded in capturing the paper. "Why, here's your name right on the front! And a good title—'The Forgotten Acre.' Oh, Sam, listen to this: 'There is real decay in the whole acre. The houses are shanties . . . most of the windows are without panes of glass and are boarded up to keep out the cold. These boards also keep out the sunlight . . .' It's horrible. *Horrible.*" She read on. " 'These shanties are deplorable outside, but clean and neat inside, for the people who live in them are clean, decent people. They're doing their best to get along . . .' Pepper! Is this true, what you've said here about the child in the gravel pit?"

Pepper nodded. "And you should see the other kids—the way they're dressed, their little half-starved faces."

Hattie made a muffled sound, and burst out, "Mrs. Young, I'm taking tomorrow off. I'm going down and give that place a good cleaning." She ran off into the kitchen, but not before they'd all seen the big tear rolling down her



Carter Trent
(Played by Michael Fitzmaurice)



Peggy Young Trent
(Played by Betty Wragge)



Linda and Pepper were waving a paper, both chattering at once. Mother Young asked Hattie to set a couple of extra places, but Hattie couldn't bear to leave until she'd heard the news. "Look," Pepper cried, "front page!"

cheek. Hattie always responded sympathetically to other people's misfortunes.

Father Young chuckled, then sobered. "Cleaning—that won't help. I see Goodwin's written a little box for your story, son . . .'The *Free Press* asks everyone in Elmwood to be a co-sponsor in the drive to clean up Shantyville.' Now that's the thing that'll do it—everyone's working together."

"Before they can go to work, they have to know what's going on," Linda pointed out. "That's where I think Pepper's job is so tremendous. He's the one who's telling them. Why, while I was on duty everyone at the hospital was talking about him tonight. I was so proud."

Pepper hugged her, hard. "Don't tell a soul, but I'm proud myself. But say, Dad, there's one thing I haven't found out yet. Do you happen to know who owns that piece of ground the acre Shantyville's on? He's the man I want to lay hands on. I guess he's not the kind who comes out in daylight, though."

Father Young shook his head. "I don't recall ever hearing. But someone down at the bank might know."

Mother Young's gentle face hardened. "When you find him, I hope you whip him right down Main Street," she announced and while they were all staring at this unaccustomed ferocity she disappeared into the kitchen to help Hattie with the dinner that Pepper's news had postponed.

Pepper's dreams that night were haunted by a faceless, incredibly elusive creature who kept slipping out of his grasp, but who left in Pepper a sensation of such evil that he could still feel it the next morning. Mr. Goodwin, he decided, was the man to ask about the ownership of Shantyville—editors knew everything, didn't they, including lots of things they couldn't print?

As he started down the steps to join his father at the garage, a short, burly man came up the path. His voice matched the sharpness of his pinpoint eyes as he rapped out, "Where's Pepper Young?"

"That's me," Pepper said. The sensation of his dream suddenly returned in full strength. "What can I do for you?"

"Plenty," the man said. "You can quit writing those articles. I won't stand for your running down my property."

"So you're the one!" Pepper's jaw stiffened. "If you're so choice about your property, why don't you clean it up?"

"Don't you get fresh with me, young feller—not with me, Goliath. I think I'm pretty generous letting those down-and-outers have squatter's right on my acre. You mind your own business."

"The condition of that lot is everyone's business," Pepper shot back. Mr. Young, rounding the side of the house in search of Pepper, stopped short. "What goes on here?" he questioned.

Goliath faced him belligerently. "If this young whippersnapper is your son, you better teach him some sense."

"I don't care for your tone," Father Young said sharply. "Pepper, what's this about?"

"Dad—he's the one, *the owner of Shantyville.* He says he doesn't like my article. Can you beat that?"

"You bet your life I don't. I won't stand for—"

"You won't stand for what?" Father Young exploded. "Why, you ought to be ashamed to stand there and admit you own that place. You ought to put up some decent quarters for those poor folks. Yes, and at your own expense . . . Come on, Pepper. I can't afford to be late at the bank."

"Okay, Dad." Pepper shouldered past the fuming Goliath, who shouted after him, "I'll sue. I'll sling my lawyer on you!"

"Put it in writing," Pepper called back impudently. But the man's wicked little eyes chilled him, and he was not reassured when his father commented, "Pepper, that's a dangerous man. You'd (*Continued on page 87*)

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are Eastern Daylight Time
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
8:45				Memo From Lake Success
9:00		Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News
9:15	Story to Order			E. Power Biggs
9:30	Cameos of Music	Wings Over Jordan		
9:45				Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Children's Hour	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00		Christian Reform Church	The Fitzgeralds	Allan Jackson News
11:15				Newsmakers
11:30	News Highlighte	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11.45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Living 1949	Chamber Music		Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	News	American Album	Meaning of the Newe
1:15		Organ Music		Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtabls	Michael O'Duffy	National Vespers	Syncopation Piece
1:45		Mutual Music Box		
2:00	U. S. in World Affairs	Dr. Simon'e Band	This Week Around The World	Longine Symphonette
2:15				
2:30	NBC University Theate	Bill Dunningham	Mr. President	You Are There
2:45		Veteran's Information	Drama	
3:00		Ernis Lee Show	Harrison Wood	CBS Symphony
3:15			Betty Clark Sings	
3:30	Ons Man's Family	Juvenile Jury	Dance Music	
3:45				
4:00	Ths Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Ted Malone	
4:15			Dick Todd	
4:30	News	True Detective	Milton Cross Opera Album	Skyway to the Stare
4:45	Jane Pickens Show			
5:00		Under Arrest	U. S. Navy Band	Choraliers
5:15				
5:30	James Melton	Quick As A Flash		"Broadway's My Beat"
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Martin and Lewis	Nick Carter	Greatest Story Ever Told	Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet
6:45				
7:00		Adv. of the Falcon	Curt Massey Show	The Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30	Guy Lombardo	Mayor of the Town	Carnegie Hall Musicale	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Frsd Allen	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	NBC Symphony Orch.	Smoke Rings		Lum and Abner
8:45				
9:00	NBC Theater	Under Arrest	Walter Winchell	Electric Theatre with Helen Hayes
9:15			Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Jimmie Fidler		Our Miss Brooks
9:45		Twin Views of News		
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions		Life With Luigi
10:30	Horace Heidt	Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	It Pays to be Ignorant



LORNA LYNN—portrays Barbara Dennis on the NBC serial The Brighter Day heard M.-F. at 10:45 A.M. EDT.



PETER DONALD—has spent most of his life in show business. Born in Bristol, England, he played his first part at three; attended the Professional Children's School in New York; modeled for thousands of ads; and has appeared in several Broadway productions. He made his radio debut in 1928 and at thirteen was the youngest emcee in radio. He is now on Talk Your Way Out Of It, heard on ABC.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Margaret Arlen
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		This is New York
9:30	Clevslandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In OurTime		This Is Bing Crosby
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day	Tom, Dick and Harry	Jane Jordan	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhags	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Miec. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole		David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi'e	House Party	Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Hits and Misses
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30				Herb Shriner Time
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30		Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cavalcade of America	Straight Arrow	The Railroad Hour	Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Sherlock Holmes		Talent Scouts
8:45			Henry Taylor	
9:00	Telephone Hour	Affairs of Peter Salem		Lux Radio Theatre
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Dr. I. Q.	Fishing and Hunting Club	Child's World	
9:45			String Ensemble	
10:00	Contented Program	American Forum of the Air	Arthur Gaeth	My Friend Irma
10:15			Earl Godwin	
10:30	Radio Playhouse	Mutual Newsreel	On Trial	The Bob Hawk Show



ARLENE FRANCIS—who is the emcee on What's My Name?, Saturdays, ABC, and Blind Date, Thursdays, ABC-TV was born in Boston, Mass., educated at the Finch School and made her first stage success in "Street Scene." She made her air debut in 1933 and since then has been heard on many programs. Her husband is the well-known actor and novelist, Martin Gabel; they have a son, Peter.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45	News			Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbors		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day	Tom, Dick and Harry	Club Time	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love And Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Traveler	Wendy Warren
12:15	Betty Harris Show	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics	Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster		Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon At Sardi's	House Party	Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Sky King	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The Smoothies	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	This Is Your Life	Gregory Hood	Little Herman	Mystery Theatre
8:15	Ralph Edwards			
8:30	Alan Young Show	Official Detective	America's Town	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:55		Bill Henry	Meeting of the Air	
9:00	Bob Hope Show	John Steele Adventure		We, The People
9:15				
9:30	Fibber McGee and	Mysterious Traveler	Erwin D. Canham	Strike It Rich
9:45	Molly			
10:00	Big Town	Korn's-A-Krackin'	It's in the Family	Hit The Jackpot
10:15				
10:30	People Are Funny	Mutual Newsreel		Mr. Ace and Jane

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15	Faith in Our Time			
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day	Tom, Dick and Harry	Jane Jordan	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love And Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	The Play Boys	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics	Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez			Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole		David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's	House Party	Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Dardanelle Trio	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Blondie	Can You Top This?	Original Amateur Hour, Ted Mack, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon
8:15				
8:30	Adventures of	International Airport		Dr. Christian
8:45	Archie Andrews			
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	Scattergood Baines	Milton Berle Show	County Fair
9:15				
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	Family Theater	Lawrence Welk	
10:00	The Big Story	Comedy Playhouse		Beat The Clock
10:15				
10:30	Curtain Time	Mutual Newsreel	It's Time For Music	Capitol Cloak Room



JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE—who is on NBC-TV's Camel News Caravan can memorize a complete news show after one reading of the script. He developed his photographic memory during boyhood when he memorized passages from literature. In radio he found memorization unnecessary but he could have recited any broadcast by rote. Although he has a script at his news broadcasts he never refers to it.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day	Tom, Dick and Harry	Dorothy Kilgallen	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Betty Harris Show	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics	Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty		Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's	House Party	Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Sky King	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Lionel Ricau			
6:15	Clem McCarthy			Eric Sevareid "You and—"
6:30		Local Programs	Local Programs	
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Echoes From the Tropics	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	Inside Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Aldrich Family	Air Force Hour		The F.B.I. In Peace and War
8:15				
8:30	Burns and Allen	True or False	Theatre U.S.A.	Mr. Keen
8:45				
9:00	Nelson Eddy and Dorothy Kirsten	Meet Your Match	Go For the House	Suspense
9:15				
9:30	Dorothy Lamour	Sing For Your Supper	Name the Movie	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Screen Guild Theatre	This is Paris	Personal Autograph	Hallmark Playhouse
10:15				
10:30	Fred Waring Show	Mutual Newsreel		First Nighter



ELSPETH ERIC—who plays prominent roles in This Is Nora Drake, Inner Sanctum, Ford Theater, was born in Chicago, the daughter of a doctor. She made her Broadway debut in 1934 and three years later went into radio. Elspeth lives in Manhattan, but gets out of town as often as possible to ride through the countryside on her beautiful horse. Often turns up at rehearsals in riding clothes.



BILL SLATER—graduated from West Point in 1924 but chose education (he taught mathematics and English) and, later, radio, instead of the army. In the more than fifteen years he has been in radio he has covered inaugurations, Olympic games, and all major football and baseball games. Bill's radio activity is not confined to sports; he is on MBS's Twenty Questions, Luncheon at Sardi's, Fishing and Hunting Club.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day	Tom, Dick and Harry	Jane Jordan	
11:00		Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	The Hometowners	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	U. S. Marine Band	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty		Dorothy Dix	
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole		David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's	House Party	Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30				Herb Shriner Time
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The UN is My Beat	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cities Service Band	Experience Speaks	The Fat Man	Jack Carson Show
8:15	Of America			
8:30	Jimmy Durante	Yours For A Song	This Is Your FBI	My Favorite Husband
8:45	Show			
9:00	Eddie Cantor Show	Opera Concert	Break the Bank	Ford Theatre
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30		Enchanted Hour	The Sheriff	
9:45				
10:00		Meet the Press	Boxing Bouts	Philip Morris Playhouse
10:15				
10:30	Sports	Mutual Newsreel		Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Follies
9:30	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News		
9:45		Misc. Programs	Pulse of the News	Garden Gate
10:00		Magic Rhythm	Johnny Olsen's Get Together	Music For You
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Jerry and Skye		Tell It Again
10:45		Albert Warner		
11:00	Frank Merriwell	Coast Guard on Parade	Modern Romances	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Music	The Jay Stewart Fun Fair	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Girls' Corps	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	News	What's My Name	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute	Concert of American Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15				
1:30	R.F.D. America	Dance Orch.	American Farmer	Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Musicana	Dance Orch.	101 Ranch Boys	Handyman
2:15				Get More Out of Life
2:30	Edward Tomlinson	Music	Junior Junction	Columbia's Country Journal
2:45	Report From Europe			
3:00		Poole's Paradise	Treasury Band Show	Report From Overseas
3:15	Local Programs			Adventures in Science
3:30		Sports Parade	Fascinating Rhythm	Cross Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00	Your Health Today	Bill Harrington	Tom Glazer's Ballad Box	
4:15	Horse Racing	Horse Racing	Horse Racing	
4:30		Jerry and Skye	United Nations Show	Saturday at the Chase
4:45	Contrasts Musical	First Church of Christ Science		
5:00		Russ Hodges Quiz		
5:15	Wormwood Forest		Dance Music	Local Programs
5:30		Organ Music		
5:45		News		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Honey Dreamers	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		Bible Message	Memo From Lake Success
6:30		Bands For Bonds		Saturday Sports Review
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls		Spike Jones
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Vic Damone, Kay Armen	Robert Hurliegh	Relaxin' Time	Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45		Mel Allen		
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Pat Novak For Hire	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Famous Jury Trials	Adventures of Philip Marlowe
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80	Quiet Please	Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova Show	Guy Lombardo	On Tour With Art Mooney	Tales of Fatima
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air	Earl Godwin	Sing It Again
10:15			Irving Fields	
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



ROSEMARY RICE—who is Betty in NBC's Archie Andrews was studying at the Cape Cod Institute of Music one summer when she became interested in drama and joined a workshop. George F. Kaufman saw her in a workshop skit and cast her in a play. Later, Moss Hart gave her the lead for the road company of "Junior Miss," and before going into radio, she played the kid sister in "Dear Ruth."

MY FIRST AUDITION



By JO STAFFORD

My sisters, Christine and Pauline, were already in radio while I was still a schoolgirl, but we were rehearsing a trio for the big day when the Stafford sisters would put on their own show. Someone had to bang out the accompaniments, and while I wasn't exactly an Artur Rubinstein on the keyboard, I could manage a four-bar introduction and a few chords.

By the time I was sixteen we decided we were ready for an audience. We knew that Station KHJ in Los Angeles held regular auditions, and one day we joined the hopefuls waiting their turn in a big hall. After a short time a man popped his head out of a door and inquired, "Is there anyone here to audition who plays her own accompaniment?"

Here is where we get stuck, for the rest of the day, I thought, when suddenly I heard Christine say in loud, firm tones, "We have our own accompanist."

"What do you mean, we have our own?" I whispered.

"Yes we have," she insisted, right out loud again.

"It's ridiculous. I'm not going to do it," I threatened.

"You are!" she said. "And shut up."

I went through with it, although I was scared stiff until we got started. And doggone, if they didn't like our stuff, and put us on the air!

We were on for six months, doing three fifteen-minute shows a week and a one-hour musical show called the Happy-Go-Lucky Hour with Jo (Rubinstein) Stafford presiding at the keyboard regularly.

By that time I was really taking it big, but I hadn't grown up much and was still addicted to adolescent giggles. I remember one broadcast from the old Don Lee studio, which was over a garage. We were singing our hearts out and I was making with the chords like mad, when an auto horn signalled the garage with two toots—right in key and rhythm with our music. The timing was so perfect that I gave a loud snicker. That broke up Pauline, who dropped out, while Chris and I tried for a couple of bars. Then I blew, and it was too much for Chris. The number ended in a series of hysterical squeaks.

We graduated to orchestras, and joined David Broekman's California Melodies show. From then on there were no more auditions. We were set.

There was one incident I almost forgot. The announcer on that first show was a good-hearted, fast-talking fellow who covered for me when I was a little slow on the uptake. His name—Bill Goodwin.

I eventually left my sisters to join the Pied Pipers. We were signed by Tommy Dorsey and featured on his show from New York. Finally I went out as a solo. Now I have my own show over ABC every Thursday evening at 9:30—and I love every minute of it!

FAMILY COUNSELOR

Nurse FOR THE Newborn

By TERRY BURTON

"When a woman becomes a mother, she's very often frightened and bewildered by the prospect of caring for her newborn." So says Mrs. Ivy Crystal who organized the Maternity Service Nurses Registry to allay just such fears by sending out experienced and well-trained nurses to teach mothers the duties of their new role.

I invited Mrs. Crystal to visit us as a Family Counselor and tell our listeners about her registry and what it offers the new mother. "I operate from my Quonset hut in Brooklyn, New York, interviewing nurses for my staff and assigning them to various homes. Most of the nurses are mothers themselves and are interested in part-time employment."

The registry offers many different plans, but the most popular is the twenty-dollar-a-week service, since it gives the mother the security she needs at a price that won't overtax her pocketbook. For twenty dollars she can have a registered nurse for six days a week, from one to three hours a day. The nurse teaches the mother how to prepare formulas, how to bathe the baby correctly, and answers any and all questions she might have. Mrs. Crystal feels that the mother should take over as soon as possible, so the nurse stays a maximum of just two weeks.

The other plans include eight-hour duty at one dollar an hour or twenty-four hour shifts at seventy-five dollars a week. One point Mrs. Crystal stressed was that regardless of which plan is used, what she wants to do is to make the new mother feel that having a baby is a joyful and happy experience for the whole family—which, of course, is as it should be. And Mrs. Crystal makes sure that her nurses include the father in on some of the instructions. One frantic father called the registry and wanted a nurse rushed over to his house immediately. He said that his baby had something wrong with her mouth—she wasn't getting any milk from her bottle. Mrs. Crystal said, "I had to smile when I told him what he needed was a needle not a nurse. You see, the bottle nipple hadn't been punctured. We have many SOS signals such as these, and we're only too happy to be of help."

Before Mrs. Crystal left, I asked her if she thought that it would be a good idea for others to organize services such as hers in local communities. She thought it would be an excellent idea and said, "There's a great need for nurse registries throughout the country, especially with hospitals as crowded as they are today. There's little chance for mothers to get preliminary training before going home. Also, the war has caused many daughters to be separated from their mothers who ordinarily would help them with their new babies. Others can do as I've done, and the work has been extremely gratifying when I've seen how appreciative parents are for the assistance and instructions we give them."



Terry Burton, left, looks in on an at-home baby care lesson—a new service for new mothers.

R
M

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard Monday thru Friday, 2:00 P.M. on CBS.

When a Girl Marries

(*Continued from page* 49)

DANGER!

Dear Joan:

Recently my husband and I had a baby girl. Since then I haven't much time for movies, parties and so on. My husband feels hurt and I think he's actually jealous of the time I devote to her, although he loves her as much as I do. How can I prove to him that he has no reason to feel neglected?

Mrs. R. F.

Dear Mrs. R. F.:

Be careful, Mrs. F. . . . there's a big sign marked "Danger Ahead!" hanging over your marriage. Unless you're prepared to be reasonable and intelligent you're going to stumble into one of the most ordinary, obvious—and easily avoidable—of marital pitfalls. Look at it this way. Your baby has joined your family, a family which previously consisted of yourself and your husband. Your husband, my dear, is still a member of this family—had you forgotten? Granted, he's not the helpless, appealing, demanding — and captivating — member that your baby is. But he still belongs, belongs to both of you as you do to him. He still needs the attention and affection you gave him before you became parents, and he is evidently as ready as ever to give these things to you. But if you show so plainly that you don't need or want them, now that you have the little girl to occupy all your emotional energies . . . well, you can almost answer that for yourself. Even if your luck holds and he doesn't find someone else who will respond to his need, the chances are he will turn inward and become a lonely, bewildered and eventually an embittered man, who comes home only to read his newspaper and spends frequent evenings with card-playing cronies. You will, in short, be shut out of each other's lives, and marriages of that kind are not marriages at all. Now, that's not the family you want your baby to grow up in, is it? Be wise, be careful: force yourself and bend circumstances to arrange that you and your husband have some time together exclusive of your baby. And don't go halfway—on these evenings out, whether you spend them at parties or at movies or just having a friendly soda together as you used to—*don't spend all your time talking about the baby!* That's as bad as having her along with you. You both had lives, you know, before she came, and you'll be making the biggest possible mistake if you use her arrival to limit and make arid those lives.

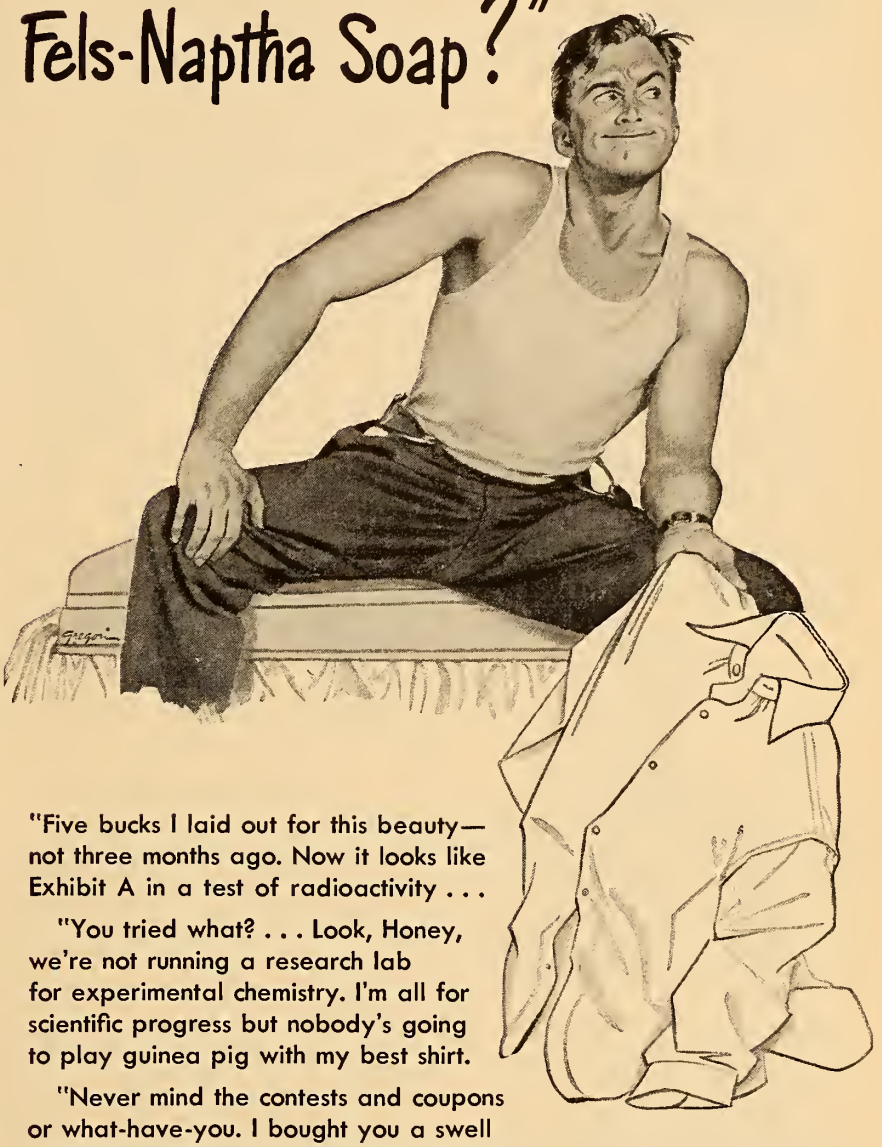
THE RIGHT TIME TO TALK

Dear Joan:

In twenty-four years of marriage, my husband and I have never been blessed with a child. A few months ago, we moved to a new home, and the new neighbors, while friendly, have given a number of sharp "digs" about another childless woman on the street, remarking about the selfishness of women who won't have children. I have taken this for years from friends and relatives, who always assume childlessness is a matter of choice.

Neighbors feel sure one actually dislikes children when one asks a neighbor's child not to dig up the front yard, run through the garden or strip the flower beds. Must I explain that an operation removed all possibility of having a child of my own? Or must I continually fawn over children in order

"When did we stop using Fels-Naptha Soap?"



"Five bucks I laid out for this beauty—not three months ago. Now it looks like Exhibit A in a test of radioactivity . . .

"You tried what? . . . Look, Honey, we're not running a research lab for experimental chemistry. I'm all for scientific progress but nobody's going to play guinea pig with my best shirt.

"Never mind the contests and coupons or what-have-you. I bought you a swell washing machine and I can still give you the price of the best laundry soap to use in it.

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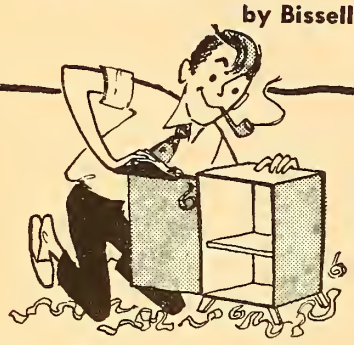
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R M

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Bissell Sweepers

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush

to prove that I do not dislike them?

Mrs. W. A. G.

Dear Mrs. G.:

It does seem rather hard that you must have your personal misfortune constantly underlined by the thoughtlessness of your neighbors. In the ordinary way, I should recommend that you say nothing, and wait for them to realize that your family life is none of their business—which I firmly believe. However, we do have to live in the world with our neighbors, and as a rule we can't do it comfortably unless we like and understand each other. So in your case I'd advise that you temporarily relax your natural, and commendable, reserve—relax it long enough to tell one of your new friends the truth about your childlessness. You'll find, I'm sure, that nothing spreads faster than this kind of information The barbed remarks which your friends now make may be succeeded by a variety of pity, but it will be based on genuine sympathy and will, I believe, be easier to cope with than the un-understanding criticism which you now face. And—one word more. I don't urge you to "fawn" on all the active mites who make destructive visits to your garden. Hypocrisy never pays. But I do believe your way will be made easier if you're always careful to exercise tact—perhaps a little more tact than your neighbors *with* children would be required to exercise in the same circumstances. You're not happy, perhaps, about not having children, but your letter indicates that you and your husband have become adjusted to this fact and are not bitter about it. Don't, then, misrepresent yourself—don't let any suggestion of harsh censure cause your neighbors to believe you are bitter.

ONLY ONE ANSWER

Dear Miss Davis:

I am twenty-one, and have been married for three years. I have a two-year-old son and am expecting a second child in a few weeks. Just recently my husband, who is twenty-five, has been running around with a woman who is nearly forty. He stays out all night, sometimes for days at a time. He won't tell me why he's doing this, and bitterly resents any interference from his or my family. He is neglecting our small business, and we owe everyone money. I can't leave him because of the children. Also he's been drinking too much and running around with the town loafers. My family has been wonderful and understanding, but I can't go on living like this.

Mrs. T. A. O.

Dear Mrs. O.:

You say you can't leave your husband because of the children. I say, my dear, that you can't stay with him, right now, because of the children. His neglect and irresponsibility, your strain and worry, the possible sight of him returning home guilty and inebriated—this is an atmosphere to which no child should be exposed. I judge that three years ago, when you married him, your husband was a sober and attractive young man, and that this defection of his bears no relation to his character as you knew it. Possibly the boy you loved and married is still there, and needs only a shock—the shock of your packing up and leaving—to bring him to life again. Your family, you say, is understanding. Call upon them, then, for if ever you needed their help you need it now, to help you work out some plan by which you can leave your husband and be prepared to stay away as long as may be necessary. I don't think this separation will be permanent. Your husband sounds rather like a train that has been jolted off its track by some accident, and is wandering at random across the fields without purpose or direction. He's very young, you know; it's altogether likely that this temporary madness will wear itself out, never to recur. But I think the worst way to meet the situation is to "forgive him and crawl." Show at once, and decisively, that you are not prepared to suffer his behavior and that you refuse to allow your children to live in such a home. If your drastic action brings him to his senses—as I am somehow certain it will—you can resume your family life with greater peace of mind, and renew your hopes for the future. If, however, he continues to waste himself in the activities you describe, I would suggest that you make the separation permanent. At your age, you have too much of life ahead of you; don't plan to spend it uselessly on a man who shows evidence of a psychological problem with which you are not equipped to cope.

RELUCTANT REPAIRMAN

Dear Joan Davis:

All my married life we have moved from one rented place to another. Now, however, we are able to buy our own home, but here is what I'm up against. My husband does practically nothing around the house. I don't expect him to help with my work, but I do expect him to make small repairs. I've tried working on the repair myself in front of him. I've tried to inconvenience him by letting the needed repair go. Once when he kept putting off fixing the oven door I simply stopped trying to bake. When he wondered why we hadn't had a roast or a cake lately, I told him sweetly the oven couldn't be used until the door was fixed. It got fixed in a hurry. I've even gone so far as to hire a man in his own line of work to do a job. He didn't like paying to have somebody else do something he could have done himself. But—I'm wondering if, under these circumstances, it would be wise to buy a home?

S. P.

Dear S. P.:

I think that, short of buying a home, you have done everything a wife could possibly think of to break this procrastinating habit of your husband's. I'd say go ahead and buy the house. It's altogether possible that your husband is one of those men who resents putting effort into someone else's property. When it's his *own* oven door that needs fixing, when the broken lighting fixture is one that you yourselves have bought, you may find that he's developed quite a different attitude.

Here is this month's problem letter. Mrs. M. S., who sent it in, has received a Radio Mirror check for $25. Your answer may win you the same amount. How would you solve it?

Dear Joan:

We have three girls, aged fifteen, thirteen and eleven. We have also a limited amount of money. We would like very much to give our girls every possible advantage—music, art, other educational extras that will enrich their lives. On the other hand, we might be wiser if we put the money into a home for security in our old age. Are the advantages to our children worth sacrificing for?

Mrs. M. S.

Mother and I

Continued from page 31)

sharply modified in our household. But, while we were permitted to cry out our frequently divergent opinions in groups consisting of the family or very close friends, Mother made it clear that we were expected to behave differently in the presence of guests—important or otherwise.

Our silence in such cases was not mere obeisance to good manners, but a credit to Mother's good sense. For she took great pains to impress upon us that we should learn by listening to others.

While, in the interest of intellectual development, it was not considered impertinent for my brothers and me to disagree with Mother and Father, and even their friends, this liberty, I must confess, did not restrain us from impertinence. On occasion we took a dislike to certain of their friends, and with the cruelty of which only children in their thoughtlessness are capable, we told our parents of these antagonisms.

I should feel much more compunction in retrospect save for the recollection of how well Mother handled—and for that matter, still handles—such youthful arrogance.

Sis and Buzz, my two oldest children, got a sample of Mother's sound philosophy when they indulged the same dubious freedom of making known their distaste for several of Mother's friends. The children were spending the summer with Mother while I was helping Father in Washington.

Mother was not the least bit fazed when she learned that her grandchildren were hostile to some of her guests. She called Sis and Buzz to her, and calmly explained to them:

"If you are going to grow up to be the right kind of people, it is just as well for you to learn now that human beings have different personal tastes. Each one of us is entitled to choose our own personal friends, but at the same time none of us has the right to be intolerant."

With her grandchildren as with her children, Mother is the same good teacher. She is happy to discuss any and all people with us, but on an objective basis, not on a basis of close-mouthed dislike.

Mother never lectured. She taught by deed and example. Because of her own strong compassion for humanity, she could not help but impart her concern for the welfare of others to her children. As far back as I can recall, Mother's influence was as great as my father's, and under it my brothers and I developed an interest in government and politics as a reflection of the needs of people.

It was second nature for us to hear Mother—from the time I was a child—discuss settlement work in New York, and to hear her connect individual cases to broad social problems affecting hundreds and thousands of others in any large city in the United States.

All of us children profited enormously from hearing Mother and Father discuss these things at mealtime and other family get-togethers. They made government sound human and exciting. It was inevitable, I think, that we would acquire an interest in politics in the broadest possible sense.

When Franklin, Jr. and John, my two younger brothers, were growing up, and I'd already been married, Mother did a tremendous amount of

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Towels in Shreds-

Spares Hubbies' Heads!



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R
M

work for the Women's Trade Union League in New York. She felt a deep sympathy for white collar workers, often poorly paid and all but lost in the big city. Every year, the League's members staged a Christmas party for youngsters of the city's poorer districts. In her all-out participation, Mother would combine adroitly civic effort and parental responsibility.

Every evening Mother would go to League headquarters to handle the preparatory work, including rehearsals for light amateur entertainment. And every evening, Mother would have with her Franklin, Jr. and John. Nor were they along to keep Mother company. They were there to observe, learn and participate, and they didn't disappoint mother. Their interest was genuine because Mother's subtle teaching and example had taken permanent root. When the two boys made contributions from their own savings, it was of their free will.

Mother is holiday-conscious, not to indulge personal pleasures, but because she finds a deeper, more objective satisfaction in bringing happiness to others. It's first nature with her.

Consequently, a strictly family Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner has been a rarity with us. From earliest childhood, I remember Mother, on these festive occasions, invariably engaged in corraling friends and acquaintances who she thought might be stranded away from their homes. Mother taught us from the time we were old enough to reason to make guests completely welcome around the Thanksgiving and Yuletide tables. If I and her other children keep alive this custom, the tribute is not to our thoughtfulness but to mother's example of constant awareness of the comfort and needs of others. Like other virtues, this has been its own reward, and an infinitely rich one.

Often when people are greatly concerned with strangers, they are prone, unwittingly, to neglect their own families. Not so Mother. Mother's heart always has been big enough to make Christmas merry for her own children as well as people outside the family. I know I shall never forget how Mother, playing a distaff Santa Claus, brightened my Christmas in 1937.

For my children, it was to be their first Christmas away from Mother and Father, and the rest of the family. I was determined, therefore, to make it as fine a holiday as possible.

I had quite ambitious plans, for I didn't want the children to feel too disappointed at being such a small family and away from my large family in the East, and Mother and Father and Granny in particular.

But three weeks before Christmas, my plans went awry. I became suddenly ill, and was rushed to Providence Hospital, Seattle, as an emergency case. You can imagine how distressed I was at the dismal turn of holiday prospects for the youngsters.

My despair was premature, however, for I might have known that Mother would come through in story-book fashion. She talked it over with Father, and he agreed that her plan was fine. Just because I was in the hospital, Mother decided, was no reason to deprive Sis and Buzz of the Christmas to which they had looked forward.

Mother acted with typical dispatch as she prepared to spend her first Christmas since their marriage away from Father. She left all in order for Christmas at the White House. Then because time was short, she boarded a plane for Seattle. She took the stormy northern route. She was grounded on the way, and arrived hours late.

What promised to be a bleak holiday turned out to be most wonderful—thanks to Mother. You see, my children were not the only ones to enjoy Mother's dramatic Christmas visit. An ambulance took me home from the hospital on Christmas Eve. It is not difficult to understand why I never felt a warmer Christmas glow.

Nor, of course, are Mother's benefactions limited to holidays. The spirit of kindness and thoughtfulness seems to animate her the year 'round. As busy as Mother is, and has been for so many years, she has never failed to send flowers or a note, or to visit if she possibly could, upon hearing that a friend or a friend's child was ill.

Much of Mother's feeling for others, I am sure, springs from her own childhood. An orphan at ten, she was sensitive to the kindnesses she received, and she never forgot the lessons and values she learned as a plucky child.

Mother's subsequent security never permitted her to dismiss airily her debt to those who befriended her in her youth. While still a child, Mother lived for a while with an older cousin in New York City. Later, Mother was married in her cousin's home. Her cousin, now an elderly woman, has been ailing for years, leading a lonely, solitary existence. If there was one person

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Tune in

MY TRUE STORY

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

in the country who had an excuse for not fulfilling social amenities, particularly while Father was President, it was Mother. Yet in spite of the incessant demands upon her time during all her years at the White House, Mother never went to New York, for whatever pressing reason, without spending at least an hour with her cousin. Often Mother made special trips when she felt that her cousin had been neglected too long.

Indolence has always been a stranger in Mother's life. Although she appreciates, as I shall explain, the value of relaxation, she abhors waste, and even converted her love of reading into an instrument for our education. Mother always read out loud to us as children. Even now, when she has the opportunity, she reads out loud to my children.

I couldn't realize at the time that these readings were preparing me, in a very real sense, for my current radio program with Mother. Out of those sessions all of us automatically learned to develop our diction, our love of literature and our early knowledge of history and government.

Mother gave us our first taste for classics, and taught us how important it was to concentrate on what we heard. Her reading embraced the whole exciting gamut of literature. One afternoon she would read from H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*. Another time, she would read lighter works; occasionally, she would read poetry.

It was during the summer that Mother held her most ambitious read-out-loud sessions. As we grew older each of us had to take turns reading out loud ourselves. One period each day was set aside for reading in French. We talked in French, too, and we used to get indignant when Mother and Father would converse in German—on purpose so we couldn't understand.

Age was no barrier to Mother in the execution of this project. She gathered all of us around her when she read, and the fact that there was a ten-year difference between my youngest brother John and me, didn't deter Mother from reading *Outline of History*. She did this knowing full well that John and Franklin, Jr. were too young to grasp a word of it.

Naturally, there was method to Mother's insistence on one hundred per cent attendance and attention. What the boys could not master in the way of literature, they compensated for in the development of self-discipline. From these afternoons, all of us—John and Franklin, Jr. included—gained an appreciation of good reading which served us immeasurably in later life.

Present at many of these sessions to observe, if not to learn, was my father's mother, whom we called Granny. She was a stickler for faultless diction, having been reared in New England. If we so much as mispronounced or slurred a word because we were in a hurry, if ever we carelessly split an infinitive, we were sure to draw Granny's wrath. Often we deliberately made mistakes to have fun with her.

If I do say so, Mother's efforts were not lost on me. I acquired the habit of taking a book with me wherever I went. I spent many of my most enjoyable childhood hours that way. Mother had had the same habit long before she passed it along to her children. In addition to her books, however, Mother took her knitting or sewing.

At Campobello, the island in New Brunswick, Canada, where father was stricken with polio, I used to lie on a boat deck reading, oblivious of the rise and fall of the waves. During the summer at Hyde Park, I would strap my book to one side of my saddle and ride my horse to some quiet, hidden spot, dismount, rest against the trunk of a tree, and forget the world for hours while I became part and parcel of that book or some particularly fascinating character in it.

We had most of the classics. To my eternal shame I lost a couple of them, including a volume of Dickens which I forgot to bring back from Campobello. Books in our family were to be used, not to be employed decoratively to fill bookshelves. Many of these books have been on campaign and boating trips, and today they may be seen—dog-eared from long service—on the shelves of the bookcases in the library of the Hyde Park house.

As a result of the reading habits Mother gave us, I have spent many enjoyable hours reading to my children. Mother encouraged us, by example, to occupy our time usefully—if not by reading, by other pursuits. During summer lulls, too, Mother organized her time for maximum activity. She would set aside the morning for household chores, and even the advent of unexpected visitors did not disturb her timetable. No, Mother did not rudely shoo them off. But while she talked with them, she sat and sewed, and thus was born some of the loveliest embroidery I have ever seen.

Mother felt that wasting time and doing nothing were wrong, almost immoral. She reduced even relaxation to a productive science! Mother had learned in her youth to make herself relax whenever she sensed the need. This art she passed on, rather firmly, to her children. Mother was not arbitrary about anything, relaxation included. She acted on her doctor's counsel that it was important for children to rest before they ate, since youngsters are prone to be excitable and full of energy.

Mother supervised our relaxation personally. She made us stretch out on the bare floor—without pillows. After a while, she inspected ranks. She went to each of us and lifted an arm or a leg. If the arm or leg didn't fall back to the floor with a thud, mother knew that relaxation hadn't set in.

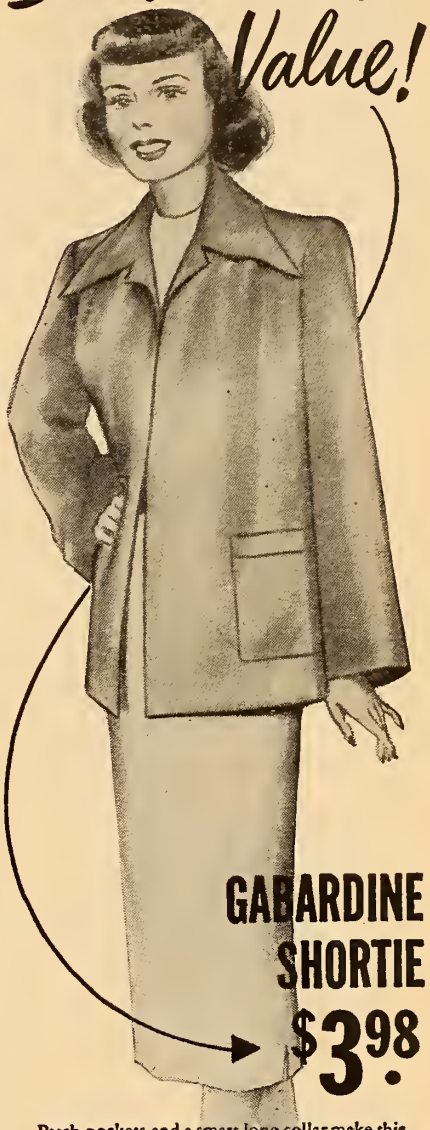
There was no easy way out. The longer it took us to relax, the longer we had to stay on the floor. Mother's logic seeped in quickly. Not being overly fond of lying uncomfortably on the floor, we had an excellent incentive for learning to relax without delay.

Most of the time, however, neither Mother nor we were relaxing. Speed and efficiency have always been her watchwords. She is a tall woman with long legs that carry her at a terrifying pace. Before we became six-footers ourselves, we had to develop a dog trot to keep up with her. Later Mother's secretary, Mrs. Malvina Thompson, had to work up a fast pace of her own to keep abreast of mother.

Even Fala, Father's dog, had to develop a specially fast dog trot. After Father died, Mother had Fala with her both at her Hyde Park house and in her New York City apartment. She became a familiar figure around Washington Square, walking at her easy, brisk pace, while short-legged Fala trotted fast to stay in the race. He got very well exercised.

Wherever she is, Mother believes in establishing a strong home atmosphere.

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Soothes tender underarm skin
Stops odor . . . Dries instantly
Stops perspiration safely
Will not harm even fine fabrics

Economical! A few drops are effective. 35¢ & 60¢ (*plus tax*), at drug and department stores.

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Acts Below "Razor Line" Without Cutting or Scraping Legs

The modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with *Neet*® Cream Hair Remover. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. Safer too from razor cuts and scratches. Neet leaves tender skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. Just apply Neet like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.

The White House was no exception. So often visitors to the second floor expressed surprise that we lived in such warm family style in a house famous for its formal parties, its pageantry and its celebrated guests.

As a child Mother had heard many stories of life in the White House from her uncle, Theodore Roosevelt, who had brought up his family there during the years of his presidency. These stories undoubtedly had a bearing on her own strong desire to make a home-like place of the White House when she moved there many years later.

Mostly, with Mother as hostess, the White House was a scene of happy gatherings. There was one memorable occasion, however, when the atmosphere was charged with electricity. It was at one of the large teas which Mother held regularly as one of her functions as First Lady.

One of her guests was Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Theodore Roosevelt's oldest daughter. Alice had been regaling Washington parties with uncomplimentary imitations of Mother's speaking. Of course, news of Alice's pastime reached Mother.

After tea was served, Mother clapped her hands for attention. Then she made an announcement:

"I have something entertaining in store. I'm told that my cousin Alice has been amusing most of Washington by putting on an imitation of the way I speak. Unfortunately, I've never had a chance to hear it. I thought it would be fun for all of us if Alice would please do the imitations for us here."

Although Mother's wit seldom is caustic unless she is provoked, her sense of humor is quick and bubbling. One day, a half-hour before lunch, I returned from horseback riding and went up to my bedroom on the second floor of the White House. I removed all my outer clothes, and sprawled, in relaxation, on the huge four-poster bed. My intention had been to rest for a few minutes, but I fell soundly asleep.

The scene of my shut-eye was one of the four main corner bedrooms on the second floor. All these rooms had historical stories. The one I occupied was where Queen Elizabeth had slept when she and King George visited Mother and Father in 1939. Prime Minister Winston Churchill often used the same room on his visits during the war. Mother frequently escorted visitors on a tour of the floor to explain its background and lore.

I don't know how long I had been asleep when suddenly I became aware of voices, predominantly male, but among them one which I recognized as Mother's.

I jumped bolt upright, and looked toward the door. I was petrified. There was a group of strange men staring at me, and there *I* was—clad in little more than my embarrassment.

"It's all right, darling," Mother said. "Go back to sleep. I'm showing the White House to the Gloucester fishermen."

Whether at the White House or elsewhere, life with Mother is unfailingly eventful—and always has been. It was especially eventful recently when Mother—the very epitome of punctuality—did not arrive on time for our first broadcast together at the ABC studios in New York City.

I couldn't understand it. Mother had planed in the night before from the United Nations meetings in Paris. We had worked out a few questions I was to ask concerning the Human Rights Committee, and were to meet at 10:30 the following morning at the ABC studios in Radio City.

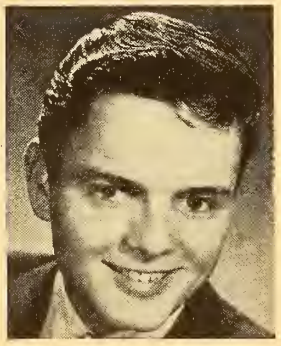
I had thought how easy our first program at the same microphone would be. I didn't become alarmed until I noticed that Mother still was among the missing—and it was just two minutes before air time.

Suddenly I found myself on the air—and utterly alone. I gazed entreatingly at the door. I was certain Mother would burst in at any moment. But there was no sign of her. I ad libbed for ten and one half minutes, without a page of script or a note to guide me. I filled in two more minutes by playing a recording Mother had made in Paris. I discussed New York traffic. Christmas shopping and anything else that came to mind.

Then Mother arrived—in time to answer just one question. I knew Mother must have had a good alibi. She did. She had forgotten about the congestion of New York City traffic. She had thought—with incredible naiveté—that she could travel from Washington Square to 50th Street in ten minutes.

Quite a miscalculation for so adept a world traveler as Mother. It made her realize just how completely engrossing the United Nations sessions had been.

Meantime, life with Mother goes on—on and off the air. Needless to say, I wouldn't trade it for anything. It's wonderful.



listen when
BILL LAWRENCE
sings

- **The Supper Club** NBC
  Monday-Friday, 7 p.m. EDT
- **The Arthur Godfrey Show** CBS
  Monday-Friday, 10:30 a.m. EDT
- **Arthur Godfrey and His Friends**
  CBS-TV Wednesday, 8 p.m. EDT

Read Bill Lawrence's life story in the current issue of **TRUE STORY** magazine now on the newsstands.

Here I Am—Blondie!

(*Continued from page 28*)

studio, you do the audition or you make the test and that's that. Nothing happens. So, I protested that I couldn't do it. "I'm on my way to an appointment, an important one," I told him.

The agent had been around a long time. "Be there in half an hour," he said. I agreed to go only if he could guarantee I'd be no more than ten minutes and his reply was that I'd be lucky if it took *that* long. "You're one of two dozen girls auditioning," he added. With this handsome vote of confidence I went.

The script I was handed had the character names of Alice and Tom. I didn't know what the show was. I didn't know what sort of girl Alice was.

Another thing I didn't know was that outside the studio in a room where they could hear, but couldn't see, there sat a group dear to the heart of all network officials, a cross section of the listening audience. They knew the test was for Blondie. They heard all of us read our lines, but we were identified by numbers only. After they'd listened, they voted and, bless them, I got enough votes to enter the finals.

That time I knew what the show was. Each of us who auditioned at the last was to be given a half hour. Our voices were piped straight to New York where agency, network and sponsors executives had the last word in the choice of the new Blondie. However, in my case something went wrong somewhere as it almost invariably does when I am at bat, and the engineer didn't throw a switch for fifteen minutes, which meant only half of my audition got to the powers that be. Maybe this was just as well, because I got the job. They might never have reached this decision if they'd heard me all the way through.

Anyway, it turned out to be my lucky day, and I'm grateful to everyone who participated in it.

I'm grateful to Blondie because of Gloria. Gloria is, to coin a phrase, the apple of my eye. She is also my four-and-a-half year old daughter. When she was a bit younger I gave up much of my picture work because it left so little time with her. I felt that since she and I will be living together for the next twenty years or so, I should have a hand in the way she grows up. I also found this was impractical when I left the house for a studio before she was awake in the mornings and got home as she was ready to go to bed at night. So I set about trying to resume the radio career I'd started when I was thirteen. And being Blondie leaves me time to be Mother.

Once I became Blondie, Arthur tried to prepare me for the things that would happen. He told me about her letters. Blondie has become a one-woman advisory council for wives and mothers from California to Connecticut. She gets mail asking advice on hundreds of things. This role as adviser to people I have never seen is something of a change for a girl who has been the Polly Benedict of the Andy Hardy pictures.

Arthur also told me I'll get used to being two people. He says he has become accustomed to hearing the grocer at the market near his house ask if "that's all, Mr. Bumstead," when Arthur stops by to pick up a few things on the way home. Close personal friends hail him as Dagwood then hurriedly change it to Art. He was in a shop only the other day buying a tie and when he had selected one the clerk, anxious to please, assured him he thought Blondie would approve.

Incidents like these would happen to me, Arthur said. He added that I'd eventually get mixed up about my identity, and he substantiated this by saying he finds himself talking like Dagwood on his own time. I know this is true because I've already heard myself being Blondie on my days off the air. I've heard myself saying *"dear"* with the firmness Blondie uses to indicate to her family that there's an iron hand concealed in her velvet glove.

Everyone who's read the Blondie and Dagwood cartoon strip, seen them in the movies or listened to them on the air, is aware of the Dagwood method of split-second timing when he leaves home on his way to work. *There* is something Arthur and Dagwood have in common. Almost every week the entire cast weathers a real life example of the Bumstead propensity for arriving just in the nick of. Everyone is on stage. The curtain opens, the announcement of the program begins. We look around. No Arthur. Then exactly as the cue is given for his first words, Arthur comes sprinting from the wings, and still several feet away from the microphone shouts "Blondieee . . ."

Like Dagwood, Arthur is friendly, helpful, and generous. Unlike Dagwood who takes leisure hours seriously, Arthur is one of the busiest men in town. Besides the radio show, he makes several pictures a year for Columbia studios with Penny Singleton, he has produced one film of his own and plans to produce several more.

In my joy over being Blondie, I don't mean to give the impression that she hasn't been quite a problem to me. For one thing, I'm a brunette. For the program I wear a blonde wig. Arthur contends that the color of hair has nothing to do with being Blondie. I agree. She could be red-headed, black-haired or white-haired, it wouldn't really matter. Blondie is a state of mind. Just the same, when I'm blonde, I feel just a bit more like Mrs. Bumstead than I do when I am as nature intended me. Gloria doesn't like my being blonde because she really is blonde and she seems to figure one in a family is enough.

The first night I was on the show, Gloria, sitting at home, heard my first line and shouted, "That's Mother!" Many people in the listening audience, to whom the Bumsteads are as familiar as their in-laws, weren't aware for several weeks that a change had been made in the show cast. Penny Singleton, who created Blondie on the radio and screen has established her so completely that the interpretation was there and any other actress had merely to fall in line with it. That I think is a tribute indeed to Penny.

The letters we get from people who listen to the show often say that the Bumsteads help them to laugh at their own troubles. When they laugh at the Bumsteads the laughter carries over to their own lives. It works for us too. In fact it's often one of us who furnishes the incident from real life.

The Bumsteads are not only the couple next door to us on the show, we *are* the Bumsteads, and yes, Blondie *is* real to me.

Beautiful, Heavenly Lips For You WITHOUT LIPSTICK



Mary Anderson, star of stage and screen.

And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Come Off On Anything

Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, this new Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone will bring to your lips color-beauty that's *almost too attractive!*

Makes the Sweetest Kiss Because It Leaves No Mark on Him

Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to *your* lips alone and one make-up usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

Feels Marvelous on Your Lips . . .

. . . they stay delightfully soft and smooth.

PLEASE TRY LIQUID LIPTONE AT MY INVITATION

Once you experience the greater beauty of liquid color and know that your lip make-up will stay on no matter what your lips touch—I'm sure you'll thank me for this offer. Let me send you a trial size Liquid Liptone FREE in any shade you choose—easily a two weeks' supply. You'll be thrilled by the startling new beauty that Liquid Liptone instantly brings your lips.



Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

liquid liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Size FREE

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2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Please send me a trial size Liquid Liptone.
Check shade wanted.

- ☐ Medium—Naturol true red—very flattering.
- ☐ Gypsy—Vibront deep red—rovishing.
- ☐ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- ☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
- ☐ Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smearproofs.
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One shade FREE, additionol shades 25c each.

LARGE BUST WOMEN!

Also Same Style in BANDEAU Built-Up Shoulder No. 404



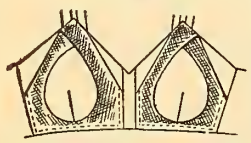
Style No. 101

Special Design "YUTH-BUST" Bra Gives YOU a More Alluring Youthful Bustline INSTANTLY!

Self-conscious about over-sized busts? Are they widely spread out? Do they sag? Does your bustline make you look years older than you are? Figure beauty starts with an attractive bustline. Both Longline and Bandeau Styles of "Yuth-Bust" Bras have an exclusive patent pend. feature that LIFTS, SUPPORTS and CUPS large spread out busts into SMALLER, more GLAMOROUS CURVES. Gives busts a bewitching separation. Style No. 101 Longline (pictured) also has SPECIAL V-CONTROL FEATURE of Midriff support to help FLATTEN BULGING STOMACH; also girdle attachment hooks.

SECRET INSIDE CONTROL!

Special patent pend. bust molding feature on inside lifts, supports and cups large busts into the youthful alluring shape you want.



Look Slimmer and Years Younger!

All form fitting clothes will look better on you! Won't ride up in back! Light and comfortable—yet firm! Built-up shoulder straps of Bra fabric are gentle on shoulder blades. Simple adjustments. Excellent durable fabric—easy to wash. Sizes 34 to 52. Colors: Nude, White, Black. Style No. 101 Longline only $2.98; Style No. 404 Bandeau only $2.75. Mail Coupon Now. SEND NO MONEY!

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON!

TESTED SALES, Dept. LR-7608
20 Vesey Street, New York City
Rush to me my "YUTH-BUST" BRA in plain wrapper in style, size and color checked below. I will pay postman on delivery price plus postage, if not delighted in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

Style	Color	Size	How Many
No. 101 Longline $2.98			
No. 404 Bandeau $2.75			

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☐ Check here if you wish to save postage by enclosing price with coupon. Same money back guarantee.

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They are in great demand by groups in movies, modeling agencies, etc.
Send a photo or snapshot with name, address and age to:
BOX 2044, CHICAGO 9, ILL.
SEND NO MONEY. All Photos Returnable.

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Sell COLONIAL Christmas Cards
You need no experience to make a wonderful extra income with Colonial Christmas Cards. At 50 for $1 WITH NAME—just show FREE Samples to friends, others. Also NEW PLASTIC Christmas Assortments, Gift Wraps, Everyday, Personal Stationery, Imprinted Napkins, others. Fine for church, club earning, too. Send for Assortment on approval, FREE IMPRINTS.
COLONIAL STUDIOS, Inc., Dept. M29
642 S. Summer Street, Holyoke, Mass.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Having Wonderful Time

(*Continued from page 35*)

with a buzz-saw. He had welts and bruises on his hands and face, and his coat was torn in several places.

Before I could recover from my astonishment, "Sorry, Louella," he said, "but I just got snarled up in a traffic accident. Soon as I could, I grabbed a cab and got over here as fast as I could. Hope I didn't worry you too much."

I insisted that he go to a doctor immediately, and we'd work out the show as best we could, but he was determined to stay until the broadcast was over. He added that he knew the program was very important to me, and didn't want to disappoint me. We swabbed his bruises with some materials we had in a first-aid kit, and the show went on.

Fortunately, as it turned out, the doctor found that Clark's only injuries were his bruises and a slight shaking-up. He called me the next day to tell me that everything was all right, and that he'd enjoyed being on the show! Since that day, he has had a very special place in my book of friends.

This year marks my fifteenth anniversary in radio, and it's a far cry from those early days when I went on the air. My show was probably the worst in existence—I wrote, produced, and directed it all by myself. My lack of knowledge about the tricks of broadcasting certainly showed up in the final result.

Yet, even as bad as it was I loved it, because I've always been a frustrated ham. My lack of talent has never dimmed my enthusiasm.

The late Wally Beery was on my first show because I had known him from our pre-Hollywood days at the Essanay Studios in Chicago, where he and Gloria Swanson were referred to as an item. The sight of a microphone put me in a complete panic, so Wally suggested that we rehearse at his house.

He made me go over my lines until he was satisfied with the way I was reading them. But I knew too that it wasn't *how* I said anything that mattered, because people were interested in *what* I was talking about.

One day I was going through a severe case of pre-broadcast jitters when Richard Diggs, my producer, saw me.

"What," he said, "is going on here?"

I told him I was scared to death.

"What the hell," he exploded. "Are you or aren't you the first lady of Hollywood?"

I mumbled weakly that I had read it.

"Well, you are!" he went on. "You know inside news about the stars that millions of people out there are waiting to hear. You're not expected to put on an Academy Award performance in front of that microphone. Just give 'em the news, that's all!"

That did it. From that day, I did the program the best way I knew.

Mary Pickford was my second guest, on that early series of shows, and then began a whole procession of luminaries. Connie Bennett and I were cut off our program when, in true womanly fashion, we wouldn't stop talking about clothes. Raymond Paige was supposed to play a tune, and when we kept right on, he merely moved into another studio, took over his allotted time, while Connie and I chattered.

That series of programs was followed by another, which had its share of interesting incidents. We did the first preview of a movie when Herbert Marshall and Norma Shearer co-starred in "Riptide." Joan Bennett sang Brahms' lullaby to her new daughter Melinda.

The incomparable Carole Lombard was one of my really glamorous guests who was completely unruffled when she lost two whole pages of her script. She merely ad libbed her way through, without a pause, and you'd never have known the difference.

Humphrey Bogart has always been one of my favorite people, and once, when we were doing a broadcast for Hollywood Hotel, he completely broke me up. Just as I was reading a fairly long paragraph in my script, Bogey brought in a huge can of soup and placed it right smack between me and the script. I lost my place, and started laughing so hard that I couldn't find it. Bogey laughed even harder, and it seemed hours before we found our places.

In the years that Hollywood Hotel enjoyed a reputation as a top radio show, there were very few stars who did not appear as guests on the programs. In one broadcast alone—"China Seas"—we had Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Rosalind Russell.

Ginger Rogers was the only star who refused to go on. I was told that she felt her pictures did not need exploitation, and that she was interested only in any money she might receive for her appearance—we did not pay.

Since that time, I have learned that the entire situation arose because of an over-zealous press agent who had served as a go-between. I discovered that Ginger had never even been asked to appear, and that the reports which were given to me were merely fictitious answers dreamed up by the agent. Now, for the first time in print, I'm glad to clear up the fact that all is well between Ginger Rogers and Louella Parsons, and we're the best of friends.

Also for the first time in print, it will surprise Audie Murphy to learn that he gave me a Grade-A cold. Just after he and Wanda Hendrix were married they were guests on my current show, and at the conclusion of the program he gave me a resounding kiss. What was unhappy about that was that he was suffering from a cold himself, which he passed right on to me! However, I love Audie and Wanda dearly.

I always enjoy having Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy on my present program, because Charlie is completely real to me. I love the asides he makes that aren't in the script and catch you completely by surprise.

Abbott and Costello turned the tables on me by reading all my lines, so I reversed things by reading theirs. And actually, as mad as it may sound, the program had some semblance of sense to it. Shirley Temple had to stand on a platform to reach the microphone on her first broadcast with me. The next time she appeared, she was a full-grown woman, a lovely mother with a handsome husband and an adorable child.

Recently I've had Jane Wyman on my program twice, alone and with the Academy winners. The latter was, to me, the best show I ever had, and it drew twice the usual mail. Jane is one of my long-time favorites. She made personal appearances in theaters

with me, and had her wedding reception at my Beverly Hills home.

The response I received from my Ethel Barrymore broadcast proved that she is really the first lady of the theater. I coaxed her to give her famous quote, "That's all there is—there isn't any more!" and old and young seemed to enjoy hearing her say these words in her wonderful throaty voice.

Joan Crawford ran like a startled faun every time I mentioned a microphone to her, but she finally gave in and did her first radio stint with me. Her last broadcast I thought was especially good—she explained what an advantage it was to be born on the wrong side of the tracks, and then ended by admitting that she was glad to give her four children every advantage. Her reading of Sara Teasdale's "Barter" brought in over three thousand requests for copies.

Bob Hope is another favorite of mine. I think he is fundamentally one of the kindest people in movies and radio, and I've yet to hear of his turning down a worthy benefit.

Greer Garson let down her hair for the first time in Hollywood when she sang a rowdy Cockney dance hall ballad on one of my shows. Prior to that, she had been regarded as a sophisticated Mrs. Miniver type, so when she let herself go she reaped a whole new crop of fans. One of these days she threatens to come back and do an imitation of me. That I am waiting to see!

Cary Grant is one of the hardest-working performers I've ever had on the air with me. He believes that if anything is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. He writes and rewrites the script himself for a whole week prior to the broadcast, and thinks nothing of rehearsing all day.

Burt Lancaster is one of my newer favorites. He and my favorite doctor became good friends when they got into a comprehensive discussion about the fight game, and naturally I like anyone who likes my husband. Burt may be a killer on the screen, but in my home and on my broadcast I found him the kindest and gentlest of souls.

Lately I've tried several innovations on my current program, and they seem to be working out well, judging from the letters I've received. We've introduced music with such vocalists as Jo Stafford, Kay Thompson and Dinah Shore, and it's a pleasant interlude in an otherwise all-talk show.

Not long ago we began to tape-record the interview section of the broadcast, and this has its obvious advantages. We can correct mistakes, and re-record any portions of the interview which sound garbled. Getting the interview out of the way before broadcast time gives me more free hours to collect spot news, which I always feel makes a very important part of the program.

In my fifteen years in radio, I've learned that listeners want the stars to say something that's worth hearing. Just merely being there for a spot of idle chatter isn't enough. Gregory Peck, for instance, had his say about censorship, and Cary Grant had some very definite observations on the habits of autograph collectors.

The high point of my career came when I learned that my Hooper rating had soared to an all-time high of 19.8. For someone who isn't an actress with a trained voice, it was a feather in my cap. In a way, too, it was a vindication of the many criticisms I had undergone in the past, with the proof that I was dispensing a commodity which had a wide sale.

I love getting scoops, as you may know, and one which I enjoyed recently was jumping the gun on the news that Anna Roosevelt was to be a grandmother. And, to show you how charming and gracious she is, she turned right around and invited me to be the guest star on her Anna and Eleanor Roosevelt Show that very same week.

If you'll pardon a touch of maternal pride, I'd like to say here how much my daughter has meant to me in the radio phase of my career. She is both my severest critic and most ardent booster, and she has constantly helped me improve the quality of my programs from the first. She speaks to me straight from the shoulder because she has nothing to lose, and she is always the first person to whom I turn for advice.

I'd also like to toss a bouquet to my staff, which helps me each week in the preparation of my broadcast. My dear friend Dorothy Manners has been with me lo, these many years, a faithful, capable, understanding aide, Ruth Waterbury helps with the interview section of the program, and my producer, Richard Diggs, is always on hand to put our efforts together into a unified whole. I couldn't do without them!

Finally, I can't close my eyes to television indefinitely. But until better make-up and lighting are developed, I'll stick with my Hooper.

Justice Triumphs!!

Three fugitives from the law have already been brought to justice through the alertness of private citizens who heard their descriptions on

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

the weekly radio program that is currently offering **$1,000** for information leading to the arrest of wanted criminals.

Each Sunday afternoon, "True Detective Mysteries" presents vivid dramatizations of actual police cases, clue-by-clue accounts of famous crimes, adapted from the pages of True Detective magazine.

Tune in Sunday Afternoon for this week's exciting story and listen carefully at the end of the program. You may cash in on the $1,000 Reward!

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

4:30 p.m. DST Mutual Stations

YOUNG WIVES LESS EMBARRASSED

when they use this higher type

INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Medication

Every young wife should be most grateful for the extra advantage which this *higher type* of intimate feminine cleanliness offers. Zonitors are not only more convenient and daintier to use, but one of the *most effective* methods ever discovered.

So Powerfully Germicidal Yet So Safe to Tissues

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. Positively *non-irritating, non-poisonous, non-smarting.* Ready for instant use, Zonitors release powerful germicidal properties and *continue* to do so *for hours.* They're *not* the type which quickly melt away. They never leave any residue.

Zonitors do not 'mask' offending odor. They actually *destroy* it. Help guard against infection by *instantly* killing every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you CAN BE SURE Zonitors *immediately* kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Easy to carry if away from home.

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R M

Happiness Is Easy

(*Continued from page 27*)

Rainbow" at 3:15 Sunday afternoon. It's then that my heart is full of gladness and gratitude . . . because I'm happiest when I'm singing.

"Betty has a sweet voice," I remember Mother telling a neighbor when I was a very little girl. "I hope she'll get a lot of pleasure from music."

And I did. During the time when I had to have eight operations for my glaucoma condition, I kept up my hopes with music.

The operations failed, however, and Mother and Dad began a campaign—to make my life of darkness full of sunlight and contentment. Mother began by learning Braille, and coached me in the system. When I was six she began teaching me how to use a typewriter. At P. S. No. 59 in New York I learned to read and study from Braille. With the help of Braille music sheets I learned to play the piano. I took one lesson a week for four years at the N. Y. Association for the Blind. My world became increasingly larger—and more fascinating. There were school, teachers, new playmates, new games, music lessons and more music all the time.

"Betty, sing us a song!" People would say that to me—at home, and at school and at parties. One evening in 1942 when I finished a number at a friend's house, one of the guests said, "Betty ought to go on Nick Kenny's Radio Gang on WMCA." That's a local station in New York.

I thought it would be fun to be on the radio and I begged Mother to let me go for an audition. She talked it over with Daddy and they agreed I could have a try at it.

Of course I didn't realize it at the time, but my parents were worried to death the day of my audition with Nick Kenny. What would happen if I failed?

But I wasn't troubled. I started my first song, "Gold Mine In the Sky," feeling confident and happy. When I finished, I heard a shout of approval from Mr. Kenny. And soon I was on his program!

Mother and Daddy were greatly relieved when I was successful. Relief changed to pride when Nick Kenny offered to get me an audition on an even bigger program.

"Betty," Mr. Kenny said, "how would you like to sing on the Children's Hour on NBC?"

"Gosh, I'd love it!" I told him.

"Okay, I'll arrange an audition for you." And he did.

So with my dear friend, Sammy Friedland, a blind newsdealer, who always encouraged me, we went for that big event. Again Mother and Daddy held their breaths, for they thought maybe I had simply had beginner's luck the first time. But my spirits were high and I didn't feel the least bit uncertain.

And, fortunately, the Children's Hour people *did* like me and put me on the program. Of course, I was happy and grateful and so were Mother and Daddy. Then came the biggest surprise of all. . . .

"Betty," the director of the show asked me one day, "do you think you'd be interested in appearing regularly every week on our program?"

"Would I be interested!" I repeated. "I'll say I would!"

So in 1946 I had a regular place on the Children's Hour. That led to the guest appearances with Kay Kyser, Robert Q. Lewis and We, the People.

But during all this time, I was enjoying a healthy, normal life. Roller skating was and still is one of my big passions. And only this spring I helped my mother paint the back porch of our new home in Englewood, New Jersey, and I think I did a pretty good job. I enjoy the movies—I can tell by the sound what's going on—and I love to go with my girlfriends to soda fountains for butterscotch sundaes.

Unfortunately, there aren't any high schools for the blind which specialize in training professional children, so after graduating from P.S. No. 59, there was no choice but hiring a private teacher. I study until about noon. After lunch I start out for New York City and rehearsals. Three times a week I work-out at my voice teacher's studio.

Professor Julio Roig, a prominent vocal teacher in New York, heard me sing at a benefit several years ago.

"It's a beautiful young voice," he declared when he came backstage to meet me and my parents. "I'm impressed with this child's possibilities. In fact, I'd like to help her improve her talent."

Mother and Daddy accepted and I've been studying with Professor Roig since.

During the war I sang to help sell bonds and later I worked for the Damon Runyon Fund, the Red Cross, Catholic Charities and many other organizations. I get a big thrill knowing that my songs somehow will help make someone else happy.

My biggest thrill came on January first of this year. It was on that day that Mother and Daddy and I were told that a sponsor had been found for a radio show of my own. My own radio program! You can imagine the excitement in our house! Daddy, especially, was overjoyed.

Dear Daddy . . . he had never complained of heart trouble, but he was dead that night. The good news had been too much of a strain on his heart. His death leaves a void in my life that can never quite be filled.

My program, Betty Clark Sings, was scheduled to begin on January 16th. It was, of course, impossible to forget the tragedy in our family . . . even for a second, but I knew the show must go on, that it *would* go on.

January 16th proved to be a red letter day. Letters and telephone calls poured in by the thousands after the show, and after the first thirteen weeks, my contract was renewed.

One of my greatest rewards in doing the program has come from being able to promote a charity drive dear to my heart. I made the suggestion that the sponsor establish a Betty Clark Month, a month in which they would contribute all their profits to the National Council to Combat Blindness. I could scarcely believe it when my sponsors told me that they would make May the Betty Clark Month. During that month, they'd ask listeners to send the labels from their products to me. The profits would be turned over to the NCCB. Through this campaign thousands of dollars will go to help erase the threat of blindness.

My greatest ambition in life, I guess, is to do for just one blind child all that has been done for me. I have a hunch the Betty Clark Month will do at least that. So you see . . . Happiness is Easy!

The Wheel of Fortune Spins

(*Continued from page* 57)

Charlie Correll, of radio's famous Amos and Andy team, she's casting director now for DuMont in New York.

She passes auditioners along to the Original Amateur Hour committee if they sound promising. Or she opens her talk-back mike and with infinite patience makes a speech that runs about like this: "Thank you very much. If we can find a spot for you on the show we will notify you." And when a spot for that particular talent does come along, the application is brought out again and an appointment for another audition sent on its triumphant way.

"The wonderful part is that auditions are open to everyone," she tells you. "We get hundreds of letters a week, and every letter is answered, although it may take from two to three weeks. Our staff sorts the mail geographically. We set dates and enclose application blanks for those close enough to New York to audition here. We tell the others about our out-of-town audition staff and give dates when it will be in their vicinity. But every affiliated station helps as a clearing house for local talent."

Application forms are numbered when they go out. Applicants are auditioned in numerical order on the day they appear. No favorites are played. Everybody gets the same chance. Even second and third chances.

"It's amazing how much performers can improve, even in a matter of months sometimes," Mrs. Correll says. "We've had talent audition, be rejected, write in later for another appointment and make the grade. We never discourage anyone. We try to get a little background on them, find out what they're aiming for. If they are singers we sometimes make suggestions about numbers that may suit their voices better, though I must say that nine times out of ten they stick to the same numbers. And you'd be surprised how many come to the first audition with only one number prepared, staking everything on a single effort."

Space being at a premium even in New York's huge Radio City, the room where hopefuls wait their turn is really a long corridor, flanked on both sides with chairs that leave only a narrow passageway between. Every chair is filled. Standees lean on their instrument cases, huddled in little groups.

Youth and hope predominate here, with a sprinkling of the middle-aged and a few elders. One of these last comes out of the audition room, where he had been singing cowboy ballads to his own banjo accompaniment.

"How was it?" a pretty young girl asks anxiously. "Is it a big room?"

"Oh, yes, it's a big place," he tells her, making the moderate-size square room seem like a huge auditorium.

"Are there a lot of people in there?" She pushes her question nervously.

"Yes, quite a lot," he answers. (As a matter of fact, there are only David Bogart, who gets performers comfortably settled at the microphone, a couple of men who sort through papers endlessly at a small table—and whose function you never do figure out—the studio accompanist, and the few back in the control booth.) But it must have looked like a big place and a big crowd to an oldster with butterflies in his stomach.

Not that he's admitting it. "Don't get excited," he tells the girl. "You gotta chance, same as everybody. Here, take a lozenge for your throat. It'll help." And jauntily he pushes down his hat, which had been tilted back during the audition, and strolls to the elevators with his banjo tucked under his arm.

Tonight's auditions are fairly typical. There are about half a dozen young boys, whose occupations were listed on their applications as shipping clerk, parcel post clerk, plasterer, salesman, and the like—all eager to break away from the routine of their jobs and get into the glamorous show business world. They sing the same numbers in about the same way.

"It isn't that they're bad—they're just not good enough," Marie explains.

There is a harmony team of five Negro boys, a choral group with an earnest leader, and two schoolboys who have written their own material. (Under "type of talent" on their application forms they had put, "Comedy—we hope!")

There's a four-girl rhumba band that makes everyone sit up and take notice if only for the novelty and exuberance of their act and the zest with which their leader shakes those maracas. They win that coveted second audition and undoubtedly they'll have appeared on a show by the time you read this.

It's a low score for the evening, however. Out of fifty auditions only four will meet the committee. But four on the first step up seems like a neat night's work to the bystander—and a glimpse of heaven to them, surely!

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Come and Visit Roy Rogers

(*Continued from page 61*)

gives a casual, friendly air to the whole structure and reflects the attitude of its occupants toward the world.

Being a cowboy star in movies and on MBS's Roy Rogers Show is a full-time job with no overtime pay. It means being a hero to several million children from coast to coast and, as a result, being asked for advice every week by thousands of parents on every subject from how to keep Junior from biting his nails, to how to get Junior into movies, or radio. He has to be a model of perfect behavior. Roy occasionally wishes he'd stayed in Duck Run, Ohio, and opened a barber shop.

Being a hero to other people's children left the Number One box-office attraction in Western pictures a bit unprepared for the comeuppance he got at home when he sat down to discuss with Cheryl the plans for her ninth birthday party. The guests she most wanted to attend the festivities were Allan "Rocky" Lane, Eddie Dean and Jimmy Wakely, all of whom ride the screen ranges in competition to her father.

"Well, what d'you know?" Roy asked Dale later. "Do you think she'd mind if I just drop by?"

If Roy isn't the top star to his children, he is their favorite person. They are in agreement that he is the most fun, the most exciting companion in their world. All three follow him around the house and the grounds, tagging his footsteps, and, with the aid of a couple of shepherd dogs and such hounds as are out for exercise, generally impede his progress.

When both Dale and Roy are working they make it a point to be home for dinner with the children. During the shooting of a picture, the youngsters are allowed to stay up a half-hour later to make a family dinner possible. Dusty is the undisputed top-hand around the place. He has a cowboy suit like his Dad's, and his prize possession is a toy gun which he makes an effort to spin around a chubby finger. At night the gun is carefully holstered and left within reach of Dusty's bed, probably, Roy says, in case of an Indian uprising.

Dusty has had the greatest honor his father can give him—he has ridden Trigger. No one but Roy and the trainer, Glenn Randall, ever rides the great Palomino who shares billing on theater marquees with Roy. One of the first words Dusty learned was the horse's name, which he interprets as "Tigger."

Dale, who stepped into the void left by the death of the children's mother three years ago, has known Cheryl, Linda and Dusty almost all their lives, because she has worked in pictures with Rogers for more than six years. Therefore, her coming into the family as a step-mother presented fewer problems than it might otherwise have done. If she has had difficulties, they have been ironed out by her patience, kindness and friendliness. She is called Mama by Cheryl, Dale by Linda and Mama-Dale by Dusty.

Dale, who is a real Westerner, was born in Texas, but had never been on a horse until she made her first picture with Rogers some six years ago. She'd dreamed, when she came to Hollywood, of doing musical comedies. When she was asked to do a singing role in a Rogers Western at Republic she didn't know a horse would be a part of the equipment. But now she rides in rodeos with Roy, she can rope and shoot as though she'd been in the buckeroo business all her life, and she's won the title of "Queen of the Westerns." She designs most of her own clothes and has had suits made for herself that are modified copies of Roy's own attire. She wears soft-brimmed Western hats and is used to other women asking who designs her smart chapeaux. "The name," she tells them "is Stetson."

Since Roy wears his fancy cowboy get-up both at home and abroad, he has a huge wardrobe for his clothes and built-in shelves for his boots, which carry the Indian Thunderbird as a design. He has only one superstition, and that's about an old, worn pair of spurs. He wore them in his first picture, and he wears them at least once in every picture he has made since. He thinks they bring him luck.

If Roy never did another radio show, never made another movie, never toured with another rodeo, he probably still wouldn't be able to fill all the requests for his time. Schools, clubs, hospitals, and civic groups interested in juvenile problems ask him to appear before them. Roy, who has known tragedy himself, gives unstintingly of his time to children who are ill. He never finds a trip too far, nor the hours too difficult, to visit a sick youngster. He doesn't like the stories of his generosity told, but the days he drove from the studio on his lunch hour across the city of Los Angeles to spend a few minutes with a small boy while the youngster ate his lunch and took a painful treatment, have been duplicated hundreds of times. He does innumerable appearances for children in hospitals and Trigger has learned to perform some of his most astounding tricks in the little space allowed in a ward almost filled with beds.

Roy and Dale don't go out to the Hollywood night clubs. For one thing, they have little time. For another, a night club as Roy points out, is no place for a cowboy. And for company, they prefer their family and friends. Roy can call a square dance, and the game room is often cleared for hoedowns. Friday evenings belong to the children at home and Roy generally shows them a movie. They prefer Westerns but they like variety in the way of heroes and horses.

On Sundays Dale takes both girls to Sunday school and later she and Cheryl attend the regular morning service. Generally, Roy and Dale go back to church on Sunday evenings. Dale's own son, Tommy, now grown, leads the Junior choir at the same church.

Dale handles most of the minor disciplinary problems with the children but when a major offense comes up Roy carefully explains to the culprit the reason for the punishment before justice is meted out. Then he does the meting.

Visitors to the Rogers' rarely get away without making a tour of the grounds to see the pigeons, the hounds, the workshop. Back at the house they'll comment, "Mighty nice place."

"Well, thanks," the King of the Cowboys will drawl, "I think it's purty great myself." But he'll be looking at Dale and the children.

Forgotten Acre

(*Continued from page 69*)

better check up on what his rights are."

"My gosh, Dad, he shouldn't have any. You know yourself—"

"I know. But justice isn't always easily come by, son. You see, if those shanties have been condemned and he's renting them anyway, he has no rights. But if they haven't . . . you and Goodwin might have to stop."

Stop the articles? Let the Kellys, and the others, slide back to hopelessness, forgotten and ignored? That couldn't happen; not after such a good beginning . . . Urgently Pepper said, "Dad—get me down there fast, will you? Goodwin's got to know . . ."

It appeared, however, that Mr. Goodwin already knew. He'd known all along, he told Pepper, that Walt Goliath owned Shantyville. "And if he starts trouble," Goodwin leaned forward to emphasize his words, "we'll make an example of him that'll bring the town down around his ears."

Thinking it over as he left Goodwin's office, Pepper realized that actually even the editor didn't know much about the bull-necked Goliath. Precisely what business Goliath was in nobody knew. In spite of the property he owned, he would not belong to the Landlords' Association. He ignored the Tenants' Commission. If he had any friends in Elmwood, they didn't boast about it. The man was like a solitary animal who came out only after dark.

Though he'd meant to start work on his next article, a kind of sixth sense took Pepper in the direction of Shantyville. As if his nervousness had sent a message ahead, the door of the railway coach was flung open and Mrs. Kelly hurried out. "Mr. Young—Mr. Young!" She was panting when she reached him. "Mr. Goliath—"

"Take it easy, Mrs. Kelly. Catch your breath." Pepper was in a fever of impatience, but he didn't like Mrs. Kelly's breathlessness or her unusually flushed cheeks. "What's happened?"

"That Goliath—the man who owns this land—he came round and said we were a lot of vipers for encouraging . . ." Mrs. Kelly hesitated. "It's not my words, you know, Mr. Young, it's what he said—for encouraging people like you to write lies about his property. He said we were biting the hand that feeds us, and we better pack up and—find another place to live!"

So Pepper's "sixth sense" had been right; Goliath wasted no time in hitting back. Fury shook him at the thought that it was these helpless folks, who had already suffered so much, who would be made to suffer more before Goliath was beaten.

Goliath had had a busy day, Pepper discovered when he reached home. Everyone was out except Hattie and Mr. Smiley, who were sitting over coffee in the kitchen, and Mr. Smiley was bursting with news. "Say, Pepper," he began, "who's the guy come here today—with a short neck and a big bald head, man about my height but pretty heavy-set . . ."

Pepper groaned. "Oh, no. Not Goliath again. That man is haunting me."

"That's it." Mr. Smiley said eagerly. "He's haunting me too. He came around this afternoon—asking for you—and the instant I opened the door to him I had the feeling I'd seen him before. He said he didn't know me and as good as said he didn't care to, but I'm positive."

Pepper smiled sympathetically at the little man. "Don't strain for it," he advised. "You know how those things come back to you when you least expect it. Just be sure to yell the minute you remember, because things are beginning to pop. In fact I've got to get going right away on my next article."

Fortunately for Pepper, Mr. Smiley didn't take his advice. Obedient to Mrs. Young's order that he rest to regain his strength, he propped his crutches against the living-room couch and stretched out on it; but he kept waking from uneasy dreams to the puzzle of Goliath. Mother and Father Young, coming in to find the living-room dark and still, decided the little man was asleep and retreated into the kitchen.

But a few minutes later they were startled to see him in the doorway, leaning on his crutches, excited triumph beaming from his mild, near-sighted eyes. "I've got it!" he cried.

Father Young was bewildered. "What? Here—sit down."

"Oh, I forgot. I've been concentrating so hard on it that I forgot everyone didn't know." Mr. Smiley sketched in the big event of his day, and told of his certainty that he had seen Goliath before. "And now," he concluded triumphantly, "I know when and where. Mr. Young, *Goliath was the man who drove the car that knocked me down!*"

Shock held the Youngs silent. Then Father Young said slowly, "Smiley. You've got to be awfully sure of this."

Pepper, having had a sample of Goliath's ruthless methods, was inclined when he heard Smiley's story next

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Have You Heard?



Pride comes before a fall . . . and if it weren't for Kay Kyser my pride would still be intact. Perhaps I should explain. When I first heard that Georgia Carroll, John Powers' famous model, was slated to change "Carroll" to "Kyser" I thought, "Well, there stands another victim of 'southern charm'. Fifty *million* 'y'alls' wouldn't devastate ME!" But now for the awful truth. I heard Kay's "College of Fun and Knowledge" over the ABC network the other day and I find that I am not only susceptible to 'southern charm' in the form of Kay Kyser but that I'm ready to send an apple to the teacher wrapped in a natty rebel flag.

Pillsbury's Professor is in a class by himself as far as entertainment goes. His spirited version of laughter and learning from the halls of his mythical college is imaginative. And the playful way he leads contestants into unpredictable "slur of the moment" remarks is downright ingenious. All of which should prove that you *can* teach an old dialer new tricks. And Kay Kyser with that certain captivating something (I'll admit it! Southern Charm!) is the man to do it. Kay's College is in session at 4 P.M. EDT Mondays through Fridays.

★ ★ ★

There's a scriptless wonder—also on the ABC network—that is unquestionably the greatest "rise and shiner" since the invention of the sun. It's the sixteen year old tradition called "The Breakfast Club." Don McNeill, with his "be good to yourself" philosophy is irresistible as the M.C. and his delightfully daft gang which includes Jack Owens (the cruising Crooner), clowning Sam Cowling, Fran (Aunt Fanny) Allison contribute a buoyant humor and freshness that make every program as irrepressible as a premiere. Patsy Lee and Eddie Ballantine share the musical honors on this bouncing breakfast bonanza which is understandably regarded with pride by its fathers: Swift, Philco and General Mills. First call for breakfast is 9:00 A.M. EDT—every Monday through Friday.

★ ★ ★

Other Tips on ABC Daytime Dialing

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morning to agree with his father that nobody should be told until they had more proof—except Mr. Goodwin.

But fate wasn't as cautious as Pepper and his father. She took things out of their hands that afternoon by sending Inspector Walsh, of the State Highway Police, around to see Mr. Smiley.

"It's your accident I'm checking up on," the Inspector explained. "We've not had a thing to go on till yesterday, when we pulled in a fellow with a smashed-up front fender that might have done the job on you. Here's his picture. "Not," he added with a laugh, "that I suppose you got a good look—"

Mr. Smiley glanced at the picture and shook his head. It was a complete stranger. He wavered for just one moment: should he, proof or no proof, take the plunge? The Inspector was young and looked bright; he'd understand the need for caution so that Goliath wouldn't be alarmed before they caught him properly. Mr. Smiley plunged. "As a matter of fact I did get a look, a good one. I'd know the man anywhere. And Inspector, by pure coincidence, the very man walked into this house the other day and I found out his name."

Inspector Walsh whipped out a notebook. "Who is it?"

"Mr. Goliath," pronounced Mr. Smiley. The Inspector's pencil was still. "Mr. Goliath? Are you sure?"

"As sure as I'm sitting here."

"Why, say . . . he's a prominent guy around here." The Inspector looked thoughtful. "Well, I'll just go quietly round and have a look at Mr. Goliath's car. If it shows any dents or patching up why we'll just ask him a few questions. Nothing I hate worse than a hit-run driver."

Coming home later with a still-wet copy of the *Free Press* under his arm, Pepper felt that altogether it had been an encouraging day. Here was the highway patrol on Goliath's track, and here, closing in on him from another direction, was the full force of the newspaper. Pepper shook it out so that everyone could see the enormous type in which his new article was headlined, and the biting editorial in which Mr. Goodwin called at last for ". . . concerted, town-wide action against the disgraceful conditions in Elmwood's 'Forgotten Acre.'"

"Now that will get things moving," Father Young said with satisfaction. As Mr. Young spoke, Inspector Walsh was moving stealthily around a garage in which he had no business to be, examining by flashlight the right front fender of a car. Carefully he ran his hand over the fender surface; then he snapped off his light with a low, satisfied sound . . .

At the Young house, the phone shrilled abruptly like an alarm. Pepper picked it up. "Hello . . . oh, hello, Mrs. Kelly," the others heard him say. Suddenly they were startled by a horrified exclamation. "He *what*? Why, he can't . . . Say, I'll be right out, Mrs. Kelly—you bet. Don't worry, I'll be there in no time flat. Just wait for me."

Linda was the first to reach him when he'd hung up. "Pepper!" she gasped.

"Goliath!" Pepper burst out. "Dad—get your coat! He's out there telling everyone to get off his land. He says it's because of the editorial we ran today—he's going to satisfy public demand to clean up Shantyville by having a big bonfire and burning down the shanties. Come on—I'll get the car!"

Mr. Smiley, knuckles bone-white over his crutches, leaned against the bannister. "What can I do?"

"Call Goodwin—tell him we're coming!"

When the car pulled up outside Shantyville the Youngs sat still for a moment, appalled at the scene. A cordon of police had been thrown round the acre—"So it's official," Pepper said. "I wonder how he managed that?"

In spite of himself, Pepper felt a little guilty. He knew, though no words of reproach were spoken, that Mr. Kelly blamed him and his *Free Press* articles for the trouble.

"An outrage it is," Kelly said. "Goliath acts high and mighty right now, thinking he's better than the likes of us, but he's been glad enough to come running for help when he needed it."

Pepper came to attention. "When was that, Mr. Kelly?"

"Oh, a while back. He came messing in here with his fender all bashed up. Wanted me to help straighten it."

A wild flare of elation made Pepper feel as though he'd suddenly become ten feet tall and as powerful as an elephant. "Here it is!" he thought exultantly. "Here's all the proof we need!" Walsh must be told at once—this might make all the difference.

Pausing only to unload the Kellys and the rescue party at his house, Pepper traced the Inspector to his very bedroom, and didn't hesitate to rouse him. Fortunately, after the first sentence the Inspector was sharply awake, and when Pepper had finished he described his own afternoon's work, and the discovery he had made in Goliath's garage. The discovery that Goliath's right front fender had indeed been straightened and repainted.

"It all checks," Pepper gloated. "We've got him!"

Pepper woke next morning with such a mixed jumble of thoughts in his head that he took some time deciding whether to be worried or triumphant.

But what Pepper didn't know was that, when he started downtown to keep an appointment with Mr. Goodwin, he was on his way to an interview of his own that would drive all other thoughts right out of his head.

Three men were in the editor's office with him when Pepper entered. One of them, he saw with astonishment, was Harvey Witherspoon, president of the bank where his father worked. The other two, a Mr. Clay and a Mr. Sands, were strangers to Pepper, but they looked as important as Mr. Witherspoon. Pepper suggested that perhaps he'd better come back later.

Mr. Clay laughed, a deep, pleasant laugh that made Pepper like and trust him at once. "Not on your life, young man. It's you we came here to see! And now that I see you, aren't you mighty young to be taking the world's troubles on your shoulders?"

"If you mean Shantyville, I'm not as young as all that," Pepper retorted. "It doesn't take a graybeard to see that

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something's got to be done about those poor folks out there—or rather who were there till last night. Now that Goliath's going to burn the place down they won't even have their shanties for shelter. I tell you—if the older citizens of Elmwood won't face the responsibility and try to show these people how to help themselves, the younger ones like me are going to do it for them! I'm sorry," he added, his face as red as his hair. "Didn't mean to make a speech."

The four older men exchanged glances. "What do you say, Sands?" Mr. Witherspoon asked. "I say let's let this fellow make all the speeches he can think up, eh?"

Mr. Clay nodded briskly. "In a few words, Pepper, your stories on Shantyville made a terrific impression on me—so terrific that I decided to do something about it. Now I've got a big farm back of Elmwood—farmhouse, tenant-farmer's cottage all furnished, a lot of smaller buildings and a big barn. It's been out of use for quite a while. You see any reason why these friends of yours shouldn't be comfortable there?"

Pepper's mouth opened and shut, but no words came. He couldn't have heard right; people didn't come out of nowhere and put what you wanted most right into your hand. But they were all sitting there smiling at him; he had to say something. "You mean—"

"Well, there are tools up there and I've got some seed—what do you say we let them farm the place, come spring? They'll have to do some cleaning, and there's a heating problem . . ."

"Heating problem!" Pepper was still incredulous. "This—why, this will be heaven to them!"

With a gesture of finality, Mr. Goodwin hitched his chair forward. "Fine. That's settled, then. And now," his glance called for attention like the rap of a chairman's gavel, "let's get on to our other business . . ."

It was a strangely subdued Pepper who joined his family for dinner that night. He came out of his abstraction only twice. Once when he told the Kellys about Mr. Clay's wonderful solution to their trouble. And once when he heard the message Inspector Walsh had left—the message that confirmed all his hopes about Goliath. The man had confessed and would get, the Inspector was sure, at least a year in jail.

"It's a big night all around," Pepper commented when the rejoicing died down. But his tone was so absent that, when presently he wandered into the living-room, Linda followed.

"All right, I'll give in gracefully," he said. "I was going to think about it longer but I'm not getting very far anyway. The truth is, Linda, we didn't just talk about Shantyville down in Goodwin's office today. These men—Clay and Witherspoon and this Mr. Sands I mentioned—they're all important in town, you know, and—oh, Linda," the excitement he'd been holding back finally burst forth, "Linda, they want me to run for Mayor of Elmwood!"

"Pepper!"

"That's how I felt too. You could have knocked me over . . . They said they wanted a young fellow, somebody who looked forward, not back. They said the way I'd put my heart into Shantyville gave them the idea; I'd given those folks something to live for and that was what the town needed. I'm scared, Linda. It's a big job for anyone, let alone someone my age, with no experience . . ."

"Not too big for you. And, Pepper," Linda reminded him softly, "isn't this what you hoped for, when you turned down Andy's job? I mean a chance to help people—only this is on a bigger scale than either of us dreamed of, then. And you can do it, I know you can."

Pepper's hands closed over hers. "I can if you think I can, darling." After a pause, he added, "You know, it's funny—it just occurred to me now that, influential as these men are, they can't just make me mayor. I've got to have a campaign, run on a ticket, beat the other candidates, just like anybody else. What I mean is—after all, I may not even get in."

"But you don't care about that, do you? Getting in doesn't matter."

"No." There was Linda again, understanding what he was getting at almost before he did himself. "No, the getting in doesn't matter. No matter how it goes, the big thing is that somebody thought I was good enough to fill such big boots. Mayor of Elmwood. Before we tell the folks, Linda, let's put that down to remember, we won't be disappointed if I don't get in. I'll fight as hard as I can, and do everything I think is right, but if I don't make it I'll just remember that I'm still the same person I was before they asked me—and they thought I was good enough to ask!"

Linda kissed him swiftly. "That's good enough for me, Pepper, and always will be," she whispered. Then, together, they went back into the dining room.



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He Sings Before Breakfast

(*Continued from page 47*)

one woman at a time, although the listening audience is let in on it, too.

This "personal" singing might be considered, by some wives, as cause for jealousy. But I can't say a word—the whole thing was my fault to begin with!

One morning several years ago the children and I decided to surprise Daddy by attending the Breakfast Club broadcast—which begins, at eight in the morning, Chicago time. The trip was more hectic, and the results more far-reaching, than we'd anticipated. We arrived at the studio just as the doors were being closed.

"Sorry," said the usher politely, "but we're filled up."

"But I'm Mrs. Owens," I wailed. I couldn't bear it if all our scheming to surprise Daddy ended up by our turning around and going home again.

Fortunately, he believed me. He scurried around, bless his heart, and found four seats for us, and we sat down in time to marvel, as I always do, at how cool, collected—and cheerful—Don McNeill can manage to be at that unseemly hour of the morning.

At the conclusion of Daddy's first song, the audience was applauding nicely when Johnny let loose the whistle he usually reserves for Meadowbrook, our Springer spaniel. Jack did a quick double take in our direction and beamed astonishment—and, I hoped, pleasure—at seeing us in a body. A few minutes later, when it was time for his second song, he picked up the traveling microphone and embarrassed the daylights out of me by coming down the aisle and sitting on my lap!

I felt as conspicuous as if I'd suddenly sprouted an extra head, to the great glee of Mary Ann, John and Noel—and Jack, of course. In fact, Jack thought it was such a great idea that he's been doing it ever since—thus, the birth of the Cruising Crooner. Often, now, as I sip my morning coffee I do my own version of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Mine's entitled, "I Wonder Whose Lap He's On Now!"

But I really don't wonder—or don't care, I mean. As a matter of fact, we—the children and I—have tried to stay in the background of Jack's career as much as possible, and I've been determined that we'd have just as normal, as un-show-business a family life as if Jack earned our living by selling shoes or clerking in a bank. We do manage an everyday sort of home life. Jack manages to spend plenty of time with the youngsters, and on the days he gets home early he's beseiged with propositions concerning skating, football, or simply "please take me someplace." I'm very pleased that he takes over the leadership and leaves me to tend to my knitting.

Knitting, did I say? Precious little knitting a woman gets to do who has a fourteen-room house to care for, and three—no, four!—youngsters to manage.

When it comes to that very important room, the kitchen, I find that I have to share it sometimes. But not with the girls—with Jack. My husband's an enthusiastic amateur cook, and he's a fine hand, as they say, with salads. His basic favorites—steak, fried chicken, chili—he considers to be strictly my department, but give him a few leaves of greens and he can create a masterpiece.

I trust that all this is going to help explain matters to the people who ask, with envy or scorn as the case may be, "What does your husband do all day? He's through so early in the morning!"

That's true—he's through with the part of the day that the public knows about. But even so, a career in radio is no cinch. For instance, he has to be up bright and early at six, five mornings a week. He plugs in the automatic coffee maker and lets it do its work while he showers and shaves and dresses, so he can have a cup of coffee—his only breakfast until after the show—before he leaves the house. The hour-long drive from our house in Winnetka to the ABC studios in Chicago's Merchandise Mart gives him plenty of time to limber up his vocal cords.

But when the show is over, that doesn't mean Jack's working day is done. Right after the program, the Breakfast Club cast has breakfast together—a sort of informal directors' meeting at which ideas are discussed for tomorrow and sometimes for a lot of other tomorrows. Then Jack has his score for the next day to go over, sometimes a recording date, then more rehearsals. Of course, he plays theater and night club dates, too.

Jack never even dreamed of being a singer as a youngster. He was a pretty good all-around athlete, would probably have by-passed radio and gone into some other business if he hadn't broken his arm.

That was in the early summer of 1930, while Jack was playing punchball at a high school track meet in Wichita, Kansas, where he lived. He'd planned to work that summer as a lifeguard. But there's very little call for a lifeguard with only one useful arm, so he had to look around for something more suitable.

What with his arm in a sling he decided he'd better try to use his voice. He auditioned at a local radio station and was immediately offered a job. In lieu of salary, the station manager explained, he would get some very valuable experience.

Sure enough, by autumn, when he enrolled at Wichita College, he *had* worked his way up. The manager suggested he add janitor's duties to his singing chores. There was a salary too—twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week.

Shortly after that Jack came to Chicago, and shortly after *that* we met. I was working on early television, on station WIBO, where Jack got a job as an announcer. One more shortly after—in 1932—we were married.

Later Jack won a singing contest and a job with the late Hal Kemp's orchestra. In 1934 he joined the Breakfast Club—then, as now, Don McNeill was the Head Breakfaster. After two years of that, Jack had an offer to go to Hollywood to do voice doubles.

In Hollywood, my husband was the unseen voice of Jimmy Stewart, James Ellison, and some other stars. But the important thing that happened there was that Jack began to write songs.

The first one was called "Roundup Time in Reno," and it was used in a Gene Autry movie. Encouraged by this, he turned out "Louisiana Lullaby" which became immensely popular, and followed that with "I Dood It," "The Kid With The Rip In His Pants," and

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then the really big smash hit, the "Hut Sut Song."

In 1944 he rejoined the Breakfast Club, and there he's been ever since.

Of all the thrills and "firsts" in my life with Jack, the most exciting happened a short while ago when, on a television program, I saw Jack and Mary Ann performing together. Why there I sat—me, Miss Television of 1933! —seeing not only my husband, but my daughter. You know, never for one single minute have I regretted giving up what might (or might not, too) have been a career in TV for myself in order to marry Jack and raise those three swell kids.

Television, by the way, has another side in our home. Our three children are so busy lobbying each for his or her favorite shows, that I sometimes feel I ought to take out a referee's license to keep the bouts within the rules, and pass out boxing gloves all around. There's one strict ruling in our household regarding television: All homework must be done and accounted for before those favorite shows of theirs can be seen by the children in the evening. This is a hard and fast rule, and it's worked out fine.

Jack, incidentally, has a devoted fan club, the "Owen Swoonsters." As all clubs worthy of the name do, this one has a slogan: "It's really sublime at Cruising Crooner time." There's a club publication, too, called *Jack's Journal,* and the girls want it understood that they are most emphatically not "silly bobby soxers." They're not, either—they're as nice a bunch of youngsters as you could hope to meet. Recently I took a look at Jack to see him, past years of the wonderful sense of knowing your husband completely that marriage brings a happy woman, as the girls saw him. Now Jack stands just an inch shy of six feet tall, weighs a just-right-in-proportion 168 pounds, and has brown hair and brown eyes, and all in all is a pretty handsome man. No, the girls aren't silly—I think they're very discerning indeed!

Recently, Jack and Mary Ann were leaving an autographing party when a woman who'd evidently been at the party too, tapped Jack on the shoulder.

"That father-daughter team is wonderful," she said. "You certainly should be proud of your family."

Jack turned to the woman and said, "Why, lady, I'm one of the luckiest people I know!"

The reason I heard about this was that both Jack and Mary Ann seemed rather thoughtful when they got home, so I asked what had hapened, and Mary Ann told me. "And one of the happiest people, too," Jack added, grinning.

I've told you this because I want to say a couple of words that sum up our whole life together: me, too!

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I Tag Along

(*Continued from page 63*)

International Bridge between our country and Canada; and spent three days out in the swamp that later was to become the site of the World's Fair. But it was all part of tagging along, and I was fully aware of what Bob's professional life was like before I married him because I had been working in radio for several years.

My first New York job was at Station WMCA where I found a job almost right away as a secretary. I thought it was fascinating. Later I went to an advertising agency, which was interesting, also, but I was delighted when my boss moved to CBS.

It was there I met Bob, though not right away. After all, I was a secretary and he was already very important in the news department. He says I picked him up, which is not strictly true. Our first meeting came about when a stranger stopped me in the hall to ask if I could tell him who was in charge of announcers. Bob was passing at that minute. Thinking that there was nothing that "The Voice of the News" couldn't answer, I said, "Oh, Mr. Trout, who is chief of announcing?"

He looked surprised. Then he gave me a smile and said, "I haven't the faintest idea. If you find out, let me know, too," and off he went.

That can hardly be called a pick-up on either side. However, it was the way we met. My office was between his and that of a girl he liked, and he got in the habit of stopping in to see me on his way to see her. As soon as we were engaged we began to make plans for me to quit my job after our marriage and to help him with research.

Unless you have seen newsmen at work as I have, you cannot possibly appreciate the job that Bob and all of the other commentators do under stress. How they keep those words coming out smoothly, no matter what the emergency, is of continuing wonder to me, no matter how many times I see it done.

Imagine being confronted with a big piece of news—no details, just a cold fact—and having to talk without a break, drawing only on your memory.

Probably the most staggering challenge of that kind that he ever had came to Bob one quiet afternoon. It was about half an hour before he was to go on the air with his regular news analysis. As is his habit, he was at the studio checking over the material that he was going to use. Everything was calm until the flash that galvanized the newsroom came. They grabbed Bob, stuck a mike in front of him and said, "Keep talking!"

All he knew was one fact—that President Roosevelt had died. There were no details, no explanation, no statement from the doctors, nothing but the first flash of the bare news. Bob had nothing to go on, but he could not stop talking. Someone rushed a reference book to him, and he used a short biography in it to check dates, skimming ahead as he poured out sentences. As he read, he became more and more apprehensive because there was a trap for him in nearly every line of the biography. It evidently had been written by someone who was not only an ardent but a very much embittered Republican, and it was full of things like, "State politicians considered him a weak, if charming, man."

That biography was definitely more of a handicap than a help. Even if impartiality were not his policy at all times, good taste alone called for nothing but the deepest respect. If even one of the deprecatory adjectives from the biography crept in during those first frantic minutes, Bob would have failed all of the people who depended on him for straight news, the network and himself as well. After he had found the dates he needed, he laid aside that biography in a hurry. Bob had plenty of memories to draw on.

He was born in Washington, D. C., and began his radio career there in 1929, when he was twenty-one. Unlike most news analysts, he has had no newspaper experience. So far as I know, he and Ed Murrow are the only two of the top newsmen who started their reporting directly for the radio.

I have often wished that I could have been tagging along then because the contrast between those days and these is so striking. Hard as it is to believe, radio reporters were regarded as more of a nuisance than anything else. They were the lowest of the low, and the Sergeant-at-Arms was always throwing them out of the White House saying, "Get away. Your cables bother us. Your mikes are in the way of the newspaper men. Get away!"

That attitude changed very quickly. Radio reporting grew up all of a sudden. Mr. Roosevelt understood its importance and valued it. He reported the inaugauration of 1933 and has covered every presidential nominating convention, election and inauguration since—and from a spot up front.

During the first year we were married he was not home for any seven consecutive days, and we later estimated that he traveled on an average of a thousand miles a week on the heels of the news during that time. Sometimes he left the studio with practically no notice at all. In such cases, my part was to get background material for him in a hurry and to listen to his broadcast and make notes on it for him.

Occasionally it wasn't practical for me to tag along, so I didn't go with Bob on the first Trans-Atlantic flight. Neither did I go with him to jail.

It all started when he was covering a West Point commencement. His chief asked, "Would you like to fly to Europe?" Bob said, "When do I start?" His chief said, "Saturday."

That was on Wednesday. Bob had to be at the University of Virginia for another broadcast on Friday, so he called me in New York and said, "You arrange for visas and pack, will you?"

I had never packed for a Trans-Atlantic flight before for the very good reason that there had never been any. This was the very first scheduled flight for passenger service. Luggage had to be kept under forty pounds and it took forever to get the visas. I got one for France and one for Spain and was greatly relieved, because I was running out of time, when the Portuguese consulate said that I needn't bother.

With little time to spare, I gave Bob his papers. Then I stood all alone at the sea base at Port Washington while his plane roared off. I had been too busy to worry until then. All of a sudden, I was scared stiff that the next big

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headlines were going to be about a crash at sea.

The plane sailed across safely, but Bob made the headlines just the same. Two days later, all over the front pages was the headline, *Radio Man Jailed In Lisbon.* It seems that he did need the visa for Portugal, after all—badly.

Bob has paid me back for that many times over, however, with embarrassing moments of his own contriving. He loves jokes and I still remember with mixed emotions one trip after he had found a joke store and stocked up. The first gag appeared at a cocktail party in Hollywood. We were standing in the middle of a big group of movie stars when I noticed a white thread on Bob's shoulder. Naturally, I picked it off. To my dismay it kept coming, one foot, two feet—yards and yards of it. Bob had threaded the end of a whole spool of white cotton through his coat, just for the fun of seeing how I would handle the situation!

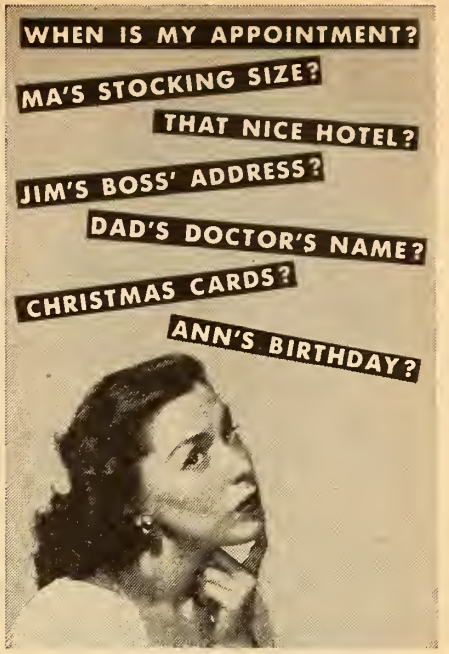
He spaced the gags just far enough apart so that I thought each one was the last. There were dreadful bugs that appeared on my coat in railway stations and wouldn't brush off. And an even more startling thing turned up in Chicago. We were putting up at a hotel that had a desk on each floor. One afternoon I stopped to pick up our key and the clerk handed me a note from Bob. All unsuspecting, I opened it and out flew a wind-up paper butterfly. It soared and swooped around the corridor which, unhappily, was filled with quite a large group of distinguished looking people waiting for an elevator!

In November, 1941, Bob was assigned to England on short notice. I tagged along, and for that I shall be everlastingly grateful. It was far easier to be close by when he was in danger than it would have been to sit at home. Though we were there for two years, we never did settle down because we were expecting to come back from week to week. We still live in a hotel, incidentally, because it leaves me so much more free to help Bob, but not in such cramped quarters as we had in London.

I was able to stay fairly close to Bob through those years. I frequently went to the studio which was a couple of floors underground, barricaded, guarded by armed sentries, protected by bulky gas-proof doors. I stood on the cliffs of Dover with him and saw the swastika flying on fortresses only twenty miles away, while the robot bombs whined overhead. I tagged along on inspection tours of bombed-out towns all over England.

There isn't so much tagging along for me nowadays. Bob is stationed in New York because his news broadcasts go out from there as does his weekly television show, Who Said That? That show provides plenty of variety, however. Bob says that it is just as unpredictable in its demands as is flash-news coverage. It operates with a panel of guests with Bob as moderator. The questions deal with memorable quotes from the news. It is the only program I know on which the experts have to pay when they miss an answer—$5 for each question that stops them. It is unrehearsed, and the experts are both famous and quick-witted.

I have never been on a program, and I never intend to be. I love tagging along all the way right up to the mike, but there I stop. That is Bob's territory. My satisfaction is being able to go to the boundary, however, and to look and listen to him from there.



Do you recall the address of John's uncle in Cincinnati?—or do you know where you placed that wonderful recipe Mrs. Decker gave you? Your answer is probably "no." But what can be done about it?

Well, Janet Lane and Catherine Emig Plegemann have done something about it. They have organized a book in which to keep information and records of your family and friends, your home and your activities.

In *Keep The Family Record Straight* space is provided to jot down those recurring dates you want to remember, such as birthdays, anniversaries, etc. Then there is a place to record clothing sizes for all members of the family—so you won't have to ask! Also, space for your Christmas card list—family health records—your friends' food and entertainment preferences—insurance policies and when payments are due—mechanical workings about the home—household inventories—household services—gardening data —canning, preserving and freezing notes—vacation and travel reminders of hotels, meals and routes you have enjoyed. And much, much more.

Keep The Family Record Straight is smart, colorful and delightfully illustrated throughout. As a gift it will cause sparkling conversation. Price only $2 at all bookstores, or direct from **Bartholomew House, Inc., Dept. RM-849, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, 17, N. Y.**

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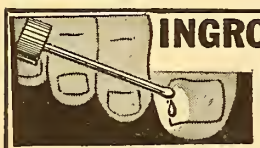
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Coast to Coast in Television

(*Continued from page* 59)

in time for the following Thursday night's program . . . Field day for femme televiewers is Fashions on Parade over WJZ-TV Wednesday nights at 9:00 EDT, with Adelaide Hawley as fashion commentator and June Forrest and Bob Douglas to make music and Russell and Aura to dance . . . Jo Hurt, who plays Josiebelle on Kobbs Korner, gave up the violin for the stage and television. She used to play at music festivals, then started her real professional career as a dancer, went into serious drama, and ended up as a pigtailed hoyden who sings and dances every Wednesday evening from 9:30 to 10:00 P.M. EDT on CBS-TV.

RCA Service Company, a subsidiary of Radio Corporation of America, gets a pat on the back for its booklet for television servicemen. The little pamphlet is called *The Care of Television Customers,* and is available to independent servicemen, distributors and dealers, as well as the company's own service staff for which it was designed.

Advice on respecting the customer's viewpoint ("think of how you would feel if you had purchased a television set, perhaps at some sacrifice, and then felt that it did not come up to your original expectations"), on making only authorized promises and then keeping them, proving all repairs by tests, keeping appointments and being careful of customer's property are a few of the paragraphs that long-suffering set owners will appreciate, and hope their servicemen will heed.

That cello Morey Amsterdam plays on his DuMont network show every Thursday evening at 9:00 EDT is no gag. He started his professional career as a cellist, just like his dad. The first time the elder Amsterdam heard his son's vaudeville act he listened closely to the famous cello routine but the audience's howls of glee at Morey's jokes made little impression on him. "Morey, your cello was out of tune," was his comment on the act.

Besides learning the cello and saxophone and playing both professionally, Morey has written more than 8,000 gags, although how he can keep track of the number when so many he uses are ad lib is a mystery. He's a song writer too—"Rum and Coca-Cola" and "Yuk a Puk" are his. He has written special comedy material for Hollywood comedians, is a veteran nightclub, theatre and radio entertainer. In fact, he once hit the high peak of seventy-eight shows in a week, doing five-a-day at a theater, a daily radio stint, several nightclub shows every evening, two "concert" appearances, with a couple of guest shots and benefits thrown in to take up any spare time.

Now that he's a television star he takes a busman's holiday—grabs his camera and shoots pictures.

Mid-Summer Summation: Remember the Milton Berle television marathon of April 9 that netted the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund well over a million dollars in pledges? Mama B, looking very chic, was introduced to the viewers by her boy Milton. "She's shy," he explained. "How old are you?" he asked then. "Forty," she announced. "You're shy thirty years," said her son. That's the way it went, leaving Berle a little limp at the end of the sixteen-hour stretch . . . The boys who love facts and figures have told us there were 1,315,000 TV sets in the United States at the end of last March and that about half a million of them were in the New York area . . . If you belong to the country club in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., you see television, if you don't you don't. Reason: the club is high on a hilltop—right on the beam for TV—and the rest of the town is down in a valley . . . New Jersey's station WATV carries the first weekly hour-long variety show to originate from a resort hotel. It comes from the Goldman Hotel in Pleasantdale every Sunday evening at 10:00 EDT, features "Happy" Waters as emcee and Don Lane and his orchestra . . . ABC's Super Circus originating from Chicago, found out that chimpanzees don't like bandleaders. That is, they found out after the damage was done. The chimp was doing his act on a scooter when the bandleader's arm-waving diverted him. Maybe he thought the fellow was imitating him. That's how his trainer explained it. But the scooter scooted into the bandstand and the chimp challenged his arm-waving antagonist. When order was restored and the damage was checked it added up to several hundred dollars, some fast footwork on the part of the musicians, and some injured feelings on the part of bandleader Bruce Chase. The cameras kept away as much as possible—but it's our guess that the viewers at home would have enjoyed the impromptu show.

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Serve Something Simple

(*Continued from page 65*)

At the next cool-off meal serve ribbon loaf with beet and orange salad and peach betty as a welcome surprise.

Tomato Ribbon Loaf

4 cups tomato juice
1 medium onion, sliced
4 peppercorns
4 whole cloves
1 bayleaf
½ cup coarsely cut celery leaves
1½ teaspoons salt
2 envelopes unflavored gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup (8 ounces) cream-style cottage cheese
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon chopped chives

Combine tomato juice, onion, peppercorns, cloves, bayleaf, celery leaves and salt. Bring slowly to boil and simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Soften gelatine in cold water. Place over hot water and stir until gelatine dissolves. Mix cottage cheese, mayonnaise and chives. Blend in 1 tablespoon of dissolved gelatine. Add remaining gelatine to tomato juice. Pour half tomato mixture into loaf pan (9 x 5 inches). Chill until almost firm. Add a layer of cottage cheese; chill until firm. Add remaining tomato juice; chill until firm. Unmold on platter and garnish with crisp greens. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Beet and Orange Salad

6 medium beets, boiled
2 medium oranges
1 small onion, chopped
⅓ cup mayonnaise

Scoop out centers of chilled beets. Combine diced orange sections, onion and diced beet centers. Fill hollow beets. Top with mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce. Makes 6 garnish salads.

Peach Betty

4-5 cups sliced peaches
1⅓ cups coarse bread crumbs
¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice
⅓ cup water

Place half the peaches in a casserole. Combine bread crumbs, sugar and cinnamon. Sprinkle one-half over peach. Add 1 tablespoon of lemon juice. Dot with 1 tablespoon butter. Make another layer of peaches, bread crumbs and flavoring. Add water and cover. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) 40 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Garden Salad Mold

1 envelope gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup hot water
¼ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon grated onion
1½ cup shredded or diced vegetables (raw or cooked)

Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in hot water. Add mayonnaise, lemon juice, vinegar, salt, pepper and sugar. Chill. When mixture is partially set, fold in vegetables. Turn into one large mold or individual molds. Chill until firm. Makes 6 servings.

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Yes, this bold buccaneer seemed to cast a spell over all women. And most of them would go to any length to keep him. Yet only one—a woman as wild and ruthless as he—gambled everything, including her life, to hold him. She was the sultry, beautiful Carlotta, who dared to promise him what no other woman dared to offer. Discover for yourself why "Cutlass Empire" is high on best-seller lists everywhere. It's yours FREE together with "Rampart Street"—yes, BOTH free when you mail coupon.



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None wiser or more ruthless thon the notorious Simone! Who — but Simone —could force o mon like Coptoin Corrick to morry her?

"Romance that transcends all barriers."
Son Antonio Express

Yes, even Rampart Street whispered, "Just how far will a woman go—to save the man she loves?" would anyone—besides honey-haired Raphaelle D'Arendel—dare to sell herself into the most infamous establishment on Rampart Street to protect her lover—only to see him marry her hated rival? And why does the notorious Simone de Tourneau plot her devilish revenge to get handsome Captain Carrick? Learn the answers in "Rampart Street" by the Webbers. Yours FREE, with "Cutlass Empire" — BOTH free when you mail coupon.

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BOTH FREE!

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All men stared hungrily at the golden girl, Celeste. But only handsome young Bart Strang, oil-millionaire, dared to ask for her hand, as well as her heart. What bitter secret drove Bart from his beloved Celeste—into the arms of devil-may-care Josie? Why is Celeste "kidnapped" by Bart's enemy, brutal Jim Stagg? You'll discover the answers in this fast-paced, fascinating story of lusty old Los Angeles, that the Omaha World-Herald calls "another smashing best-seller!"

MAIL COUPON NOW! HURRY ... OFFER LIMITED!

WOMEN! MAKE SPARE TIME MONEY QUICK! this easy way

And get your own dresses without a penny of cost as an extra bonus!





EVER-WEARABLE covert casual with new willowy lines.

Wouldn't you jump at the chance of earning up to $18, $20 and $25 a week in spare time? Well, here it is—the quick, easy way to make this good money in odd hours—in your own neighborhood—and besides, get this Fall's loveliest dresses for yourself *without a penny of cost!* Just imagine! *You invest no money!* You simply take orders for Fashion Frocks, which come to you in an amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves and patterns. Famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring—the cream of the world's best mills. In a complete range of sizes for every type of figure – Misses, Half-Sizes, Junior and Stouts. Best of all, they're *not* sold in stores – so women must come to *you* to get them. You can coin money "hand over fist" – and besides, *get your own dresses without paying a cent!*

BIG MONEY WITH NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE

Each dress carries the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval and Fashion Frocks cost much less than similar garments—they are priced as low as $2.98! How can you miss getting orders right and left? You start by taking orders from friends...they'll tell *their* friends. Soon you're making big money like Marie Patton, Illinois, who took in an average of $39 a week . . . or Mrs. Carl C. Birch, Maryland, who earned $36 a week . . . or Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama, who averaged $31.50 a week.

START EARNING IMMEDIATELY—NO CANVASSING

Whether you are married or single—housewife or employed woman—you can earn EXTRA money in your spare time. And just imagine how it will feel to have as many dresses as you want; to wear the latest, smartest, most glamorous dresses *without cost.* Don't forget—Fashion Frocks are well-known and in big demand. This means greater demand, orders are easier to get, and no canvassing is necessary. Women are delighted to order not only once, but for season after season. It's like having your own dress business WITHOUT INVESTING A PENNY.

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Free PORTFOLIO OF LATEST FALL DRESSES as low as $2.98



TEN-STRIPE PLAID folds softly and smoothly into classic lines.



Fashion Frocks INC.

Desk C2039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio



PERSIAN PRINT in fine cotton – fabric and style "made for each other" and *you!*

KATHI NORRIS
Popular Television Star

says, *"I wear Fashion Frocks at the studio all the time. They're such wonderful values I can't imagine any-*

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD – *mail now!*

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk C2039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses *without a penny of cost.* Send me everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

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*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____



Mrs. Llewellyn Lord Jr.

In a drawing room—or at a drawing board—petite, elfin "Jinx" Lord proves again that Baltimore society is rightly famous for lovely women. Her jewels are by Harry Winston . . . her ermine cape is from Maison Leon . . . her cigarette is Camel!



"Jinx" Lord made
the 30-day Camel test!

Result? In her own words:

"Camels are the best-tasting cigarette I ever smoked—and *so mild!*"

And Mrs. Lord's words are echoed by millions of Camel smokers. They have found that these superb tobaccos have a mildness and flavor that put Camel in a class by itself.

If you've never given Camels a real, day-to-day tryout, now's the time to start your *own* 30-day test!

Like "Jinx" Lord and millions of other Camel enthusiasts, you may well find *yourself* saying, *"Best cigarette I ever smoked!"*

So try Camel's *mildness* and *flavor* in your "T-Zone"—T for Taste and Throat—your proving ground for a cigarette. Try Camels for 30 days—see how mild a cigarette can be!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



Camels for Mildness

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!

RADIO MIRROR

AND TELEVISION

SEPTEMBER 25¢

GRAND SLAM

MUSICAL QUIZ

IRENE BEASLEY

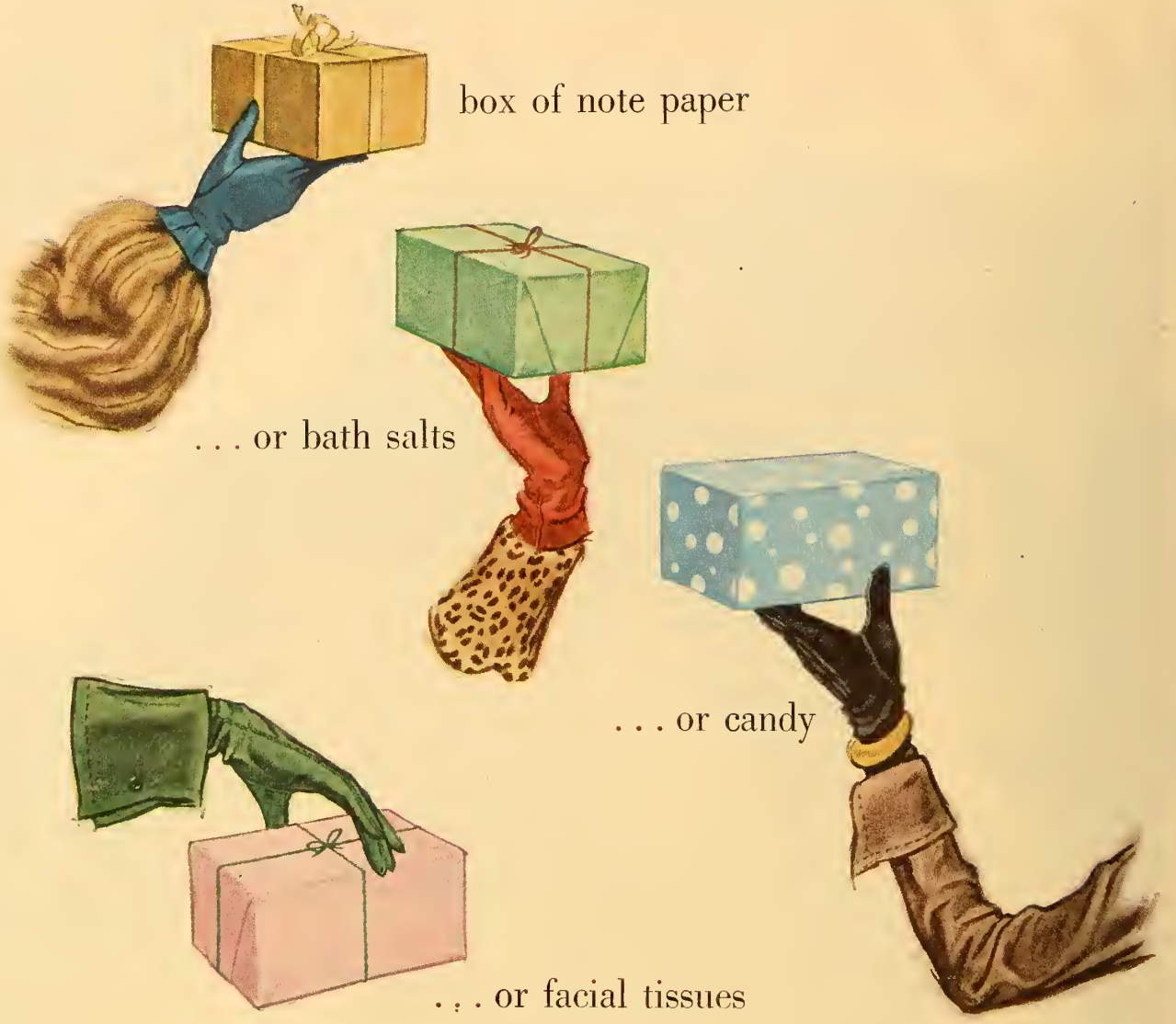


N THIS ISSUE
AMES OF ALL
RAND SLAM
ONTEST WINNERS

st Time! Color Pictures and Story
GALEN DRAKE

ckstage Wife – Gordon MacRae
Kay Kyser – Road Of Life

Wrapped, it looks like a



Actually, it's Modess

in the wonderful new-shape box!



★ So discreet . . . helps keep your secret so nicely.

★ So new . . . it may not yet be in stock at your favorite store. Until it is, ask for Modess in the standard box. Because . . .

★ Both boxes contain the same number of the same fine Modess napkins.

★ Both boxes are priced the same.

★ In Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.

YOUR HAIR

IS MAGIC TO A MAN . . .

Take care of it!



Does your hair sometimes look dull and lifeless . . . is there a telltale shower of distressing flakes *no matter what shampoo you use?*

Then be on the lookout for infectious dandruff, so prevalent, so hard to get rid of.

Better start now with Listerine Antiseptic and finger-tip massage every time you wash your hair.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills even the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale) which so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

You will be delighted to see how wonderfully fresh, cool and clean your scalp feels, how quickly flakes begin to disappear, how healthy your hair looks. Yes, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

As a precaution against infectious dandruff, make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair care no matter what kind of soap or shampoo you use.

For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouth-wash and gargle.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

NOW! PROOF that brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, effective way to

HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY with Colgate Dental Cream

NOW dental science offers *proof* that always using Colgate Dental Cream right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

Continuous research—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most important news in dental history!



X-RAYS SHOW HOW PROPER USE OF COLGATE'S HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY

Eminent dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating. The other followed usual dental care. X-rays were taken at regular intervals.

The average of the group using Colgate's as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

The Colgate Dental Cream now at your dealer's is the same formula used in the tests. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, *proved* way to help prevent new cavities, help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

Always Use Colgate's* to Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth —and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

*Right after eating



NO CHANGE IN FLAVOR, FOAM, OR CLEANSING ACTION!

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SEPTEMBER, 1949

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Editor DORIS McFERRAN
Art Director JACK ZASORIN
Associate Editor JOSEPHINE PEARSON
Associate Art Director FRANCES MALY
Editorial Assistants: JOAN POLLOCK, TERU GOTO, MARYANNE CROFTON
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Staff Photographers, HYMIE FINK, STERLING SMITH *Assistant,* BETTY JO RICE

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Coming Next Month



Godfrey: in October, Mug Richardson tells all about her famous boss.

Variety, we are not too modest to admit, always has been the keynote of RADIO MIRROR. But, somehow, the October issue seems to be crammed with more of the spice of life than usual. And for very good reasons. First of all, there's Arthur Godfrey's Girl Friday, Mug Richardson, telling about her job as the right and left hand of one of radio's most fabulous characters. Life with Godfrey, as you'll find out, is completely unpredictable. And no less predictable is that new quizmaster of the air, Groucho Marx—only we've turned the tables on Groucho. He answers *our* questions—and what answers! It's an understatement to say that they're hilarious. Speaking of answers, Eve (Miss Brooks) Arden gives a few herself—on everything from teaching to child psychology.

* * *

And here, as if you need any, are some more reasons why the October issue is such a special one. We asked Dan Seymour, emcee on We the People, to tell us about his favorite We the People guests. That was quite a big order, but Dan managed and the result adds up to a topnotch story. And here's a mother's eye-view story that's also topnotch—Mrs. Desiree Ball discussing her favorite actress, Lucille.

* * *

We also go visiting in October—in color—to see Red Skelton and his family. There will be color portraits of Helen Trent, too. And your friend Irma is the subject of next month's Reader Bonus—The Life Story of Marie Wilson. This and more is in the October RADIO MIRROR, on sale Friday, September 9.



That "Left-Out Feeling" can begin at home!

It hurts when a husband seems so indifferent. Yet sometimes a wife has *herself* to blame. So remember—*never trust your charm to anything but creamy, dependable Mum!* Mum's unique modern formula contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get a jar of Mum today.

Mum-Safer for Charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* underarm odor after your bath washes away *past* perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin .... Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Gentle Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum-Safer for Clothes .... No damaging ingredients to rot or discolor fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

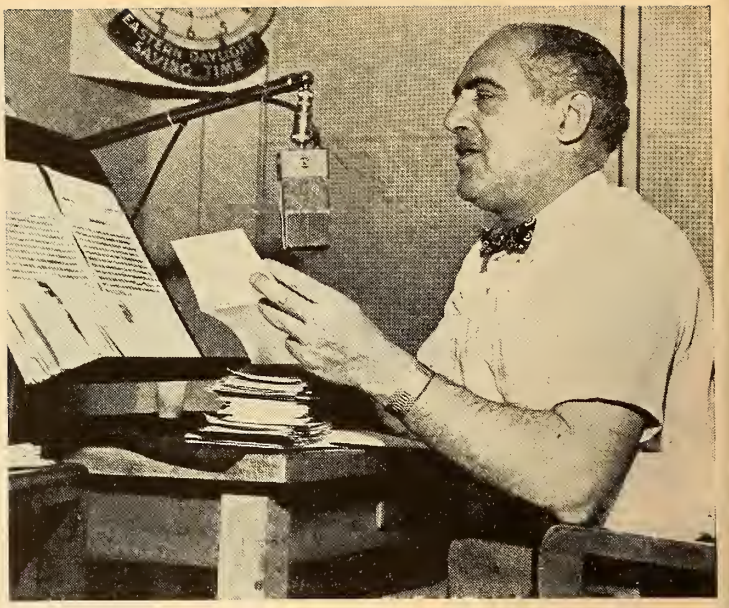
For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, sure ... dependable for this important use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

keeps you nice to be near

HAWKER of *Happiness*



On his Happiness Exchange Joe asks any questions listeners want answered by other listeners, has "guess the reverse side of the record" contests, and does whatever he can to make people happy.



Mrs. George Fields smiles happily as her husband uses the wheel-chair acquired as the result of an appeal on Joe's 2-5 A.M. Happiness Exchange.

While it is generally conceded that happiness cannot be bought, all too few people even think of exchanging it. "Big Joe" Rosenfield from New Orleans thought of it several years ago when he was conducting an all-night record show on a local radio station.

In 1947, many people were disappointed that the Drew Pearson Friendship Train was not going through their community. On one of his broadcasts, Joe suggested that the people of New Orleans send a Friendship Ship to old Orleans in France. The response from his listeners was overwhelming and Joe sailed with the ship for Orleans in March, 1948. When he returned in June, he had an idea for a new type program.

Joe reasoned that if the people of one community could work together to further the happiness of those in another, the people at home could look after the happiness of their neighbors. The result was the New Orleans Happiness Exchange and the similar New York program he designed to let WOR listeners know of the unhappiness in their city. Big Joe's aim is to make it "the happiest city in the world."

On the air for WOR since May 1, 1949, Big Joe has arranged for exchanges of two pianos, a wheel-chair, two baby carriages, thirty-one hearing aids, several pairs of plastic eyes and 100,000 stamps for the collections of veterans at Halloran hospital.

To date he has received 300 long distance telephone calls from all points of WOR's listening area. In communities outside the metropolitan area Joe hopes to have "helping hands" who will carry out Happiness Exchange transactions. In New York he makes the deliveries himself.

One hundred employees of one Horn and Hardart kitchen have written to thank him for the broadcasts. A night watchman on South Street has the only radio for four blocks around and all the night watchmen in the area drop in to catch the program. A loudspeaker has been installed in Eddie Condon's to pump in the program when the musicians take their break at 2 A.M. and a restaurant in Union City has a sign reading, "Have no fear, Big Joe is here."

To be kissed ... tonight ... as you've never been kissed before ... Tangee



Lips aching to be kissed
... in a heart-stirring love scene
starring

ANN DORAN
AND
MILBURN STONE
APPEARING IN

"CALAMITY JANE AND SAM BASS"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Tangee KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft ... invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right ... gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily ... so smoothly ... so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

Tangee KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—A bright new pink ... to make him think ... of kissing.

TANGEE RED-RED—Makes your lips redder than red ... and ready to love. For brunettes especially.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—America's most dramatic shade—transforms your lips into a "feature attraction."

TANGEE GAY-RED—Cold men turn into bold men—when a blonde wears this daring shade.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

INFORMATION BOOTH

Step Up And Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

LOST AND FOUND



EVELYN KNIGHT

Dear Editor:
Evelyn Knight is my family's favorite singer but we can't find her on radio. Can you help us?
Miss D. B.
El Dorado, Ark.

You'll be glad to know that Miss Knight is heard Monday, Wednesday, and Friday on Bob Crosby's Club 15, 7:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE MARINERS

Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of the Mariners Quartet, heard on Arthur Godfrey's radio program, and tell me each one's name.
Miss M. E. S.
Amherst, Va.



JAMES O. LEWIS

We didn't have enough space to print pictures of all four singers but here's one of them—James O. Lewis. The others are Tom Lockard, Nathaniel Dickerson, and Martin Karl.

BETTY CROCKER



ZELLA LAYNE

Dear Editor:
I always listen to The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air and have often wondered what Betty Crocker (or Zella Layne) looked like. I think she has a wonderful, soft voice.
Mrs. R. D. W.
Toledo, Ohio

Here she is—Zella Layne.

VITAL STATISTICS

Dear Editor:
I would like the following information on Kay Kyser: correct full name, date and place of birth. Also, does he have an evening program?
Mrs. D. A.
Eighty-Four, Penna.

James Kern Kyser (Kay Kyser to you) was born in Rocky Mount, North Carolina, on June 18, 1906. He does not have an evening program.

IRISH ACTOR



J. CARROL NAISH

Dear Editor:
Is J. Carrol Naish of Life With Luigi really Italian?
Miss J. V.
Bronx, N. Y.

No. Mr. Naish was born in New York City of Irish ancestry. His real name is Joseph Patrick Carrol Naish.

MYRT AND MARGE

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me the names of the actresses who played the title roles in Myrt and Marge a few years ago?
Mrs. D. O. T.
Concord, Calif.



MYRTLE VAIL

Myrtle Vail was Myrt, and daughter Donna Damerel played the role of Marge.

JUGHEAD



HARLAN STONE, JR.

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me who plays the part of Jughead, as well as the rest of the cast, in the NBC program The Adventures of Archie Andrews?
Mrs. M. S.
Dayton, Ohio

The ever-hungry Jughead is played by Harlan Stone, Jr. Bob Hastings plays the title role, Archie Andrews; Mr. Andrews is played by Arthur Kohl, Mrs. Andrews by Alice Yourman, Betty by Rosemary Rice, Veronica by Gloria Mann, and Weatherbee by Arthur Maitland.

HIT PARADER

Dear Editor:
I would like to know if Monica Lewis can be heard on the networks.
Mr. D. E. L.
Marysville, Calif.

Monica Lewis is currently sharing the vocal spotlight with John Lorenz on CBS's Your Hit Parade on Parade, Sundays at 7:00 P.M. EDT. The series is the summer replacement for the Jack Benny program.

For those within the range of WOR, New York, Miss Lewis is heard with Frank Farrell. Saturdays at 1:30 P.M. EDT.

One Mardi Gras Night in New Orleans

. . . that exploded into murder!



ON the eve of the gay Mardi Gras, Orson Foxworth, financial buccaneer, gave a dinner at world famous Antoine's for seven extraordinary guests. One was beautiful young Odile St. Amant. An unkissed wife, she ached with desperate longing for the embraces of Leonce, her playboy husband.

And at the table sat Odile's younger sister, voluptuous Caresse, even more sultry than her name. She resided with Odile and her husband in the family mansion and she drove Leonce to a maddening desire to put an end to his wife so that he could possess her. And Foxworth himself had reasons of his own for wanting Odile out of the way!

What a setting for a story when these people and five others as deeply involved with one another meet for dinner at glamorous Antoine's! All the color, romance and intrigue of New Orleans creole society is packed into Frances Parkinson Keyes newest best-seller, *Dinner at Antoine's*. This book, PLUS another popular novel, *High Towers*, is yours for *just a three-cent stamp*—yes, BOTH for 3¢—if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

THESE 2 FLAMING NOVELS OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

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by Thos. B. Costain

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Just Mail Coupon with 3c Stamp!

When you see the books you will get and realize they are typical of the values you will continue to receive from the Club for only $1.00 each, you will be delighted to have become a member! Mail coupon now.

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Dept. 9MWG, Garden City, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member and send me at once *Dinner at Antoine's* and *High Towers*—BOTH for the enclosed 3¢ stamp. Also send me the current club selection and bill me for $1 plus shipping cost.

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and additional bargains offered at $1.00* each to members only.

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R M



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BEAUTY AND THE BOBBY SOXER



Anne Francis is one teen-ager whose parents didn't mind her using make-up—because she knew *how*.

On September 16th, Anne Francis will be nineteen. Maybe, and it's just a "maybe," she'll marry handsome Jack Lewis very soon after her birthday. It all depends. For he's taking pre-law at Syracuse University, and they may decide to wait for him to finish. Whether they marry shortly, or wait, Anne wants to continue in radio, which she entered when she was eight years old. Her current assignment is singing commercials on Benny Rubin's TV show every Friday night over WNBT.

If you're a steady RADIO MIRROR reader, you may recall seeing her picture on the March, 1947, cover. Her most recent photo, above, shows you how "young lady-ish" Anne has become in a couple of years.

We like Anne very much. Because she's not only sweet and gracious, she's refreshingly beautiful. Even in printing our opinion of her, we know she will never be spoiled with too much praise. She's just not the type.

Since Anne is so grown-up, beautiful—and engaged—we felt that if any girl were qualified to give advice on how to use make-up to be more dateable, it is she. We weren't wrong in our choice. It developed, when we interviewed her, that she has some very definite ideas on the subject.

The reason why parents usually object to their teen-age daughters using make-up, Anne thinks, may be because they don't know how. She sees girls all the time who use too much. She wishes she could tell them how it detracts from their good looks, instead of enhancing it, as they erroneously think.

She had to prove to her mother and father—especially her father—that make-up did something for

By

MARY JANE

FULTON

her. So she practiced putting it on and taking it off, until she felt she dared brave his critical glance. When he smiled at her one evening over his evening newspapers, and didn't order her to "go wash it off," she knew she had gotten it on successfully.

She's learned to apply a *very light* film—and only one—of a rosy-tan shade of creamy cake make-up, or a combination dry powder-foundation. It's a tint which suits her skin best. Another shade, with a flattering pink tinge to it, might be more becoming on your skin. Or you might like using a make-up lotion or cream that's made especially for young skins.

While your summer tan is fading, tan make-up shades, she suggests, are a big help in prolonging the tanned look. Whatever type you prefer using, get it on *lightly*, she repeats, and be sure to blend it down on your neck, and at the sides of your face, so it won't be noticeable where it begins and ends. Blend it, too, up under your eyes, and carefully around your hairline. Then, with a facial tissue, or a cologne-saturated cotton ball, take off any that's too obvious around your hair-line. Wipe it off your eyebrows, if you've gotten any on them. Always apply your make-up in a strong light, Anne pleads. For then you'll do the job properly—and not go overboard on it, so that it looks cakey, and artificial.

Now, you're ready for your lipstick. If you're like nine out of ten girls, she said with a twinkle in her eyes, you probably started using it as soon as you entered your teens, or very shortly afterwards. Anyway, when you were sixteen. So you should be pretty expert about getting it on right, is her frank opinion.

Follow your natural lip line as closely as possible. Be sure the coloring is put on so that your lips are sweetly rounded, soft, and romantic-looking.

What about rouge? A fresh, young face is much prettier without it, Anne contends. So that's that. And we wouldn't care to argue the point. Because if any girl ever fooled another female, and startled her by admitting the use of *any* make-up at all, other than lipstick, it's this tall, slender, blue-eyed, natural blonde—lovely, engaged-to-be-married Anne Francis!



Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? **Your deodorant can be the difference . . .** and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use... Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. **Prove this to yourself** with the free jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.



FACING



Featured vocal group on the Fibber McGee and Molly program, the King's Men—Bud Linn, Jon Dodson, Rad Robinson, Ken Darby—star as the show's summer replacement (Tues., 9:30, NBC).



Arthur Fiedler led the NBC Symphony in three concerts of the summer series (Sun., 8:30 P.M. EDT).

It's been some years since Phil Harris has been seen in the movies—much longer than Mrs. Phil Harris' absence from the screen. Strange, too, since Phil was quite a hit in his films. His recent effort in "I Love A Bandleader" (1945) was completely overshadowed by a so-so script and production, but this summer Phil will be in front of the cameras and kleig lights again on the 20th Century-Fox lot. The name of the movie is "Wabash Avenue"—obviously in Chicago—and Betty Grable and Vic Mature will star in the film. That makes a bandleader and a bandleader's wife in the film and a similar couple at home. Harry James and Alice Faye ought to start thinking about duplicating the efforts of their respective spouses!

* * *

This may be a shock to some of his fans—but, then again, it may not be. Nevertheless, Bing Crosby passed his forty-fifth birthday a couple of months ago—quietly celebrated, of course. Could it be that age had a little to do with Bing banging his hand a bit during the shooting of "Riding High"? It all happened when director Frank Capra asked Der Bingle to leap over a fence in one of the scenes. Anyhow, it didn't seem to affect Bing's golfing ability at the Celebrities' Tournament in Washington, D. C. And it certainly has had no effect on his vocal abilities.

* * *

A switch on the more usual show business routine was Fran Warren's entry into musical comedy after making her name as a band vocalist and recording star. Fran took over the ingenue lead in the hilarious Bobby Clark show "As The Girls Go" after Betty Jane Watson left the cast.

* * *

Benny Goodman will fulfill a lifetime ambition by touring Europe the latter part of the summer. Plans at present call for Benny and his band to visit England, France, Switzerland, the Lowlands and Scandinavia. Another visitor to foreign shores will be Paul Whiteman, who leaves the United States in October for a two-month trip to Holland, Switzerland and England.

* * *

The man who plays "The sweetest music this side of heaven," may be serving the "bestest food this side of heaven" at the same time. All this means that Guy Lombardo is now the proprietor of a restaurant in Freeport, Long Island—and it cost Guy about $70,000! At $2.00 a steak, that's an awful lot of beef that has to be sold.

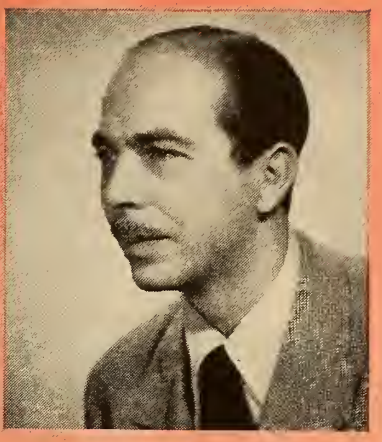
* * *

Eleven-year-old virtuosi are not too rare in classical music circles, but youngsters of that age who make a name for themselves in popular and jazz music are very few and very far between. Little Toni Harper's concert at Carnegie Hall, along with Lester Young's orchestra, was a smashing success. Not bad at all for the daughter

the MUSIC



At home Vaughn Monroe works at his favorite hobby, building model trains. Picture is daughter Candy.



By MARTIN BLOCK

Martin Block conducts Make Believe Ballroom daily on New York's WNEW. He's also heard on NBC's Supper Club, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 P.M. EDT.

Guest quizmaster Yvonne DeCarlo calls a contestant on Name the Movie (Thurs., 9:30 P. M. EDT) as singing star Clark Dennis watches anxiously.



of a Los Angeles redcap. Her Columbia discs have been fine too. Prediction: bright future for Toni.

* * *

Even if this sounds a bit far-fetched, let me assure you that it's quite true. Perry Como has enrolled his son Ronnie at Duke University. Ronnie is all set for the class of 1964! Perry, you know, sings with the Duke University Choir each Easter, and so Ronnie knew all about the school despite his tender age.

* * *

Some of the best news we've heard in a long time is that Larry Clinton is once more leading a band. The "Dipsy Doodler" signed an RCA Victor recording contract just a short time ago and his first disc "Sicilian Tarantelle" was an example of how fine his new band will be. During the war, Larry spent most of his time flying "The Hump" in the China-Burma-India Theater of Operations. Right now he is working hard at writing arrangements for his band and practicing vibraharp, trombone and trumpet.

* * *

All right, so it's a gag, but here's the evolution of man's ambitions as outlined by Vaughn Monroe: (1) To be a circus clown; (2) To be like Daddy; (3) To be a fireman; (4) To do something noble; (5) To get rich; (6) To make ends meet; (7) To get the old-age pension. Didn't know Monroe was such a philosopher, did you?

R
M



Designing and making one's own dresses has its problems but KDKA songbird Mildred Don takes them in her stride.

Strategy for SUCCESS



"You don't have to be able to trace your family tree or have a lot of money behind you to get along. Knowing what you want, plus a lot of hard work can bring success."

That's the philosophy behind the success story of Mildred Don, who is rounding out her fourth year with the same sponsor on the Mildred Don and the Men About Town musical variety program heard over KDKA every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30 P.M.

Miss Don started her hard work in high school. As a freshman she was determined to be a member of the high school chorus, and during her sophomore year she not only became a regular member of the group, but played flute with the band and orchestra.

She set radio as her goal when, as a senior, she sang into the microphone of a public address system with such popular Pittsburgh band leaders as Joe Morrone, Eddie Weitz, Benny Burton, Maurice Spitalny, Buddy Murphy and Jack Walton.

During her dance band days, Miss Don, quick to realize that she was still among the "little fellows," turned to the "little fellows" among the amateur song writers for much of her material.

Dr. Richard Wells, Pittsburgh dentist who founded the amateur song writers' group known as United Music, Inc., recorded the songs which she sang. It was these same recordings which got her her first appearance at KDKA as soloist on Evelyn Gardiner's Home Forum. And they opened the door to other radio stations as well.

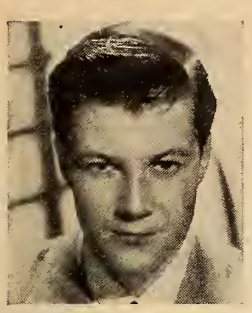
Her big break came in November, 1945, when she was selected to sing on the program commemorating twenty-five years of broadcasting for KDKA—a program which included John Charles Thomas, John Nesbitt, and KDKA's topnotch stars.

It was just a month later that Smith, Taylor and Jenkins signed her as the star of her own show for one of their clients, the Pittsburgh Brewing Company.

Since then Miss Don has been a great favorite with KDKA listeners and she's so busy with personal appearances that she had to draw the line so that her work wouldn't interfere with her hobby. She always liked to sew, and she makes most of her own clothes, but she has entered a new phase now and has enrolled in the dress designing department at Carnegie Institute of Technology.

"You never know about this radio business," she explains, "and it's always good to have something to fall back on. Of course if it's something you get a kick out of doing, so much the better."

Collector's Corner



By GENE WILLIAMS

It took only twenty-two years for Gene Williams to go from East Orange, New Jersey to leading his own dance band. In between were stops at Duke University, and the bands of Johnny Long, Vincent Lopez and Claude Thornhill. The combination of good looks, singing ability and a Mercury Records contract makes Gene a good bet for the "band of tomorrow."

Even if it makes me appear to be too set in my ways, or smug about my tastes in recorded music, it wasn't too difficult to pick out my favorite ten. For each of my choice, I have a definite reason—so here goes:

1. Frank Sinatra's "There's No You"—This is my idea of Frank at his best—and that wonderful Axel Stordahl background!
2. Nat "King" Cole's "Route 66"—This disc was Nat's intimate singing style and piano playing at its peak.
3. David Rose's "California Melodies"—There is only one David Rose.
4. Benny Goodman's "Springtime In The Rockies"—This was made with Benny's old band on the Victor label and displays the reason for the title, "King Of Swing."
5. Fran Warren's "Sunday Kind Of Love"—I worked with Fran for Claude Thornhill. She's my idea of America's Number one female vocalist.
6. Count Basie's "Miss Thing"—Although this record is about ten years old it's modern and progressive-sounding. This shows why the Count is the "daddy" of many of today's bands.
7. Claude Thornhill's "La Paloma"—There's no doubt that Claude has a great band—this is one of his finest discs.
8. Billy Eckstine's "Everything I Have Is Yours"—According to box-office figures Billy is the top singer in the country today—that's good enough for me.
9. Tommy Dorsey's "You Came Along"—This is typical of the great dance arrangements that Tommy has always had.
10. Woody Herman's "That's Right"—Here is big-band bebop and played the right way.



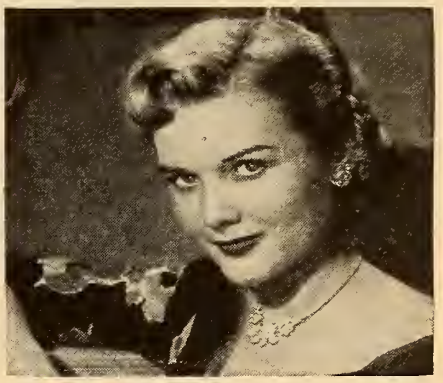
At Duke University, they called lovely Dee Gentner the "Noxzema Queen." "I use Noxzema as a night cream to help keep my skin smooth and soft."



Charming Hazel Gradinger first used Noxzema for externally-caused blemishes. She adds, "It proved so effective that it's now my regular beauty cream."



American Airlines Stewardess Elizabeth Toomey has a delicate, sensitive skin. "So I never use heavy make-up" says Betty. "Just Noxzema and powder."



Lovely Rita Tennant says she's found nothing superior to Noxzema. "It's my regular night cream—helps heal those little externally-caused skin irritations we all get occasionally."

Are you having any trouble with your skin?

Read how these 4 women gained softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin

● Does your skin ever get dry and flaky? Do those ugly little blemishes from external causes sometimes embarrass you, spoil your fun?

Cheer up! You CAN do something about it. These four women pictured above have found a real aid for their beauty problems—a simple home beauty routine developed by a doctor.

This new beauty routine has been clinically tested. 181 women took part in this test supervised by 3 skin specialists. Each woman had some little thing wrong with her skin. Each woman faithfully used Noxzema's New 4-Step Beauty Routine.

Astonishing Results

At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in two weeks. Yes, 4 out of 5 showed amazing improvement.

New 4-Step Routine

Try this simple 4-step aid to a lovelier-looking complexion:

1. Morning—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. Evening—repeat morning "cream-wash" cleansing.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over any blemishes you may have.

So if you want an aid to a lovelier-looking skin, if you suffer from rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, chapping or other similar skin troubles—start using Noxzema's New Beauty Routine *now*.

Try Noxzema! See if you aren't thrilled at the way it can help your skin . . . as it has helped so many thousands of other women. See for yourself why over 25,000,000 jars are sold every year! Available at all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax. Get your jar of Noxzema today.

R M

WHAT'S NEW



Alumni Saul LaPorta, Roseanne Biber, Joe LaPorta, Jacqueline Daniels and Marion Niles revisited the Children's Hour to celebrate its twentieth anniversary.

Other Children's Hour graduates at the broadcast included the Moylan sisters, Gene Martin and pianist Pinky Mitchell.



Even alumnus Arnold Stang's gun fails to frighten Children's Hour stars Bobby Hookey and Kenny Best.

Sad news for writers who've been hoping to pocket some of that easy gold from radio . . . Recently, top industry leaders told a special meeting of radio writers that the days of glamour and high script salaries in radio are gone. Specifically, they were told, there could be no more $1,000 a week salaries for scribes. No one made it clear whether this was due to a general slump in business, or to the shifting of ad agency money into television. Whatever the reason, looks as though the cut bug has hit writers as well as top bracket performers. Guess the golden days are over.

* * *

The fall season of My Friend Irma broadcasts will open in New York, according to writer-director Cy Howard, where it will double into



FROM COAST TO COAST

By DALE BANKS

the Paramount Theatre starting September 19th, to be on the same bill with the premiere showing of the Hal Wallis movie based on the radio idea.

* * *

Johnny Long fans will now be able to collect his records at bargain prices. Johnny's just finished recording some favorites for Hi-Tone, the inexpensive recordings sold only in department and Five-and-Dime stores. Already available are "Bali Ha'i", backed by "Put Your Shoes on, Lucy"; "Blue Moon" and "Night and Day"; "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue" and "Gossip."

* * *

James Hilton, well-known author recently turned radio personality via his work as narrator-host on Hallmark Playhouse, has got more out of radio than the dollars paid for his services. He's working on a new novel, which will be built around a radio actress heroine.

* * *

Cute note . . . Rosemary De Camp, who's been playing the role of nurse Judy Price on the Dr. Christian show for the past ten years, confesses that the only course she flunked in high school was—you guessed it—home nursing!

* * *

Bill Spier, producer of the Philip Morris Playhouse and the Adventures of Sam Spade, is one of those fellows who can't forget his job even when he's on vacation. While he was in Europe this summer, Bill did his touring with a wire recorder in his luggage. He's come back with a batch of authentic sound effects for future use, among them the chimes of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the roar of a Channel storm and the characteristic sounds of (*Continued on page* 21)





Operatic star Dorothy Kirsten, one of America's Ten Best Dressed Women, makes a return engagement as co-star of the summer Music Hall, Thursday, 9 P.M. on NBC stations.



Dorothy and KMH crony Nelson Eddy. Left: Jack Benny offered no competition when Dorothy was his guest.

ASTRIDE WIBG'S HOBBY HORSE

That radio people do have hobbies is proved by a visit to WIBG, Philadelphia. The president of WIBG, Paul F. Harron, is a golfer and a good one. The station manager, Edward D. Clery, also spends a large portion of his spare time on the links. Doug Arthur, the program director, is a boat enthusiast, and every weekend you'll find him pacing the decks of his cabin cruiser the "Taboo?" which, incidentally, is named after the theme song of his Danceland disc jockey show.

Rupe Werling, the station's production and promotion manager, has a double title and is a triple threat when it comes to hobbies. He's the pyrographer, the hypnotist and a metascientist. Pyrography is the art of burning pictures in wood (his are good enough to sell); metascience is the study of the subconscious nerve system, and someone has suggested that Werling studied hypnotism in order to take up metascience in a trance.

Bob Knox is the announcing staff's golfer. Dick Mabry is the photography fan of the group. He is constantly searching for people to "Look at this beautiful color job I just got."

Tom Moore, who dabbled in photography, finally gave up in disgust when he couldn't out-picture Mabry and switched to cookery. Now when Dick brings in his color shots, that beautiful red sunset reminds Tom of the wonderful charcoal-broiled steak he cooked the night before, and the angle shot of a suspension bridge is just a dubbed shot of the spit he roasted a chicken on the day before. His fellow announcers admit that Moore can cook a mean hot dog, but they've still to discover what he can do with the carcass of a bull.

And speaking of bull, Fred Knight's hobby is bull fights, despite the fact that he's never seen one in the flesh. He has photographs, paintings and motion pictures of them. He has a collection of books on everything from toreadoring to matadoring, and anything in between. Any fiction that mentions a bull ring finds its way into his library. His one ambition is to visit Spain for a full season of watching America's lone bull-fighter, Sidney Franklin, whom he greatly admires.

Franklin has another follower among the WIBG announcers. But it's Benjamin, not Sidney, who is emulated by Paul Collins. Paul is a kite fan. He makes big kites, small kites, box kites, plane kites. And he flies them singly and in series of three and four on one line. The youngsters in the vicinity of his suburban North Hills home (picked for its windy locale) think Paul is wonderful. He occasionally permits them to hold the lines of his flying monstrosities while he rests. Using this method, he had a kite in the air eight days during his last vacation. A rainstorm finally chased it and him inside.

Fred Wieting's hobby is cards. He likes to play cards. He *loves* to play cards. And whenever he has time between shows he roams the studios, hunting a partner.

Elwood Stutz is the station's most successful hobbyist. He's a musician and songwriter, besides being an announcer, and has collected royalties on "Relatives," "In Martha's Eyes," "Two-Timer" and several other songs.



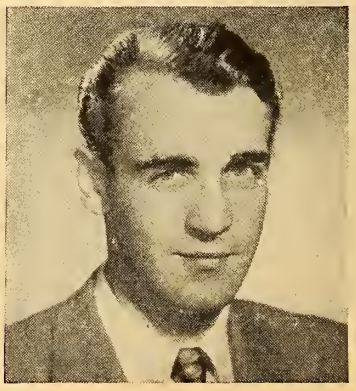
Program director Arthur—skipper.



Fred Wieting loves to play cards.



Bull fight enthusiast Fred Knight.



Dick Mabry—expert photographer.

FLETCHER MARKLE

Now that time and slight age have toned down Norman Corwin and Orson Welles a bit, a new young man seems destined to move with his touch of genius into their place. Director of CBS's full hour Ford Theatre (Fridays at 9 P.M., EDT) and with his first American movie, "Jigsaw" released, Canadian-born Fletcher Markle is at twenty-seven one of the outstanding personalities of the entertainment world. His success is all the more remarkable because his first widespread introduction to American audiences is a little more than a year old. He was the producer-director of Studio One, an assignment he handled so brilliantly that the show won the George Foster Peabody Radio Award for 1947 as "outstanding in the field of drama."

Markle was born in Winnipeg, moving to Vancouver at an early age. By the time he was eighteen, he had formed his own acting unit, the Phoenix Theatre, whose productions attracted favorable attention. The venture dissolved but Markle turned to radio with the same group of actors. Remaining in Vancouver, he wrote, directed and starred in a sixty-five-week series of full hour plays titled Imagine, Please, where his subject matter ranged from Shakespeare to Mother Goose.

During 1942, Markle wrote his first major network series Baker's Dozen for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Later that year, he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force, producing numerous Air Force radio shows.

Shipped overseas to London the following year, Markle spent his off-duty hours playing a featured role in a movie "Journey Together" which starred Edward G. Robinson. Learning of his work both in and out of the service, the British Ministry of Information commissioned him to write and narrate a documentary picture describing the damage done by robot bombs. The resulting "V-1" was hailed as one of the best films to come out of the war.

Following his discharge, he spent the summer of 1945 writing and producing another Dominion network series, Radio Folio. He also wrote and appeared in a postwar film "Farewell to Britain" and traveled to Hollywood and Mexico to write a screen story about Oscar Wilde for Alexander Korda.

Markle invaded American radio in 1946 via three Columbia Workshop scripts. It was the success of these scripts which won him the producer-director assignment when Studio One took to the air in April, 1947. Since then, Markle has set the pace and the standard in taste and perfection for all other dramatic radio shows.

Tall, dark, slim and handsome, Markle is a young man with an infinite capacity for long hours of grueling work. He's a stickler for casting suitable and competent actors and often turns down a well-known, attention-attracting star who isn't just right for a part in favor of a total unknown who is perfect. He rehearses every part, no matter how insignificant, painstakingly and has a wonderful flair for bringing out every fraction of talent of which an actor is possessed. Definitely a young man to be watched and appreciated.

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SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD

"Problem" hair requires the kindest, safest, gentlest type of home permanent. And the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent is as *safe* for all textures and conditions of hair as science can possibly make it!

To make sure you get soft, natural-looking waves...real "salon-type" results, the new improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent uses the same sort of preparations...even the same improved cold wave process found best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, *cream* waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job. *If you can roll your hair on curlers, you'll manage beautifully!*

There isn't a lovelier, more luxurious, softer home wave for any head! Price, $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50. (Prices plus Tax.)

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1. Gives you the wave you wish you were born with—soft, luxurious, natural-looking.
2. Quicker by far—saves ½ hour or more per permanent.
3. Easier, too! Special Hudnut pre-softening makes winding easier; ends less difficult!
4. Exactly the type curl you desire—tight or loose—but never a frizz on the ends!
5. Lasts longer—gives weeks more pleasure and prettiness!
6. Doesn't dry hair or split ends; includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do."
7. More manageable—greater coiffure variety.

*As expressed by a cross-section of Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

New! Improved! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



R M

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

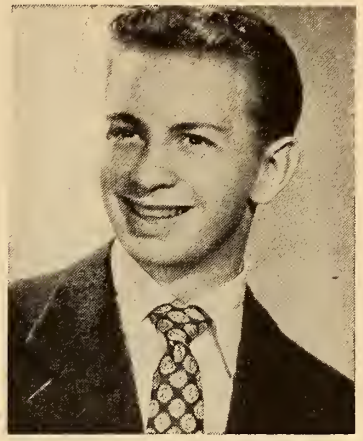
Always creamy and smooth ... lovely to use!

So effective ... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle ... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

Look at the RECORDS



By
JOE MARTIN

MEL TORME (Capitol)—The "Velvet Fog" is properly foggy on the lovely "Four Winds And The Seven Seas" and properly light and smooth on "It's Too Late Now."

BENAY VENUTA (Mercury)—Here are two old-time tunes that capture the true Gay Nineties spirit. "Be My Little Baby Bumhlehee" is cute and "He's A Devil" has some fine honky-tonk piano in the background.

DANNY KAYE (Decca)—"Candy Kisses" and "Thank You" are the two titles on this disc. While it's not the Danny Kaye as he is in the movies, it's good listening to two good songs.

THE STARLIGHTERS (Capitol)—"Weddin' Day" is the kind of song that everyone will fall in love with. The Paul Weston orchestra lends excellent support to that and the reverse side, "Room Full of Roses."

ELLIOT LAWRENCE (Columbia)—Even this danceahle and sweet orchestra has taken to play bebop. "Elevation" is just that—and good, too. "Gigolette" features vocalist Jack Hunter and the theremin, an electronic instrument.

FRAN WARREN (RCA Victor)—Now that Fran is featured in the Broadway musical "As The Girls Go," she is hetter suited than ever to record show tunes. This disc couples two new songs from Irving Berlin's "Miss Liherty." "Homework" and "You Can Have Him" are the titles of two great tunes.

BOB WILLS (MGM)—Surprisingly effective is this Texas version of the oldie, "I Ain't Got Nobody." "Papa's Jumpin'" is an instrumental show-piece hy Bob and his country group.

BLUE BARRON (MGM)—Here's proof that a hand can follow hit after hit. You'll really enjoy "Ting-A-Ling" and "Love Is A Beautiful Thing." Both songs are waltzes and well done.

NICK LUCAS (Capitol)—Mother will remember this fine old trouhador as he sings "Bye Bye Blackhird" and "Don't Call Me Sweetheart Anymore." It's all doue pleasantly and straight.

CLAUDE THORNHILL (RCA Victor)—"Life Begins When You're In Love" will sound like Chopin's "Minute Waltz." That's hecause it *is* the master's melody. The lyric is fitting and proper. "Mayhe It's Because" is from the Broadway musical "Along Fifth Avenue."

DINAH SHORE (Columhia)—The hauntingly heautiful "Lovers' Gold" is superhly sung by Dinah. The reverse side is a completely different kind of song. The title "Wait! Till We Get Married" should tell you what it's like.

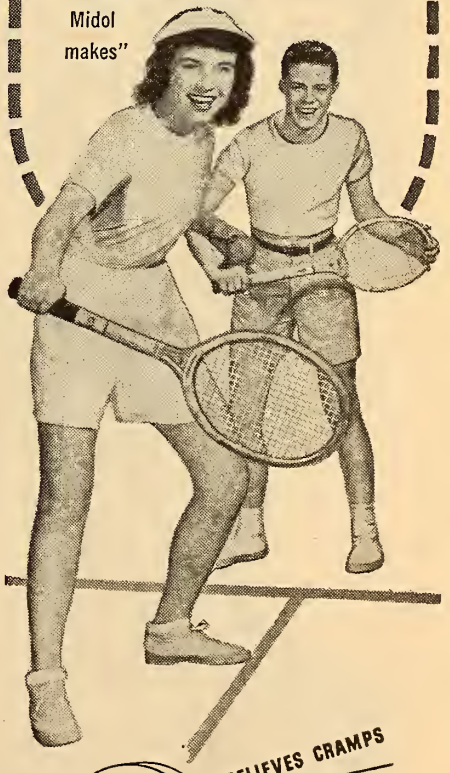
TOMMY DORSEY (RCA Victor)—The Charlie Shavers' vocal and trumpet playing on "Ain'tcha Glad I Love You" is infectious. Remember the way Astaire and Rogers danced "The Continental"? Here's Tommy's excellent instrumental version that's hright and ultra-rhythmic.



"DREADED" DAYS
CAN BE
ACTIVE DAYS

MIDOL
RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a DIFFERENCE Midol makes"



MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

HIGH, WIDE and . . .



An outstanding athlete while at college, WBEN's Chuck Healy believes that the best training for a sportscaster is playing and teaching sports.

Chuck Healy, popular radio and television sports figure of WBEN and WBEN-TV, knows whereof he speaks when he talks about sports. At high school in Oswego, N. Y., Chuck was captain of football and boxing and president of the student body. Later he was Eastern Inter-Collegiate middleweight boxing champion in 1939, runner-up for the national title, co-captain of Syracuse University's boxing team and a member of the varsity football team until he was injured.

After graduation he became physical education director at Pawling High School, where he coached all sports. One of his most pleasant experiences occurred when he acted as assistant golf pro in charge of the caddy house at Pawling's Quaker Hill Country Club. In the midst of Dewey's pressing 1944 presidential campaign the governor took time off to play golf.

Once, to assure a caddy for a future game Dewey asked ten-year-old "Hunky" if he would be available. Chuck was amused to overhear the little boy say, "Well, maybe I can make time—what time do you want me and for how long?"

The governor pondered for a moment and then inquired whether Hunky would be available—say at 3 P.M.—and could the governor send a car and chauffeur to pick him up?"

"I guess I can make it," said Hunky after a brief pause.

Shortly thereafter, when Mr. Healy was coach at Poughkeepsie High School, a friend who was chief engineer at WKIP, Poughkeepsie, asked why Chuck didn't "look into radio." Chuck called the station and successfully auditioned, but the only job available was as part-time announcer. This lasted a year and a half until he was offered a permanent job as sports director of WKIP and WGNY, Newburgh.

Chuck is now a member of both the sports and announcing staff of WBEN and WBEN-TV. He is swing man for Sports Director Ralph Hubbell on WBEN one evening a week and also has two WBEN-TV shows of his own: the Monday night Canandaigua News Quiz and Saturday's Meet the People show.



Chuck developed an interest in professional broadcasting after meeting Lowell Thomas, James Melton, Col. Stoopnagle and other radio personalities at Pawling's Quaker Hill Country Club, where Chuck was a golf instructor.

Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 15)

European trains. Which probably means we can look forward to some Continental backgrounds for coming scripts on the two shows.

* * *

Hollywood rumor has it that One Man's Family, long a half-hour weekly feature, will go to a quarter-hour strip show — Mondays through Fridays — starting this fall.

* * *

Depressing note for Carson fans who don't own TV sets . . . Jack Carson's had word that his sponsor will not sign him for the 1949-50 season on CBS, but the client is earnestly discussing a one-hour video show for Carson in the fall.

* * *

Of all things! Gravel-voiced Andy Devine, who's been making quite a thing of his role of Mose Moots on Lum 'n' Abner, has a sideline that gives him very few evenings at home. He has become an expert dance "caller" and is much in demand at San Fernando Valley barn dances, which also have been growing in popularity.

* * *

Because of picture commitments, Jimmy Durante had to cancel his contract to appear at London's famous Palladium, but so far as we have heard he's still due to open at the Copacabana in New York the first week of September. Of course, the movies being what they are, anything can happen.

* * *

Have here a note saying that The Cisco Kid is being translated into Spanish to be transcribed and used on Mexican radio stations. Trying to remember whether these scripts will help the good neighbor policy, or whether they'll annoy Mexican listeners.

* * *

Meredith Willson has made an audition record for CBS for a new five-a-week quarter-hour series in which he will do no music but will be featured as a Hawkeye Humorist, telling stories in the style of his best seller *And There I Stood With My Piccolo.*

* * *

The Los Angeles Graduate Club of Phi Delta Epsilon, a medical fraternity, has awarded a plaque to Dinah Shore, nominating her as a "heart specialist," in recognition of her entertainment efforts for hospital patients.

* * *

It Runs in the Family Department . . . Rudd Weatherwax, owner and trainer of Lassie and narrator on that famous dog's program, is the son of a man who trained dogs for a circus. Rudd and his brother Frank, now co-owners of the Weatherwax Kennels, have sixty dogs, all working regularly in motion pictures. Queen of the kennels is Lassie, who is not only the most valuable, but the only pooch allowed the run of the house and is regarded as the family pet.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM HITHER AND YON . . . Radio scripter Russell Beggs has switched to scribing for TV . . . Ann Burr, Nona on the radio series Wendy Warren and the News, appearing as fem lead in the Broadway success, "Detective Story" . . . Have you read N Y. columnist Earl Wilson's book *Let 'Em Eat Cheesecake* yet? . . . Opera star Gladys Swarthout may return to radio via a five-a-week quarter hour series currently making the rounds . . . Now that the season's upon us, there'll be lots more news again . . . summer is a doldrums time . . .

"I dress for a square dance... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



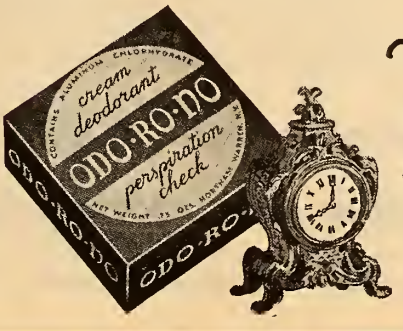


1. "**At work,** I feel like a 'best dressed business woman' in my smart black jacket with clear, clean-cut lines above a pumpkin-colored skirt. I add a black belt, an orange silk scarf, and, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . *because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!*"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "**At the party,** the jacket comes off and my pretty, boat-necked jersey blouse makes its appearance. Highlighted by the gold of my necklace, bracelet and belt buckle, it's perfect with my pretty pumpkin skirt! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . *because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!*"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the *perfect deodorant!*



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(*Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax*)

Are you in the know?



If he's talkative, what's your cue?

- ☐ *Lend both ears*
- ☐ *Keep one eye on the field*
- ☐ *Plan tomorraw's schedule*

What if he *is* chatter-happy. The fact remains, he's talking to *you*. So listen . . . without a roving eye. Or daydreams. Or tapping tattoos on the table. Boys are people . . . they like to be appreciated. And the best-rated fillies never forget it. They're also the gals who (on difficult days) never forget to choose Kotex sanitary napkins. They've found the exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives *extra* protection . . . and what girl wouldn't appreciate *that?*



When your suntan starts fading—

- ☐ *Get back in the swim*
- ☐ *Get in the pink*
- ☐ *Get a sun lamp*

As your fancy turns to fall fashions—don't let your waning suntan give you a last-rose-of-summer look. Use a pink-tinted makeup base and powder. (Fall-minded lipstick and "paw paint" too). Then you'll blend better with autumn togs. You know, you can wear any smooth new outfit, *any* day, without misgivings . . . once you've learned to trust to Kotex. The special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. So . . . fade "those" fears with Kotex!



To judge what you should weigh—

- ☐ *Compare your pal's paundage*
- ☐ *See an "average weight" chart*
- ☐ *Measure your wrist*

You and your gal pal may be the same height—but a large-boned femme should weigh more, and vice versa. For instance, are you over 5′4″ tall? Measure your wrist. If it's less than 6¼″ you're small boned. More than 6½″—large boned. Consider your *frame* when you read an average-weight chart. In sanitary needs, too, all girls aren't "average." Find just the right Kotex absorbency for *you* by trying *all 3* . . . Regular, Junior, Super!



How to get to the dance floor smoothly?

- ☐ *You walk ahead*
- ☐ *He leads the way*
- ☐ *You go arm-in-arm*

It's a l-o-n-g trek from your table if you aren't sure who follows whom. When you rise to rhumba, your date won't expect an "after *you*" routine. Walk ahead! Knowing what to do is such a comfort. As to calendar-time poise and comfort, you can be 'way ahead of the sad-eyed sisters who haven't discovered new Kotex. For naturally, *you'd* choose this napkin: this new, downy *softness that holds its shape!* So naturally, you'd stay more comfortable. Just as *Kotex* is made to stay soft while you wear it.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest *destroys* them. Safely. *Positively*. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!



Quest Deodorant Powder

Ask for it by name

R
M

TRAVELER OF THE MONTH



By
TOMMY BARTLETT

From Gloucester to Gloucester in eighteen months and 40,000 miles was a fascinating story as told me by Mildred Young, our Traveler of the Month. Before the NBC microphone, she touched on the high spots of her exciting trip aboard the ninety-six-foot brigantine Yankee. Guests of Welcome Travelers in the College Inn, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, were thrilled with her tales of the 104 ports she visited in odd corners of the world.

Travel posters came to life as she described the far-off islands of the Pacific. She was still breathless over the beauty of Bangkok and awed by Devil's Island, which she saw when escorted about the island by a prisoner-turned-guide.

Miss Young first heard of the Yankee when her skipper, Captain Irving Johnson, spoke at the Chicago Natural History museum. His talk started her daydreaming about lazy days at sea and it also started her saving the pay checks she received as secretary for a paper company.

Finally she had the $5,000 for the round-the-world fare. A lot of money, when you know that the Yankee is not a streamline-sleek craft with all modern devices for its passengers' comfort. Also for that sum Miss Young was a member of the crew, not just a pampered guest.

It was at the island of Rapa where women outnumbered men, that one of the male members of the crew was kidnapped . . . but only briefly. From Rapa they went to Tahiti, where their stop was highlighted by tea with James Norman Hall.

We asked Miss Young if she had done any trading. She replied she had aquired some fine cats' eyes, which she later had set in silver in Bangkok to make the handsome necklace, earrings and bracelet which she was wearing. Silver buttons and some fine carved ivory buttons were other trades made during the trip.

Miss Young spent her leisure time making a dress, using the feather-weight sewing machine the skipper's wife had brought along. She also learned to knit.

Miss Young concluded, saying, "I could never bring myself to travel on a regular steamship after the Yankee. $5,000 was a lot of money, but it was worth it."



"$5,000 is a lot of money for a trip around the world, but the thrill-packed voyage was worth every penny," asserts Mildred Young, NBC Traveler of the Month.

Welcome Travelers, from whose files this account was taken, is heard at 10 A.M., Mon.-Fri., NBC.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM Irene

Dear Neighbors:

I wish that I could write a separate letter to every single one of you!

However, since that cannot be my happy privilege, let me say through RADIO MIRROR: "A great, big Thank You from the bottom of my heart!" Thanks for listening to Grand Slam—for sending in your entries for the contests on the program—for entering the *Make A Grand Slam* Contest (which ran in the May issue of RADIO MIRROR)—and most of all, thank you for the wonderful comments you have written me!

In the letters you wrote about RADIO MIRROR'S *Make A Grand Slam,* it was interesting to have so many of you say you'd learned a lot from looking for the answers to the questions. One letter said: "I never knew anything about music except that I liked to listen to some and didn't like to listen to others. Since I began to listen to Grand Slam I've learned a lot. But this *Grand Slam* game in RADIO MIRROR was more help than anything. I went to the library to look up the answers and I had the best time! You've opened up a whole new world of music for me, and I want to thank you for it."

As you know, neighbors, I love music so very much that I'm pleased as punch to know you share with me the world it offers.

Many of (*Continued on page* 99)

Here are the Make A Grand Slam Contest winners, the correct answers, and a thank-you note from Irene!

GRAND SLAM PRIZE WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE—$100.00

Mrs. Cathryn Green
1312 North Third Street, Durant, Oklahoma

TEN PRIZES—$10.00 EACH

Mrs. Charles Peterson
721 N.W. Fifth Street, Faribault, Minnesota

Mrs. Andrew Lauritzen
Box 313, Encanto P. O., San Diego, California

Mrs. S. L. Glover
5024 Sherwood Drive, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Mrs. Betty Goerss
26410 Edgecliff Blvd., Cleveland 23, Ohio

Carol Ann Naeter
419 Stanley Street, Stillwater, Oklahoma

Mrs. Neil E. Jarvey
1181 Gladys Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio

Mrs. Francesca Lennox
902 North Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Indiana

Ruby Mae Stratton
409 Ramsey Street, Stillwater, Oklahoma

Mrs. Aulette Allen
2069 South Oxford Ave., Los Angeles 7, California

Mrs. Emily F. Barnes
2145 Scottwood Avenue, Toledo 2, Ohia

Beasley



Grand Slam, with Irene Beasley, is heard Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M., EDT, CBS stations.

GROUP 1

(a) White Christmas
(b) Easter Parade
(c) I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
(d) Wearin' Of The Green
(e) Turkey in the Straw

GROUP 2

(a) sea . . . sea
(b) sun . . . Nellie
(c) moonlight
(d) turkey
(e) Daisy

GROUP 3

(a) stem
(b) measure
(c) line
(d) dot
(e) sharp

GROUP 4

(a) Shean
(a) Barnacle
(c) Bill
(d) Butterfly
(e) Bill

GROUP 5

(a) Chopin
(b) Rachmaninoff
(c) Lecuono
(d) Rubinstein
(e) Brahms

GROUP 6

(a) Dickie Bird
(b) owl
(c) nightingale
(d) mockingbird
(e) lark

GROUP 7

(a) kiss
(b) three
(c) independent
(d) cuddle
(e) old

GROUP 8

(a) Walter
(b) George
(c) Sammie
(d) Horton
(e) Jack

GROUP 9

(a) comes the
(b) rose
(c) me
(d) dawning
(e) wedding

GROUP 10

(a) Gilbert wrote the lyrics, not the music
(b) Sullivan wrote the music
(c) Irving (not Ira) Berlin
(d) Berlin, not Gershwin, wrote "Easter Parade"
(e) Berlin did not write "Chickery Chick"

GROUP 11

(a) baby
(b) prayer
(c) days
(d) graduation
(e) taking

GROUP 12

(a) xylophone—tone bar
(b) clarinet—reed
(c) snare drum—tension key rod
(d) cornet—water key
(e) ukulele—tuning peg

GROUP 13

(a) David
(b) Billly
(c) Peter
(d) Tokyo
(e) O'Day

GROUP 14

(a) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(b) Johann Sebastian Bach
(c) Ludwig Von Beethoven
(d) Edward Grieg
(e) Franz Schubert

GROUP 15

(a) Mandalay
(b) Deever
(c) Gunga
(d) Fuzzy
(e) boots

GROUP 16

(a) Oliver Wendell Holmes
(b) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
(c) James Whitcomb Riley
(Note: although this quotation was written by Riley, it is incorrectly listed as "unknown" or "anonymous" by several authorities. Therefore, if your answer read "author unknown" or "anonymous" credit was given to you for a correct answer.)
(d) William Shakespeare
(e) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

GROUP 17

(a) foot
(b) ear
(c) head
(d) neck
(e) heart

GROUP 18

(a) Margie
(b) Marie
(c) Marquita
(d) Mickey
(e) Mandy

This is GALEN DRAKE

What manner of man? Everybody wondered, nobody knew. But now—for the first time—it can be told

By JUDITH FIELD



Galen's philosophy is based on one simple concept: "You must be the kind of person you yourself can live with."



Galen hid from the camera for twelve years. But now he thinks he looks mature enough to match his philosophy.

Galen Drake is a man who does a lot of talking —an hour and a half of it every Monday through Friday on his ABC program and his WCBS local show. Up until now, however, Galen has never talked about himself. Until now, he's been "the man nobody knows." He has kept his personality, his appearance and his background a mystery. All that is over now, with the appearance of this article, which marks a series of "firsts" in the life of Galen Drake.

This is the first time that Galen has talked about himself for publication, and it's the first time that he's posed for photographs. It's the first time that millions of listeners have had a chance to find out what kind of man lurks behind the friendly, down-to-earth voice with its thoughtful comments.

There's nothing accidental about any of it—Galen's years of silence, his breaking the silence now, or his decision to have his story printed in RADIO MIRROR first.

"The people who read RADIO MIRROR care about the kind of ideas I try (*Continued on page 78*)

Galen Drake can be heard Monday thru Friday, 11:45 A.M. EDT, ABC; also on WCBS, at 11:30 P.M. EDT, Mon. thru Fri.



Galen Drake, in his first portrait, seems to reflect the very qualities he projects over the air——kindness, wisdom and understanding.

BEWARE

Beware of "big bargains", of an offer of "something for nothing".



David Harding and assistant, Harry Peters, check information for this story. (Harding played by Don McLaughlin; Peters by Mandel Kramer.)

of these!

By
DAVID HARDING
(Counterspy)

beware of the human leeches who prey on unsuspecting housewives!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There has recently been an ever-increasing number of petty frauds, of racketeers posing as legitimate house-to-house canvassers or salesmen. The files of David Harding, Counterspy, are filled with details of such practices, and Mr. Harding himself is very much aware, not only of their existence, but of numerous ways in which they can be recognized and exposed. Accordingly, Radio Mirror asked him to write the following article, quoting actual cases from the Counterspy files, to give you a better understanding of—and a warning against—the methods of men who thrive on the susceptibility of women.*

In a small Illinois town, Peggy L., a young housewife, sat moodily over the kitchen table, staring at her budget. She had already decided to put off buying the children's new underwear and she had substituted meat loaf for the week-end roast but Peggy was still five dollars over her allowance. Then the doorbell rang.

She walked into the hall and opened the door on a young man who leaned on a crutch. His clothes were shabby and his face thin. His eyes seemed to plead with her.

"What is it?" Peggy asked.

She waited for an answer and then, in embarrassment, saw that the man held out a slip of paper for her to read.

It read, "I am a war veteran. I lost my voice in the service of my country. I need fifty points to go to a school so I can learn to talk. Will you help me by subscribing to a magazine?"

Peggy's throat tightened. Without hesitation she gave the pathetic man three dollars. Watching his fingers tremble as he made out a receipt, she only wished that she could do more for this veteran.

Smiling gratefully, the man hobbled away on his crutch until he reached the end of the street and turned the corner. He glanced over his shoulder to make sure no one was watching him then he quickly tucked the crutch under his arm and walked briskly toward a shining, new automobile. He spoke aloud to himself as he got behind the wheel.

"What suckers," he said in a normal voice. "I hope this racket lasts forever."

Yes, Peggy L. was victimized by a cheap crook just as you could be, for there are hundreds upon hundreds of rackets designed to cheat the American housewife. Each year women give millions of dollars to swindlers and confidence men. Believe me, whether it's a beauty aid, a talent school for your youngster or marital advice, there's a vicious gimmick created to cheat you.

I've seen and heard of many of these schemes, for it is the duty of the United States Counter-Spies to investigate and combat the enemies of our country both at home and abroad. The man who preys on the housewife, tricking her out of two dollars or two hundred dollars is often part of a nation-wide racket.

Since the American housewife is generally a shrewd shopper, it is difficult to understand why she is so easily swindled until you watch the technique of these crooks. They use flattery and fear, sentiment and vanity in their approach. They are without mercy and will take a widow's last dollar. Sometimes they commit murder.

The swindler in sentiment who seduces a woman into marriage before disappearing with her savings may sound like an old story—but it still happens many times each year.

Mary Jane W. lived comfortably on the savings and insurance left by her husband but she was very lonely. She had only the memories of her husband, a hero (*Continued on page* 87)

David Harding, Counterspy, is heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 P.M. EDT, over ABC stations.



Sheila and Gordon always make sure there's plenty of fun time for the children. But whether it's acquainting Gar with a bicycle or helping Heather on the seesaw, they have just as much fun themselves.



My Husband

He was twenty, she barely seventeen, but sometimes—and the MacRaes prove it—early marriage is best

By SHEILA MacRAE



If Gordon looks happy, it's only because he is.

As this is written, Gordon and I are preparing to celebrate our eighth wedding anniversary. Because Gordon is one of those rare and wonderful men who always manage to remember such occasions, and because he—particularly—finds unique ways to celebrate, I know the day will bring something special.

However, I still think that our seventh anniversary will maintain its place as a high point of sentiment in our lives.

It all started out quite disappointingly. Gordon was working at Warner Brothers in "Silver Lining." He dashed off in the morning without a word to indicate that today was different from any other. We had been making it a habit to meet for luncheon several days a week at Lakeside Country Club, so all he said was, "See you at noon."

Our twosome luncheons had come to mean a great deal to us. As everyone who has children knows, the daytime hours are dominated by the small fry.

GORDON MacRAE



The MacRaes in what started out to be a formal portroit before Gor took a fancy to Heather's oronge. Sitting with Sheilo and Gordon, Meredith.



Three children, three dogs—no wonder it's always lively at the MacRaes! But Sheila and Gordon, even after eight years of marriage, manage to have lunch dates—alone—several times a week.



Come and Visit

GORDON MacRAE



Gar, christened William Gordon, exchanges smiles with his Daddy. He's the youngest MacRae—aged seventeen months. Meredith is five, Heather almost three. Daddy himself is only twenty-eight.

It's their privilege to be given first consideration in the home most of the time. But parents, too, should have the right to retain an air of romance; they should have the right to be alone together, to talk uninterruptedly as sweethearts do, to take a vital interest in what each partner is thinking. This is impossible, of course, when there are three voluble youngsters in the same room. That's how our frequent luncheons came about.

So, on this particular morning, I stood beside our two daughters, holding our son Gar (who was three months old at the time), and waved goodbye to Gordon, thinking rather forlornly, "He's forgotten. I always knew that the time would come."

I cheered up a little toward noon, but as Gordon strode into the clubhouse at lunch time, he merely called, "Hi, honey! Got to get back to the set in a rush, so we'll have to make it snappy," and escorted me to a table.

I had to squeeze my eyes to keep from crying. While Gordon looked at the menu, I gave myself a fight talk. I scolded myself for being sentimental, for not growing up, for not realizing that Gordon had been working every day from eight until six, so that he hadn't had time to think of a gift, to say nothing of buying it.

Gordon gave our order to the waiter, then grinned at me. "Almost forgot," he fibbed. "Here's a little package for you."

From a velvet box I lifted a gold charm bracelet. Each charm on the heavy chain had sentimental significance for us. There was a figure seven to mark our years of marriage; there was a tiny perambulator to mark the birth of Meredith Lynn (who was born May 30, 1944) and a pair of tiny baby shoes in honor

Gordon MacRae is heard on The Railroad Hour, broadcast on



Heather thinks her parents are more fun than anyone. Brother and Sister agree, for the junior MacRaes don't go far for company—not when two of their favorite playmates are right in the family!

of Heather (born October 5, 1946) and our son, Gar, (born February 11, 1948).

The little gold locomotive stood for Gordon's regular Monday night broadcast over ABC for The Railroad Hour, and the miniature house celebrated the fact that we were living in the first real home we had ever owned. Finally, there was an intricate motion picture camera on which a heart was set. Engraved on it was this sentence, "You are the heart of my work."

What wife could ask for a lovelier remembrance?

Gordon and I scarcely touched our luncheon. We spent the time holding hands and going back, as people who love each other will, over our life together.

We met in the fall of 1940, when both of us were working in a Christopher Morley production of "Joan of Arc." Everyone in the cast had hoped that the play would be taken from the small Long Island theatre, where it was tried out, to Broadway, but it became apparent after a few weeks that the script needed doctoring.

Previously, I had won a scholarship to The Feagin School of The Theatre, so I had been going to school during the day, working in the play at night. Naturally, the school faculty felt that I was too tired, as a result of this routine, to do justice to my studies, so I was asked to quit the play.

At about the same time, Gordon's family persuaded him to consider a career in the business end of radio. Gordon's family was (and still is) one of the happiest, most closely-knit groups you could imagine, definitely one for all, all for one, so he accepted family advice and took a job as a pageboy for ABC.

At the time Gordon went to work there, the network was accepting for such jobs (*Continued on page* 81)



Monday evenings at 8:00, EDT, over ABC network stations.

In Living Portraits

HILLTOP HOUSE



JULIE ERICKSON has worked at the orphanage as assistant to the supervisor for about a year. Her friendliness and understanding win over the children—children like frightened little Clementine who refuses to believe her father dead, clings to a doll mailed from Czechoslovakia—"where my Daddy is." (Julie is played by Grace Matthews; Clementine is played by Iris Mann.)

To give shelter to the homeless, love to the unloved; to be a friend to friendless children—is there a finer vocation than this one, to which Julie's dedicated herself?



GRACE DOBLEN is head supervisor at Hilltop House—a rambling, ivy-covered red brick building on a hill just at the outskirts of the small town of Glendale. Mrs. Doblen is rather old-fashioned in her ways and leans heavily on rigid discipline in controlling the children. At first she felt that Julie's modern and progressive ideas about the raising of youngsters were entirely too lenient but she is being won over by the results.
(played by Vera Allen)



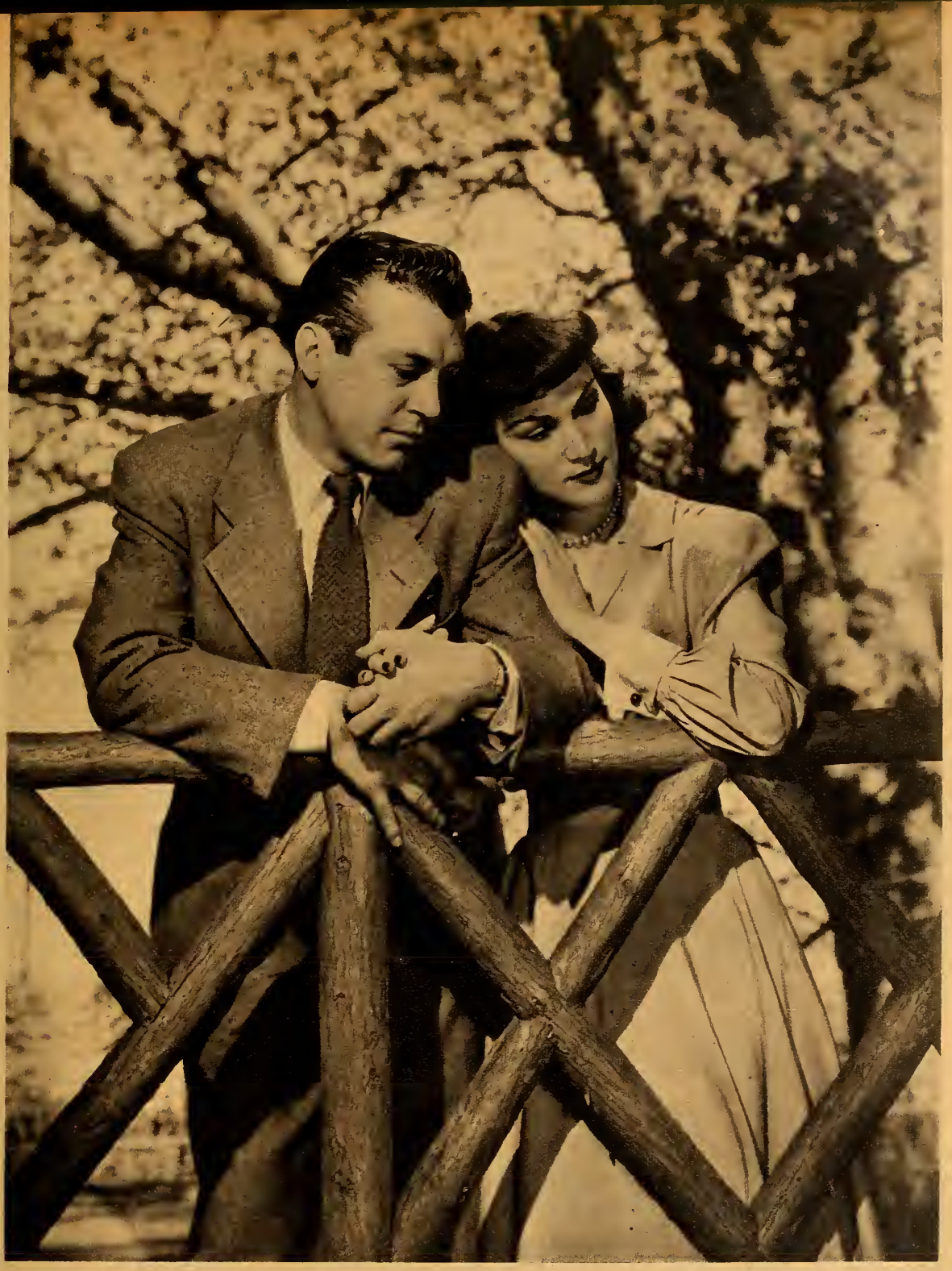
MICHAEL PATERNO, an orphan who was brought up in Hilltop House, now practices law in Glendale. He is a member of the board of directors of the orphanage and takes an active interest in its management. Shortly after Julie came to work there, Michael fell in love with her and it wasn't long before Julie returned his affection. They were married in May, had a brief honeymoon in New Orleans before returning to Glendale.
(played by Lamont Johnson)



ED CROWLEY, a proud and wealthy man and a leading and influential citizen of the town of Glendale, objects to his son's interest in Jean Adair, basing his objection, he says, on the fact that Julie is an orphan. The children of Hilltop House, he tells his son, are sometimes directed to the orphanage from Juvenile Court, have undesirable backgrounds. Steve, he says, is not to be allowed under any circumstances to marry a girl of this kind. However, there is actually a completely different motive behind Ed's objections to Jean as a daughter-in-law. (Ed Crowley is played by James Van Dyke.)



DANIEL FINDLAY, nine years old, has been at Hilltop House for just about a year. His mother was sent away because she neglected to care for him. He became involved with a "gang" of rough-playing boys, and struck another child in the eye, causing blindness. It was Julie who brought young Dan to Hilltop House, determined to make a happy, useful citizen of the forlorn young boy. (played by Edwin Bruce.)



JEAN ADAIR has recently returned to Glendale after several years' absence while she was going to school. She has fallen deeply in love with STEVE CROWLEY, and he feels the same sincere affection for Jean. They are very anxious to be married, but are held back by Ed Crowley's objections to Jean, on the grounds that she knows nothing about her parents or her background. However, this is not the real reason for Crowley's determination not to allow his son to marry Jean—actually, Crowley has fallen in love with Jean himself. Unaware of this underlying triangle, Steve and Jean continue to see each other, continue to make plans for the future, to dream of being together. (Jean is played by Janice Gilbert; Steve is played by Don Hanmer.)

In the pictures on these pages you see the people of Hilltop House in the same roles which they play on the air. Hilltop House is heard each Monday through Friday at 3:15 P.M. over the CBS network stations.

Between



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday mornings at 11:30 EDT over ABC.

Hello There:

When the time came around for us to have a September page of poetry . . . one thing stood out somehow over all the things that mean September.

A whole world of school day pictures came together . . . boys and girls trudging off on the first day with an apple in their pocket and a lunch box packed with loving care by mother . . . and after school, raking up the leaves or skating up the hill with the gang.

If sometimes you long for those days again, or for the fragrance of frying apples and sausage . . . and the first autumn dusk . . . then here are some September stories especially for you.

—*TED MALONE*

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

COUNTRY MOTHER

She saw her children off to school for thirty years
Right from the first who walked the road alone—
Sometimes she scarcely saw her go for tears—
Down to the eighth and last, whose young eyes shone
Watching the golden path the school bus made
Along the hill. Mornings her house became
Bedlam, with noise and search for things mislaid.
Their loud return at evening was the same.
But, since the last tall son is grown and gone,
One day I saw her watch the school bus go;
She waved, pretending she had someone on
And brightly smiled, then hurried off as though
She had much work to do—but, mother-wise,
I saw her dab her apron to her eyes.

—Violet Emslie Osler

BONFIRES, OR BETTER

First love makes a pretty flame
When no one is about,
But it is always flickering,
And easily goes out.

Second love is quick and hot;
Its flame is over-bright;
For me its end came suddenly,
With half the world in sight.

But third love—ah! This is the one
To build your hopes upon;
For it will keep a steady flame
Until its life is gone.

And if there be another love,
I shall not speak of it—
Except to say the flame would serve
To warm the hands a bit.

—Faye Chilcote Walker

SCHOOL JANITOR

His hands are knatted, his step is slaw.
The children run past him, and never know
He laoks at the bays on the playgraund rings
And thinks af tropezes and aeriol swings.

When the children sing, in the afternaons,
He hears the calliape's shauted tunes.
He woshes the windaws and sweeps the flaar.
He remembers arenos where lians raar.

If you should speok, ond he daesn't answer,
Perhaps he dreams of o slim, goy doncer
And the yaung ocrabat in lave with her.
Mr. Brawn wasn't always the janitor.

—Mildred Goff



the Bookends

APPLE POLISHER—FOURTH GRADE

He brings a polished opple every day
And says I'm pretty. Next week grades
ore due.
I know he's been maneuvering for an A
In every subject. Sholl I rote him true?

I mark him D while Duty with Conscience
grapples;
I loved his flattery, ond I ote his apples!

—Sudie Stuart Hager

FOR MY DOG

You are so tightly knit, so warm a port
Of oll I love—my home, my friends, my
fire;
Snug in the centre of my secret heort,
My private little world of heort's desire;
You are so mixed with all I hold most dear:
The thought unspoken, moment bright or
dark,
The silences when God seems strangely
near,
The glorious assurance in your bark.

I do not know if Heaven is a place
Of blazing hearth, of basking in its glow;
But I should miss you in your special place,
And listen for you everywhere, I know . . .
I think perhops thot I should miss the most
The eager welcome of your wogging ghost.

—Joseph Auslander

NOT TO THE SWIFT

I raced my pinto stollion
At the county fair
And won the silver medal,
But though my love wos there,
He was buying popcorn
While the roce wos run
And didn't see the finish
And didn't know I won.
He was buying popcorn
For the village belle
Who rode o pinto stollion
On the carousel.

—Pegasus Buchanan

BOY'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER

"Say Mom, please use my 'nitials
When you write me; I get riled
Because you put my nickname on
Your letters. I'm no child!

Say Mom, I like the fudge and cake
And need more cookies like you make."

—Mary O'Connor

A CHILD'S PERSPECTIVE

When I look down I drag my feet,
And oh, it's hord to climb the street,
And soon I'm ponting, like my pup,
Becouse . . .
up!
goes
world
The

And when I wolk like other men,
With stuck-out chins and faces, then
There isn't any fun in that
Because . . .
The World is flot!

But when I watch the birds go by,
And see red chimneys in the sky,
My feet go running through the town
Because . . .
The
world
slonts
down!

—Jeonne Westerdale

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.



Preliminary run-through of a script for Richard Diamond, Private Detective. Left to right: June listens while Wilms Herbert (Francis, the butler), Virginia Gregg (Helen Asher), and Richard Powell (the detective), see what Diamond's up to today.



My Mr. POWELL

By
JUNE
ALLYSON
POWELL

The two Richards: different as night and day!



The grandfather's clock in our living room was at seven straight up and it was Sunday evening, so I switched on the radio to NBC and curled up in the quilted chintz armchair to listen to Richard Diamond, Private Detective, starring, as if you didn't know, my husband, Richard Powell.

I always listen to the show at home in order to be able to tell Richard when he gets in how it sounded on the air—he thinks the audience reaction can be misleading.

Our one-year-old sweetheart, Pamela, was still downstairs with me, having soaked up an extra long afternoon nap, and was lurching around in her fuzzy pink pajamas investigating—as one-year-olds will—the contents of the cigarette boxes and the flower bowls.

Richard Diamond was up to his knees in bodies in a fast five minutes, and things were getting very tense indeed. He had just popped

Richard Diamond, Private Detective is heard Sun

On-mike rehearsal finds June still around while Richard and Ed Begley (Lt. Levinson) get Diamond in and out of trouble.



At home things are quieter—peace-loving Powell's a far cry from sock-the-dames-and-make-them-like-it Diamond.



and His Mr. DIAMOND

Each, in his way, is a gem—but Diamond's a diamond in the rough

a pretty girl roundly on the jaw.

At this point, Pamela, who had been staring at the radio with a big question in her eyes, toddled over to the cabinet and looked inside. She shook her head, as though to say, "No, not in there."

"And shut your mouth," Richard Diamond, who talks as hard as he hits, was instructing his lady friend. "If you don't I'll put your foot in it."

Pamela was now looking in the hall, toward the front door where she usually meets Richard when he comes from work.

"Da-da," she said insistently, "Da-da."

"I hear my Daddy," she was telling me, "but I can't find him. Now where is he?"

"Oh, no, doll," I said, catching her up in my arms, half-laughing and half-concerned. And I explained to her, as though she were big enough to understand, that it was her (*Continued on page* 85)



Working and playing together, caring for new daughter Pam —these are keynotes of the real life of June and Richard

rd Sunday nights, 7-7:30 EDT, over NBC stations.

A TWELVE YEAR DATE with Jim

By BETTE AMECHE



Jim Ameche can be heard on Welcome Travelers, M.-F., at 10 A.M., EDT, over NBC stations. See your local listings for Jim's other programs: A Date With Jim Ameche, Hollywood's Open House, It Happened Here and Naval Air Reserve show.

"HOME," JIM WILL TE



Television intruded briefly on family unity—but that was before they worked out their Non-Violent Video system.

When we moved into our present home, a seven-room house in a suburb of Chicago, there were four of us. No, five, if you count the dog—and in our family you do.

Jim, of course. And the two boys, James Jr., who's eleven, and the little fellow, Patrick Anthony, who's four. I made the fourth member of the team and Queenie, that very large police dog who's our joy or despair, depending on what she's doing at the moment, was the fifth.

The Ameche clan, as above, is still complete, but there's been an addition to the family. A bit more than a year ago, a television set arrived.

Fortunately I was on my toes that day. I'd planned to have it installed in the living-room, but at the last moment something—probably Providence—tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Bette, wouldn't the library be a better place for that contraption?"

The library *was* a better place—you can close the door and shut it away from the rest of the house, and that feature was a boon and a blessing, let me tell you, in those early days before the Ameche System For Non-Violent Video was conceived and put into operation. Nowadays we live in peace with television, but it was not ever thus. Because TV figures so largely in everybody's life nowadays, and because it can be, depending on how you handle it, a joy (*Continued on page* 101)



Jim, Jr. learns how to pivot, but Patrick Anthony's more interested in his toy tractor.

TELL YOU, "IS NOT ONLY WHERE I BELONG, BUT WHERE I LIKE TO BE!"



Keeping out people who don't belong is a headache, but Ralph knows all the big names—like Dennis Day—on sight.

I'm an

Guarding a back door where the chief deliveries are talent and glamour is still an adventure for Ralph Stephen

By RALPH STEPHEN

In nearly any business building, the back entrance is where deliveries are made. The building where I work, NBC's Studios at Sunset and Vine in Hollywood, is no different from most others—we take our deliveries at the back door, too. Only we call it the artists' entrance, and because our business is entertainment, the deliveries we accept there are for my money the world's most interesting commodities—glamor and talent on the hoof.

All the famous names, not only of radio but of movies and stage, at one time or another come through the door I guard—and after fifteen years, I still get as big a bang out of them as if I'd only arrived in Hollywood day before yesterday from Nebraska.

I've had people say to me: "I suppose your job is just routine to you. Having to do with all those big stars day in and day out must make them seem pretty commonplace?"

That's when I'm likely to blow off a little steam: Don't kid yourself that the top-flight entertainers ever seem commonplace, even when they're just going in and out of a back door. They may not differ a lot in physical make-up from more ordinary people, but there's one tremendous difference—personality!

I wish anybody who thinks my job is just routine could be around when Jimmy Durante and his gang come tearing in to do their show. "Hi ya, Pop," hails Jimmy, and he gives me that big grin and once in a while a cigar, which I always half expect to be loaded but which never is, and next minute he's over pleading with the switchboard girl, "Say, Gawjuss, couldja spare fi' minutes to hold muh hand?" Then he's off down

NBC Cop



Ralph's also in charge of lot where stars park their cars during broadcast time. Here Walter O'Keefe gets a point of direction.

the hall, zigzagging from door to door like a bird dog casting for a scent, giving all hands the glad hello. Jimmy's been at it nearly forty years and he's still got more bounce than a carload of golf balls.

Bored? Me? Why, my desk at NBC's back door is like a front row seat at a never-ending variety show. I haven't been bored more than five minutes in the past fifteen years.

I have to know all the big names on sight, so that when they come in for a show or a rehearsal I can pass them through without delay. The stars' I.D. cards are their faces. All others who have legitimate business on the backstage side of the studios—network employees, announcers, actors, musicians, directors, script-writers, publicity men and so forth—have to show me a pass to gain admittance.

When I first went to work for NBC in December of 1935, a week after the network had opened its first Hollywood studios, we were down on Melrose, next door to RKO. I'd been working for RKO as a set watchman, a pretty uncertain employment since I was only on the payroll when I was assigned to a picture. I remember how happy it used to make me to draw a Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture, because I knew then I could count on at least three months' work. But with a wife and son to support I really needed a steady job, so when my RKO boss asked me if I'd like to go over to NBC along with five other fellows to be interviewed for a night watchman's job, I didn't hesitate.

I was next to last man to be interviewed. When the NBC man asked me about my previous experiences, I had to tell that most (*Continued on page* 83)

When a Girl Marries



By JOAN DAVIS

Joan Davis, played by Mary Jane Higby, is the heroine of When A Girl Marries, heard Mon.-Fri. at 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

The problem of Mrs. J. R., torn between a lonely young brother and a husband who refuses to take the parentless boy into his home, provoked many thoughtful, kindly answers from our readers. Most of you agreed that Mrs. J. R.'s best chance for a happy solution lay in the possibility of *showing* her husband that the boy would not be a burden, rather than in continuing to argue with him about it. In my opinion, the letter which follows sums up most clearly and concisely a possible way out for Mrs. J. R., and for it Mrs. John Weimer, of Mapleton, Iowa, has received a $25 check.

The best thing to do is stop discussing the problem with your husband. Try a new angle. If it is possible, have your young brother visit your home as often as he can. Treat him as if he were one of the family. Show him the love and kindness you feel, but don't overdo it. And show your husband in an unobvious way that one more in the family doesn't take too much out of the pocketbook. Perhaps if the boy can do odd jobs around your home—gardening, washing the car, mowing the lawn—your husband will take a different view. Take things easy, and I'm sure it won't be long before the boy becomes a member of the family.

I'd like to add that many letters pointed out that the boy might also earn enough money doing odd jobs to ease any strain he might otherwise cause to the family budget—and all of them hoped as I do that Mrs. J. R.'s husband would learn to take the boy not only into his home, but into his heart as well.

Now, here are the other letters I thought would be of general interest

this month, and following them you'll find our unanswered problem. Have you a solution for it?

MAKE IT LEAP YEAR

Dear Joan:

What can a girl do who is in love with a man who loves her but cannot get up enough nerve to ask her to marry him? When he returned from the army he entered college and is now taking his second degree in social work. Naturally, this is on GI allowance, and many men feel this is not sufficient to support a family. However, I am teaching and could continue after we were married. I would be willing to do without so we could be together, but he has let me know that though he loves me he feels it is unfair to subject a woman to his standard of living. I feel that if he could overcome his lack of faith in the future he would propose. What can I do?

J. M.

Dear J. M.:

There's one thing you certainly can do, and that without too much delay—pop the question yourself. Surely, if you have (*Continued on page* 76)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $25

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and

ANOTHER $25.00 WILL BE PAID

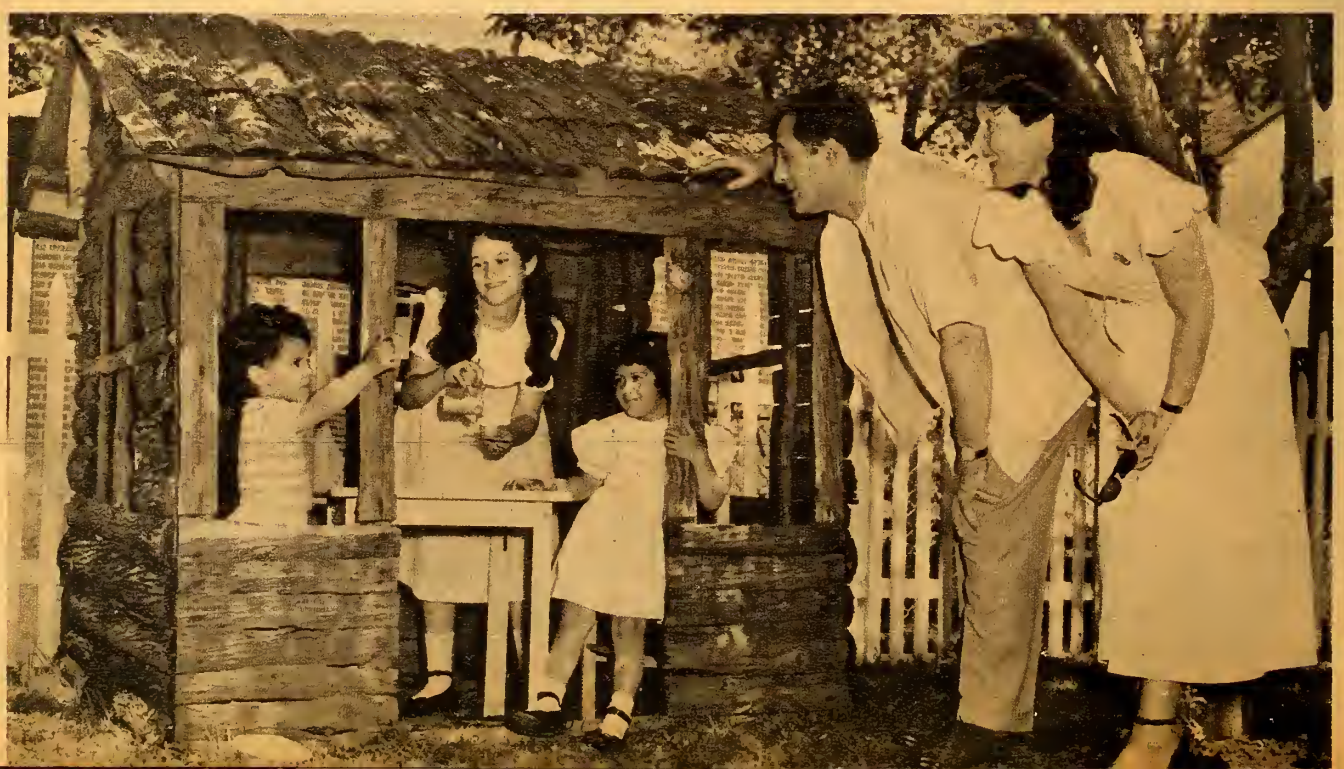
to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than August 26th. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified hy mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

The problem for this month will be found at the end of this article.

Reading from right to left for a change: Bud Brooks, Bernice Fuhrer, Joel Herrick, Roy Rubinstein and Bob Tormey, Herb's staff members, surround him at studio.



The beloved log playhouse, suitable in size for young pioneers, accommodates the (crouching) older Sheldons for tea parties.



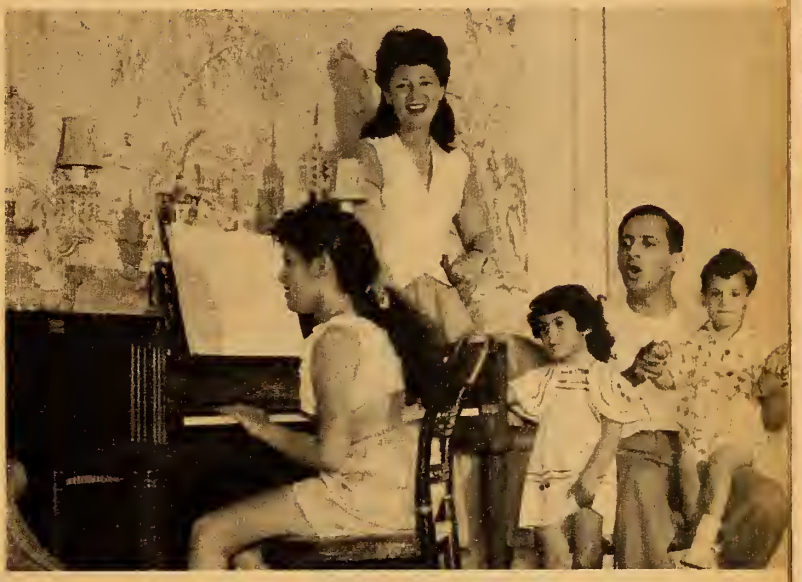
It's Always HERB SHELDON TIME

Times have changed—for the better—since Herb courted Tutti in white tie and tails!

BY THEA TRAUM



Home-made sherbet suckers are a favorite with Amy-Jane and Lynda-Penny. Good for them, too, there's a new batch each day.



Young Randy joins his sisters and parents in piano sessions when singing (both loud and good) is the order of the day.

Until he reached the ripe old age of twenty-one, Herb Sheldon considered himself a failure. He loved the theater, had show business in his blood, but he had to admit that time was slipping by and he was getting nowhere.

Then all of a sudden things began to look up. Two things. First, he got a job as dramatics counselor at a summer camp. Second, a beautiful black-eyed girl, niece of the director, came to the camp to pay her uncle a visit. Her name was Rosa, but everyone used her childhood nickname, Tutti. Herb learned to call her Tutti, too—in record time.

After six rugged weeks in an all-boys camp Herb felt that Tutti, who was pretty enough to satisfy anyone, anyway, was even prettier than that. The very first evening he showed her his beloved camp theater. She was delighted by the props and lights and all the mysterious-to-her ways of doing things. As for Herb—he was literally enchanted.

The second evening the moon was very high, very bright. Enchanted Herb gave Tutti his high school ring and a lot of promises and protestations and declarations to go with it.

Then the third evening came along. The moon was behind the clouds and Herb's moon-madness had dimmed somewhat, too. In fact, he decided, he'd been a very hasty fellow, and he'd better be just as hasty about getting himself out of this before it was too late. So, politely but firmly, he asked for the ring back.

Today, Tutti, is a woman of great warmth and charm and human understanding. She must have had at least the beginnings of those qualities when she was seventeen, for she returned the ring without a murmur. She seemed to realize that Herb was often (*Continued on page* 74)

The Herb Sheldon Show is heard Monday through Friday at 12:30 P.M., EDT, on ABC.

RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION

SECTION



Portrait of a radio man at home: Garroway's tastes are elegant and exotic—and extend to leopard jackets.

Garroway's room-mate is Natch, a Siamese cat.



Garroway

Fabulous is the word for Garroway. In an age when stars like to pretend that they live in a little white house at the end of Main Street, Dave Garroway frankly enjoys setting his own patterns.

His programs are fabulous, his fund of knowledge fabulous, his speech fabulous, his friends fabulous, and his hobby fabulous. He's a throw-back to a more colorful day of show business.

For four years his name alone has been enough to set Chicago talking, and now that NBC is sending his television program, Garroway At Large, out over the coax, New York and cities along the line take up the refrain, "Who is this guy Garroway?"

Viewers see a six-foot two-inch, one hundred ninety pound, twice-as-large-as-life character saunter into camera range. With a phrasing all his own, he introduces a singer,

But Natch—natch—can't help with the dishes.



AT LARGE



Under a spun glass cloud —and a watchful eye—Garroway sets the mood for singer Carolyn Gilbert.

a dancer or a musician. It's always a phrase which explains what Garroway feels. When the number is over, the viewer realizes that through Garroway's interpretation, he, too, understood the performance, and because of his understanding enjoyed it more. That's the point where he turns to his neighbor and asks, "Who is this guy Garroway?"

Actually, he has just sampled the most fabulous of all Garroway traits. Garroway, by helping both audience and artist express themselves, has a gift for turning frustration into satisfaction.

Television, the most piercingly honest of all media, emphasizes this. Persons whom Garroway never reached on radio watch one TV show and write fan letters.

With chagrin, Dave admits, "You'd think, to see them, I had never been on radio at all; that I had sprung, (*Continued on page* 91)



Garroway can take a car apart, put it together—and make it run. This one is an antique English Jaguar.

It's Heart Hour on Blind Date—or H Hour as emcee Arlene Francis calls it—and three of the contestants get a quick briefing.

Faint words never won fair lady, at least not on video, fo

BLIND



The three Blind Dates are models, chosen for their beauty and charm—and also because they're single and free to date.

Fellows who go on ABC-TV's Blind Date any Thursday evening at 7:30 EDT aren't taking the usual chances that the dream date may turn out to be a girl in a nightmare, or that she may want something super in the way of night spots, say the Stork Club. For the date is always with a beautiful model, and she definitely does want to go to the Stork, but it's all prearranged and paid for.

The television program, started last May, follows the same line as the Blind Date radio show which ran from October, 1943 until January, 1946. Six personable young college men sit on one side of the divided stage—which is decorated with hearts and cupids—and successively telephone to three girls on the other side. Obviously, three eager daters must be left clutching consolation prizes—theater tickets and wristwatches—but



This fellow doesn't know he's competing for such a beautiful blonde, nor does she know who he is. She picks winner solely on his "line."

ere the smoothest talker wins the race—and the fair lady

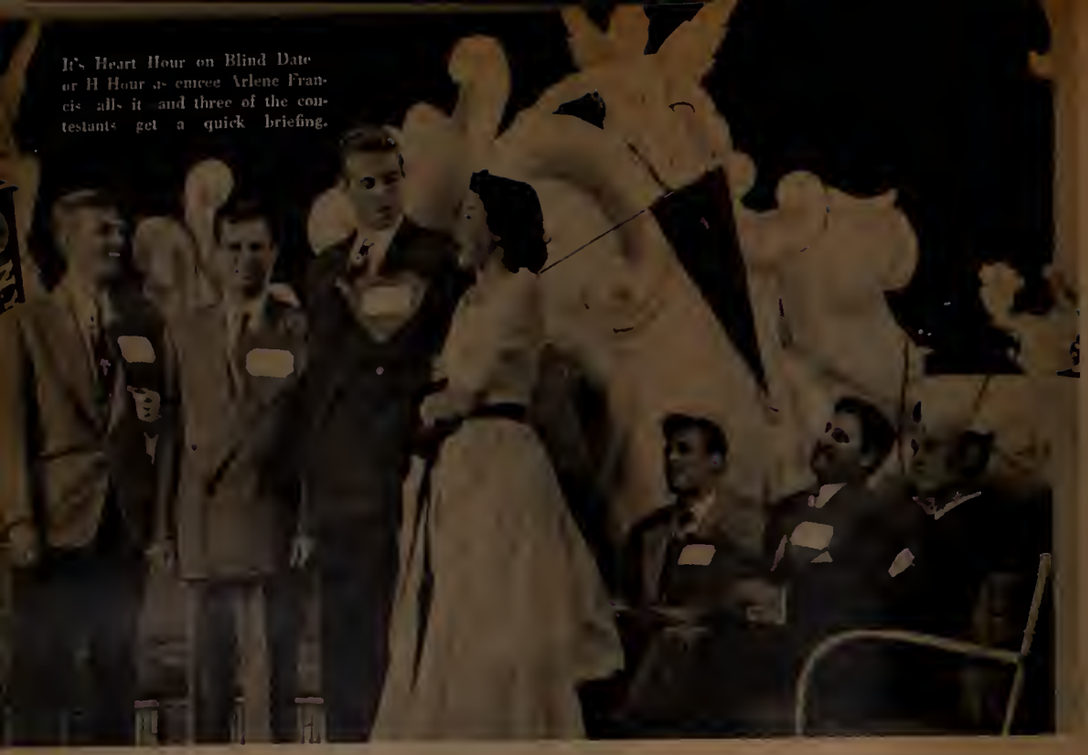
DATE

alas, no girls. It all depends on the line of smooth patter each can deliver over that telephone, the tone of a voice, and the whim of a woman. She makes the choice, sight unseen, between the two chosen to call her. Once made, Mr. Lucky dashes through the door in the partition, orchid in hand (courtesy of Blind Date), meets his girl and, presumably, two hearts beat as one for the evening. If the girl has unwittingly renounced what m.c. Arlene Francis calls a "perfectly divine boy" because his competition had a smoother line, only the studio and home audiences will ever know, because the losers and the lost never meet.

Arlene, an attractive brunette, has had to duck dates with boys who *have* seen her but have yet to meet the girls, reminds them she's not only one of the old married chaperones for the evening but also the mother of a two-year-old boy.



Destination Stork Club: Arlene sends the smiling sixsome along to their reward in an appropriately romantic hansom.



It's Heart Hour on Blind Date or H Hour as emcee Arlene Francis calls it and three of the contestants get a quick briefing.



This fellow doesn't know he's competing for such a beautiful blonde nor does she know who he is. She picks winner solely on his "line."

Faint words never won fair lady, at least not on video, for here the smoothest talker wins the race—and the fair lady

BLIND DATE



The three Blind Dates are models, chosen for their beauty and charm—and also because they're single and free to date.

Fellows who go on ABC-TV's Blind Date any Thursday evening at 7:30 EDT aren't taking the usual chances that the dream date may turn out to be a girl in a nightmare, or that she may want something super in the way of night spots, say the Stork Club. For the date is always with a beautiful model, and she definitely does want to go to the Stork, but it's all prearranged and paid for.

The television program, started last May, follows the same line as the Blind Date radio show which ran from October, 1943 until January, 1946. Six personable young college men sit on one side of the divided stage—which is decorated with hearts and cupids—and successively telephone to three girls on the other side. Obviously, three eager daters must be left clutching consolation prizes—theater tickets and wristwatches—but alas, no girls. It all depends on the line of smooth patter each can deliver over that telephone, the tone of a voice, and the whim of a woman. She makes the choice, sight unseen, between the two chosen to call her. Once made, Mr. Lucky dashes through the door in the partition, orchid in hand (courtesy of Blind Date), meets his girl and, presumably, two hearts beat as one for the evening. If the girl has unwittingly renounced what m.c. Arlene Francis calls a "perfectly divine boy" because his competition had a smoother line, only the studio and home audiences will ever know, because the losers and the lost never meet.

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Destination Stork Club. Arlene sends the successful suitors along to their reward in an appropriately romantic limousine.

A Place Called



Life on a farm is fun for Sally and Sue, but like all little girls, they love to get dressed up on Sunday.

On the rural delivery route out of the town of New Hope, Pennsylvania, a sign reads: "Celebrity Farm. Purebred Guernseys. Ted Steele."

Neighborhood farmers aren't impressed with the name. Celebrities are something they can take or leave. They can see plenty every summer, if they've a mind to, on the stage or in the audiences of the famous Bucks County Playhouse in New Hope. But cows count. So now, after two years, the Steeles—Ted, Doris, and their two little girls—are being accepted into the life of the community. Not because they are the Mr. and Mrs. Music of radio over WMCA or the Ted Steeles of the CBS and DuMont television networks. No indeed. Because they are practical farmers who take the job seriously. For instance, almost all the feed required for their forty-odd head of prize cattle is raised right there. They have a little more than a hundred acres and this fall they will rent additional land from a neighbor, after his crops are in.

Ted and Doris bought the farm in the summer of 1947 and moved in with some borrowed beds and one lamp. They sat on the floor the first few nights and planned what they would buy and where they would put it. They're still planning, still looking for certain (*Continued on page* 90)

Part of the house on Celebrity Farm dates way back to the late seventeenth century; the wing on the left was added later. Doris decorated the interior in the tradition of the Pennsylvania Dutch.



HOME

Its name is Celebrity Farm, where Ted Steele and his family live like this —



Ted Steele's farmer neighbors aren't impressed with his musical celebrity, but they like the way he raises cows.

Ted Steele is heard on both TV and radio. Television: CBS, every Monday through Friday at 12 noon; DuMont, every Tuesday at 9 P.M. Radio: WMCA, Monday through Friday at 9:15 A.M. All times are EDT.



Sugar the spaniel is the fifth member of the Steele family—and he's not at all shy about posing for the camera.

Ted Steele is not just a gentleman farmer—he takes his cow breeding seriously. And his Guernseys win prizes.





Televiewers are discovering that variety is the spice of video, too. From WJZ's action-packed Roller Derby to . . .



. . . WCAU's sewing lesson, Make It Yourself, with Mary Alice Young, daughter Brooke, Alan Stephenson . . .



. . . to an interview by Irene Murphy with Robert St. John (Women's Club, WABD), TV takes its cue from life.

Josiebelle (Jo Hurt) can't keep her mind on much else when Nels Laakso's around on CBS's Kobbs Korner.



Coast to Coast

Something new in auditions was tried by WABD in New York. The general public was invited to the audition of Harlem House and a questionnaire was distributed on which they were asked to write reactions and suggestions. Maybe they were just on their good behavior so they would be invited again, but if the applause and laughter counted they enjoyed the show. Participants were the King Cole Trio, Timmie Rogers, Marian Bruce, and other top Negro talent in a half-hour of smooth songs, dances, patter, and rafter-shaking Be-bop . . . Boo-Golly the Ghost won out over fifty-four other cartoon characters in Cartoon Teletales' poll of its loyal watchers. Not even that other delightful Teletales character, Hey You the Lion, or the irrepressible Bumsniff the Bloodhound, came close to the ectoplasmic Boo-Golly when the votes were counted . . . The Chicago Federated Advertising Clubs cited Kukla, Fran and Ollie as "the best television program of any kind produced in Chicago"—the second time the popular puppet show got top rating from this group . . . It's a California summer for Milton Berle, making "Always Leave Them Laughing" at the Warner Studios . . . Theodore Granik's American Television Forum turns out to



Bozo the Clown gets the bird from a bird, to the enjoyment of the kids in the audience. Pinto Colvig plays the clown on KTTV's Bozo's Circus.

in TELEVISION

be as lively a show as his famous American Forum of the Air, which is radio's oldest forum-type program. Both originate from Washington, D. C.

* * *

Now there's a television mail order show, called Make It Yourself and produced by Telemail, Inc. You can see it every Tuesday at 1:00 P.M. EDT over WCAU-TV Philadelphia, and it's scheduled for more cities. Viewers can order a special kit containing all the materials—the fabric, thread, buttons, even the needle—for the garment to be made the following week. Garments are pre-cut to sizes, so no pattern is required.

You sew right along with mistress of ceremonies Mary Alice Young as she demonstrates how to do it from the studio. By the time the program is over, Mary Alice's dress, and presumably the viewer's, will be finished. Just in case you're called away from your set during the lesson, special instructions are in the kit. But it's easier to follow teacher.

Alan Stephenson, who was recently seen on the Broadway stage in "Anne of a Thousand Days," commutes to Philadelphia weekly to assist on the show, and there's usually a guest star for added glamour.



Claude Kirchner and Mary Hartline keep things lively on ABC-TV's Super Circus

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Mary and Larry and Larry Jr. invite Tom Bryson, Maude Marlowe—and you—for a visit with them in Rosehaven



Guests find themselves feeling at home immediately when they
Mary. Here young Larry is absorbed in his toys, Tom and



on the Nobles, entering at once into the active lives of Larry and
in a script, Mary and Maude in woman's favorite subject, clothes.

The Nobles live in a comfortable home in the lovely town of Rosehaven, Long Island, just a short distance from New York City. Playwright Tom Bryson and Maude Marlowe, who's a character actress—two of their best friends—often visit Mary and Larry there, and when they do the visit is as likely as not to be concerned with business, too.

Larry is Broadway's favorite matinee idol and Tom one of the theater's most successful writers. Mary, who seldom makes a stage appearance herself, manages to keep their home life a happy one in spite of the temptations which confront Larry in his professional life. In spite of the fact that Mary is no longer active in the theater, her ideas on the subject of costume design are always respected. In the picture here she is modeling a dress to be worn by the leading lady in Tom's new play —in which Larry will star.

On these pages, playing the same roles in which you hear them on the air are:

Mary Noble..... Claire Neisen
Larry Noble..... James Meighan
Maude Marlowe.... Ethel Wilson
Tom Bryson..... Chuck Webster

Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert. Backstage Wife is heard Monday through Friday, 4 P.M., EDT, on NBC stations.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Mary and Larry and Larry Jr. invite Tom Bryson, Maude Marlowe—and you—for a visit with them in Rosehaven



Guests find themselves feeling at home immediately when the ... Mary. Here young Larry is absorbed in his toys. To...



... the Nobles' entrance is ... in a scrip... Mary and Maude in Rosehaven's fashion parade ...

The Nobles live in a comfortable home in the lovely town of Rosehaven, Long Island, a short distance from New York City. Playwright Tom Bryson and Maude Marlowe, who's a character actress—two of their best friends often visit Mary and Larry there, and when they do the visit is one they enjoy to be concerned with business.

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Mary Noble. . . . . Claire Niesen
Larry Noble. . . . James Meighan
Maude Marlowe . . . Ethel Wilson
Tom Bryson. . . . . Chuck Webster

KAY KYSER'S NONSENSICAL



Class comes to order, somehow, with none other than the Old Professor—Kay Kyser himself—in charge.



OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

Odra Chandler, of Anaheim, California, explained to an astounded student body why the day he met his wife is unforgettable. He was in the Navy at the time, and got liberty at San Pedro. While leaving ship, Odra sprained his ankle. After his ankle was taped up, Odra went horseback riding. The horse threw him, crushing three ribs. Odra got taped up again. Undaunted, he went to a nearby roller skating rink to—using his own word—"recuperate." This time not he, but a diminutive young lady fell. Odra gallantly skated to her rescue, and offered to brace her while she rollered on unsteady pins. This proved habit forming, and they were married shortly after.

* * *

HALF MINUTE QUIZ (1)

Where would you look for the Hudson tube? Check one:

In the tire of a Hudson auto.....
In your radio set.....
Under the Hudson River.....

* * *

YOUR HOME STATE—ARKANSAS—

Capital: Little Rock . . . *Admitted to the Union:* 1836; the 26th state to be admitted . . . *Population, men vs. women:* 982,916 men; 966,471 women . . . *To Marry:* With parental consent, men must be 18, women 16; without consent, men 21, women 18; no blood test, no waiting period . . . *Origin of Name:* Algonkin name of the Quawpaw Indians found by early explorers at mouth of Arkansas River . . . *State Motto:* Regnat Populus (The People Rule) . . . *State Flower:* Apple blossom . . . *State Pronunciation:* "Arkansaw"—fixed by the state legislature . . . *State Nickname:* The Wonder State. . . .

HALF MINUTE QUIZ (2)

Which of the following did Ely Whitney invent? Check one:

Gin rummy .....
Cotton gin.....
Sewing machine .....

* * *

FUN AND GAMES—

Here's a chance to indulge a Napoleonic complex without benefit of strait-jacket. It's a celebrity quizdown, and it's better than punch to get your guests in a gay mood. From the word go it's got everybody talking to one another and having a whale of a time—and what better kind of a time can you have at a party?



Attached to each visitor's back, upon arrival, is a card bearing the name of a radio or movie celebrity. It may be extended to sports figures and famous names in other fields, too, if you like. A quiz is sparked off everytime two people meet. And the more people you have, the livelier and more diverse the game is going to be.

You single out a young lady with the name of "Paul Whiteman" on her back. She inquires, "Am I a woman?" and you reply, "If you are, the public has been the victim of a great hoax." Of course, if you'd rather, you may reply simply, "No." In any case, she establishes that her game identity is a man. Then she says, "Am I an historical figure?" Again, you may come right to the point and say, "No," or you may prefer to tease, and suggest to the young lady that it is now too early to say, but that eventually her figure may well go down in history. Thus you inform her—directly or indirectly—that she is a contemporary, or living, celebrity. She continues from there. She goes on asking about the man's appearance, the man's nationality, the man's wife or sweetheart, as the case may be, and so on until she guesses the name on her back. Then the tables are turned, and you quiz her in an effort to find out which celebrity you are supposed to be. You may limit the number of questions to be asked if you think that will add to the fun.

* * *

HALF MINUTE QUIZ (3)

In which of the following buildings may The Red Room be found? Check one:

The White House.....
The Kremlin.....
The Vatican Palace.....

KNOWLEDGE

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME DEPT.—

A critic, anonymous, had this to say when the New York State Legislature permitted a man named Hogg to call himself Hoge:

"Hogg by name and Hogg by nature,
but Hoge by act of Legislature."

* * *



A LITTLE LEARNING—

Even if you happened to be born in September, there's no call for anyone to describe you as a Septembrist—unless you're cruel, blood-thirsty or a butcher. The term was applied originally to Parisian mobsters who, upon orders from Danton, massacred 10,000 prisoners from September 2 to 5 inclusive in 1792. September, with thirty days, is the ninth month of the Gregorian year, and its first Monday is Labor Day. Other holidays are Constitution Day on the 17th and Regatta Day in Hawaii on the 20th.

* * *

FOOD FOR THOUGHT DEPT.—

Conversation is but carving!
Give no more to every guest
Than he's able to digest.
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough.
Let them neither starve nor stuff,
And that you may have your due
Let your neighbor carve for you.
—Jonathan Swift (1667-1745)

* * *



YOU'D BETTER NOT—

Lead a bear by rope in Maine—it's against the law.

Walk your bear without a leash in Moscow, Idaho — it's against the law.

Drive a taxicab in Washington, D. C., minus a broom and shovel—it's against the law.

* * *

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (born 1856) SAID IT—

"I enjoy convalescence. It is the part that makes the illness worthwhile."

OVERHEARD IN CLASS—

An alibi she used when a motorcycle policeman flagged her for speeding in Nevada represented the thesis of Mrs. A. R. Capener, of Garland, Utah, and she was graduated cum laude and cum laughing. Mrs. Capener offered the first excuse that came to mind. "I'm taking my husband to an insane asylum," she told the officer. Mr. Capener promptly took his cue, leaned out the window, addressed the patrolman, and asked, "Are you coming, dear?" The gendarme was convinced. "Drive on, lady," he said. "I guess you're telling the truth."

* * *

HALF MINUTE QUIZ (4)

How well do you know your country's laws? Which of the following is limited by the Hatch Act? Check one:

The hatching of hens' eggs.....
Political activity by federal employees.....
The hatching of subversive plots.....

(Answers to all half-minute quizzes will be found upside down at the end of this feature.)





PANTRY-SHELF PARTY

By KATE SMITH • RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen to Kate Smith Speaks at 12 Noon each weekday, on all stations of the Mutual network.

The unexpected guest! Life would be simple indeed if we never had him—simple and dull! He must be entertained well, because he is welcome. When the food for dinner is scanty and you're short on time, turn to the reliable aids on your pantry shelf. The canned meats we learned to use during the war are every bit as useful now.

In a very small space, you can keep all your favorite meat flavors, canned and ready for instant use. You can depend on their texture and flavor. And from them, for your family or friends, you can make good-looking and delicious dishes.

Almost all these meats are ready for serving. Just heat or chill them. A definite temperature increases their appeal. For instance, canned hamburgers heated and served with fluffy mashed potatoes are fragrant and flavorful. You will enjoy using canned meats in casserole dishes such as we describe here. The macaroni, rice and beans stretch their flavor to make an inexpensive main dish.

VIENNA BAKED MACARONI SALAD

1 egg
4 cups cooked macaroni (8 ounces uncooked)
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
2 tablespoons vinegar
4 tablespoons salad oil
½ cup chopped celery
¼ cup chopped onion
salt and pepper
½ cup milk
1 4-ounce can Vienna sausage
parsley

Beat egg slightly and add to cooked macaroni. Add mustard, vinegar, salad oil, celery, onion, and salt and pepper; combine well. Place in casserole. Add milk. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes. Top with Vienna sausages and bake 10 minutes longer. Garnish with parsley. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

MEATCATASH

1 12-ounce can luncheon meat
¼ cup chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
1½ cups cooked corn
1½ cups cooked lima beans
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup orange juice

Slice four quarter-inch thick slices of luncheon meat and put aside. Cut the remainder into half-inch cubes. Place in saucepan with vegetables, milk and 2 tablespoons of butter. Simmer until meat is hot. Lightly brown meat slices in remaining butter over low heat. Add orange juice and continue to cook until orange juice has cooked into meat. Top vegetable mixture with sauted meat. Makes 4 servings.

JELLY GLAZED HASH

2 16-ounce cans corned beef hash
¼ cup currant jelly

Turn hash into greased baking dish. Place jelly in hollow in center. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes or until hash is browned and jelly melts and glazes surface. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF

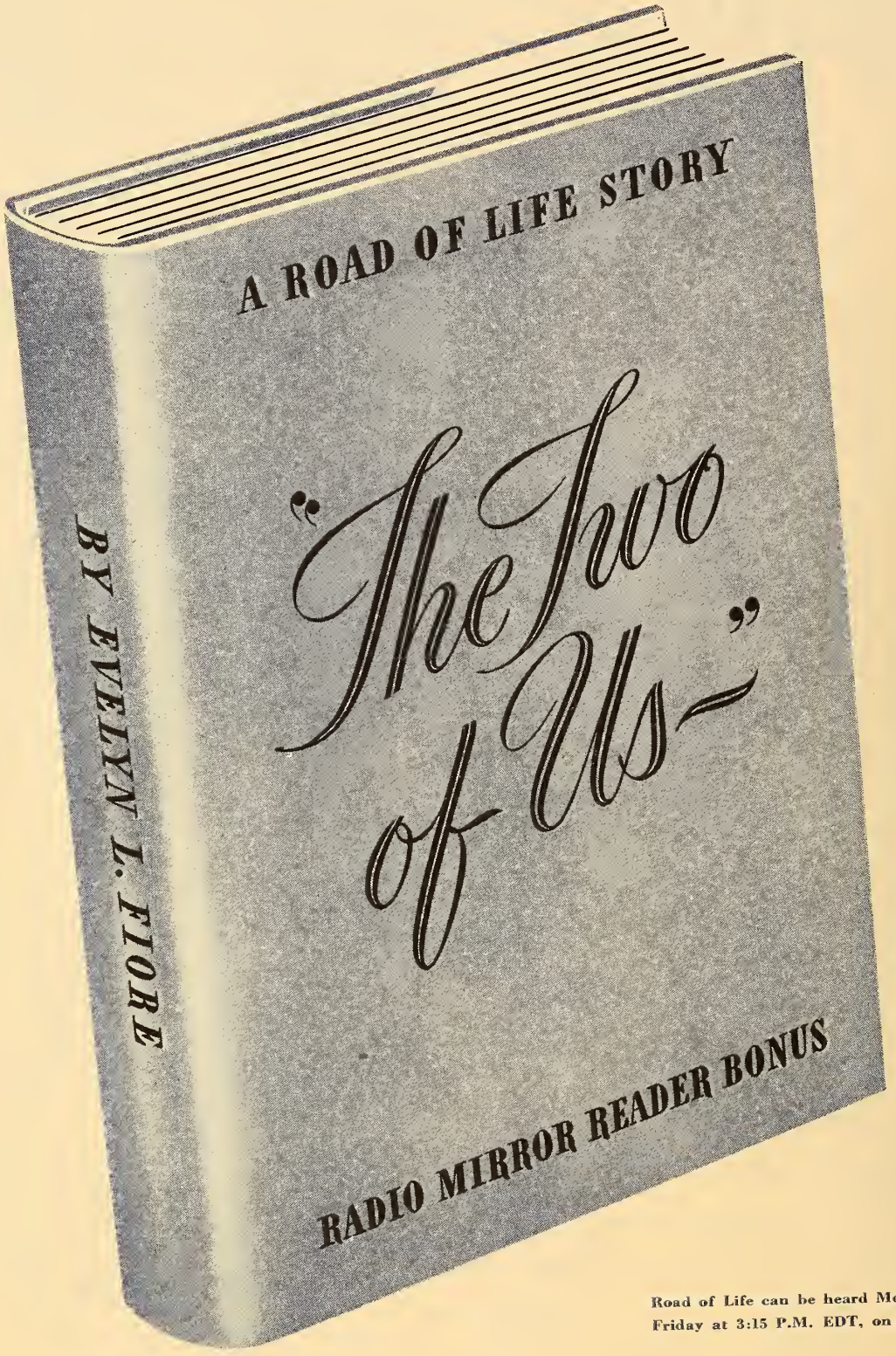
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
1 3-oz. can chipped beef, shredded

Place butter in a skillet over low heat. Add chipped beef and cook until lightly browned. Sprinkle flour over beef and blend well. Remove from heat. Add milk and stir. Return to heat. Continue cooking until thickened, stirring constantly. Serve hot over toast or rusks. Makes 2 to 3 servings.

(*Continued on page* 100)

For the unexpected guest: dishes that can be made with ingredients right off your pantry shelf—Vienna baked macaroni salad (foreground), jelly glazed hash (right) and meatcatash.

For better, for worse . . . these are the



Road of Life can be heard Monday through Friday at 3:15 P.M. EDT, on NBC stations.

binding words. But for Butch and Francie, "better" had almost lost its meaning

Carol heard the quarrel, of course—how could she help it, with Francie's carrying voice raised yet higher, and Butch's deep rumble sounding like thunder through the little apartment? She was glad that Jim had gone. For a doctor, and one trained in psychology at that, Jim sometimes took things like this too much to heart, Carol thought, smiling to herself as she always did when her mind turned to her husband. Where Jim was concerned, his foster-son Butch was of first-rank importance. Of course he and his newly married young wife, Francie—were important to Carol, too. Especially so since they, unable to find an apartment, had moved in here with Carol and her husband.

A new marriage is, at best, a difficult and delicate affair, Carol mused, wincing at the house-shaking slam of the front door with which Butch had put a period to the quarrel with Francie. Privacy, she thought, is almost as important as the husband and wife themselves: privacy in which they can learn each other's little peculiarities, work out how they're going to live with one another without the distraction of outside personalities to confuse them.

Privacy, even, in which to quarrel. And in which to learn, Carol added in her mind, that even quarrels are a part of marriage, and don't mark the beginning of the end of it.

You don't have that kind of privacy when your whole home is someone else's living room. Yet Butch and Francie somehow find the time and the place for quarreling. This morning they quarreled in bitter whispers even before they were out of their studio couch bed.

But, Carol wondered, would privacy help Butch and Francie? Were they, like Carol herself and Jim, her husband, meant to live together in peace and happiness, once the initial period of adjustment to marriage was past? They were so unlike, those two. So—and then Carol caught herself up, as Francie appeared in the kitchen doorway.



Dr. Jim Brent
played by Don McLaughlin.

"Dry the dishes for you?" she asked. Somehow she managed to make it more a challenge than a question, so that Carol told herself, "That's what I mean—will they ever make it?" even as she smiled at Francie and said aloud, "Why thanks—here's a towel."

Francie dried a cup, a plate. Then she laid down the towel, and suddenly all that was pent up inside her, all that Carol knew was seething there, came bursting out.

"Why, *why* do I do these things?" she moaned. "Me with my big mouth, always ready with a nasty answer! If I'd had an ounce of sense I'd've realized Butch was edgy, his first day on a big new job. Just this once I could have shut up. Gee, I don't even remember what started the fight in the first place!"

Her look showing the sympathy she felt, Carol turned to Francie. "One thing about Butch," she said slowly, trying to pick the right words, "He's so stubborn he'll sometimes fight even after he's convinced he's wrong. I wouldn't worry too much about it, Francie. You'll soon get the hang of dealing with each other. And I wouldn't worry about his job, either—if Jim didn't think Butch was a good doctor he'd never have recommended him for that lab job at Neuropsychiatric, son or not. Jim's a doctor, first of all, and the welfare of the people who come to him for treatment is the most important thing to him."

Francie was momentarily diverted. "Sure," she said wisely. "*Especially* because Jim carries so much weight there, Butch'll have to be good. Dr. James Brent, acting chief of Neuropsychiatric Institute—gee, the spot Jim's in he can't afford to have anybody say he's giving all the good jobs to his relatives. The bigger you are the more people are hanging around waiting for you to take a fall."

Carol smiled slightly, but only with her lips. "You're pretty suspicious of people, aren't you? Here . . . dry these glasses first, Francie, they shine up better with a dry towel."

"Oh, really? Okay," Francie said. They worked in silence for a moment. Then Francie burst forth bitterly, "I'm suspicious all right, sure I am. You try growing up in an orphanage and working your way through the cheapest kind of hash joints, taking what a waitress has to take—"

"Francie!" Startled, Carol almost dropped a slippery cup. "I never meant it as a criticism. I'm just trying to get to know you better. You and Butch have been here such a short time."

Francie brushed the apology aside. "I know you weren't criticizing—at least I hope you weren't. But the kind of life I had up to meeting Butch . . . it scares me. Who am I to be a doctor's wife? I don't talk right or dress right. I don't know any of the little things to do that might help him—what to say to people, how to run a house. Like you when those doctors and their wives were here the other night—I couldn't have handled that in a million years. I don't even know things like about the glasses, that you just told me. Sometimes I think . . . oh, maybe I'd just better go back to San Francisco. Let Butch find his own kind of girl. I'll . . . I'll let him go."

Carol turned off the tap, dried her hands, and led the shaken girl to a chair. "Listen to me, Francie! I'll be honest with you. When you first came here, I . . . both Jim and I . . . thought Butch had made a mistake. You'd known each other five days, and Butch was just back from overseas. Not the best beginning for marriage. But—Francie, believe this: now that we know you a little better, we know we were all wrong. You *are* Butch's kind of girl. We can help you with the things you say you don't have—they're easy to learn, and they don't matter as much as you think. What does matter is the way you and Butch feel—if it was strong enough to bring you together, it's strong enough to bring you through—if you don't give up, Francie."

Francie was conscious of a strange sensation in her heart. In all her twenty-two years nobody had ever spoken to her like that. She said unbelievingly, "You really care what happens to me, don't you. I've never known any people like you and Jim. You can't get anything out of me, and yet you seem to—to care."

"Jim wouldn't be the doctor he is if he didn't care about people," Carol reminded her quietly. "Now, enough of this loafing! Janie will be wanting her lunch pretty soon. How would you like to learn to

make that fried chicken Butch likes so much? And the peach shortcake?"

Francie sat up eagerly. "Oh, could I? But . . . it's no use, I can't even scramble eggs without burning them. I could never get anything to taste like that dinner!"

"Oh, nonsense!" Carol hustled about the kitchen, assembling the ingredients for shortcake. "It's simple. Wait till next week and I'll show you something really complicated. And as for taking care of a house . . . well, let's start with the kitchen."

All the rest of that day, Francie followed Carol around like a thirsty puppy, drinking in information. She stopped only to read little Janie, Jim and Carol's small daughter, to sleep for her afternoon nap, and then came back to Carol, ready for more. She was too absorbed to take time for the elaborate hair-do and make-up with which she usually faced the world.

Butch, when he came home, looked at her curiously. "You've done something to yourself? You look different."

Francie's hand went to her hair. "Help! I forgot to put it up! Gee, wait'll I—"

"Why bother?" Butch's voice was still unfriendly from the morning's quarrel, but it changed with his next words. "I like it that way, hanging loose. Looks sort of soft." With one finger, he touched the wave over Francie's forehead, and they stood that way for a moment, not moving or speaking. Then Francie said huskily, "I want to hear all about what you did today, but dinner's on the table already . . . come and eat first." Her eyes were radiant; they both knew the quarrel had been made up . . .



Faith Richards
played by Vicki Vola.

So it was a pity that Jim chose that evening to explode a small-sized bomb after dinner. He was tamping tobacco into his pipe when he stopped abruptly and sat up straight.

"Hey, Butch! I almost forgot. Guess who came into my office today." He paused for dramatic effect. "Faith Richards!"

"*What!*"

"Faith herself. Just got back to town this morning. And asked *particularly* to be remembered to you."

Butch was more alert than he'd been all evening, throwing questions at Jim. "How is she? How'd she look? What's she doing in New York?"

"What did she want of you?" Carol put in coldly.

Jim grinned at her. "Looks wonderful, and yes, she did want something. She asked if I could help her get into Neuropsychiatric's nursing school—you remember, she started training once and had to give up because she got sick. So she's in, of course. She's a bright girl."

"Who's Faith Richards?" Francie's voice was casual, but there was something in it that made Carol glance at her and then frown hard at Jim, trying to forestall whatever he was going to say next. But Jim was too busy teasing Butch to catch her message. He chose the worst possible words.

"Why, she's Butch's old girl friend. Took him seriously, too. She was pretty upset when they broke up."

"Oh, now, Jim." Butch squirmed uncomfortably. "Say, where's Faith living?"

"What's it to you?" Francie asked, still in that quiet, unnatural voice.

"I just thought . . . well, this can be a pretty sad town without friends. Maybe we ought to have her out some . . . well, what's the matter with her?" For the bedroom door had swung sharply to behind his wife's tall figure.

Carol sighed, managing at the same time to glare at Jim. "Just two words, that's all that's the matter."

"Two words?"

"*Faith Richards,*" Carol said very clearly. "And now *I'm* going to bed."

Strange that Jim, for all his professional knowledge of psychology, couldn't sense the atmosphere that Faith Richards' very name brought into the house. To Francie it was as clear as though the girl herself had come in and announced that her sole purpose in coming to Neuropsychiatric was to see and recapture Butch. Francie couldn't have put into words just how she knew, but there it was. Of course there was also the excitement that had crossed Butch's face when Faith was mentioned. To Francie, who was in love with him, that look sent a clear and unmistakable message of danger.

"You're crying before you're hurt," she tried to tell herself after two days of watching and worrying. You think everyone's like you. This Faith is a nice girl—not the kind that goes after someone else's husband. Butch just feels interested in an old friend, that's all, and she won't encourage anything else . . ." But instinct was too strong for reason. Francie didn't have to see that first meeting, the upward sweep of Faith's long lashes, the delight at seeing Butch, the eager questions about what he's been doing . . . the quickly-veiled chagrin when he hesitantly spoke of his marriage.

She didn't have to haunt the hospital corridors to know about the "accidental" meetings . . . Faith just turning the corner as Butch came out of his laboratory. Faith just happening to come by Butch's table as he settled down to lunch in the staff cafeteria. And, though she didn't admit it to herself, she knew perfectly well what was going on the morning Butch pulled out his good blue suit and then fussed around in the overcrowded closet, looking for something else. Finally he asked, "Francie, where's my blue tie? The dark one with the gray squares?"

"The one you were married in?" Francie said levelly.

"Uh . . . yeah. It doesn't seem to be on this hanger. Where is it?"

Francie came over and reached around him. "Here it is, right in front of you. Why—why're you wearing that tie?"

"Why not?" Butch, tying a shoelace, didn't look up.

"It's your best one. And that's your good suit, too. You'll sure be dressed up today."

"I'm tired wearing that old tweed, that's all. Anyhow, what's it to you what I wear?"

"Well, don't get huffy. You're sure touchy lately." Francie finished unmaking the studio couch and slid it closed. "Butch—how's your job coming? You haven't talked much about it."

"It's fine," Butch said irritably. "What's there to talk about? I like it and that's all."

"I just asked," said Francie. She didn't find anything else to say during breakfast, and neither did Butch, but his goodbye kiss was eloquent. Half impatient, half apologetic . . . no, Francie needed no words to tell her what Faith Richards was going to mean in her life.

She would have been surprised, however, if she could have heard what happened when Jim stopped by Butch's laboratory later that morning to ask if they could have lunch together.

"Got a date," Butch mumbled, blushing.

Jim eyed his foster-son's suit and tie. "Must be something special. You're all dolled up."

"Oh. The clothes." Butch grinned sheepishly. "I—I'm having lunch with Faith Richards." After a long pause, he looked up, met Jim's eyes, and immediately

became defiant. "What's wrong with having lunch with an old friend? I've known Faith for years . . ." His voice trailed off into a silence made cold by Jim's disapproving face.

"Faith's a nice girl, Butch. So is Francie—and you happen to be married to Francie. Why don't you call Faith and tell her you can't keep that date?"

Butch slammed a notebook shut and stood up. "Because I don't want to! Get this, Jim—I'm old enough to have gone halfway round the world and worn a uniform and taken everything that went with it. I can take care of myself *and* my wife and everything that goes with that!" He shrugged into his coat and plunged out of the office, brushing by Jim without another look.

If Francie could have heard that conversation, she would have known exactly how delightful Butch found Faith Richards' pretty, pointed face, and her calm voice as she said, "Tell me something, Butch."

"Anything," Butch said gallantly.

"What were you so upset about when you met me?"

"Oh, things." Butch moved the salt shaker to a more strategic spot and back again. "Jim. He thinks I'm still in knee-pants. Orders me around. Why, I've been grown-up for years—especially the last four years since I've seen you. Been a lot of changes in both of us."

Faith shook her head. "Not basically. You're still the boy I knew." She let the special meaning in her words get through to Butch before she added, "I was . . . fond of you, in those days."

"Were you?" Butch said. How it happened he didn't know, but their eyes caught and he couldn't look away. Faith smiled as she picked up her fork.

"Your wife's a lucky girl. Tell me—what's she like?"

"Francie?" Butch was uncomfortable. He didn't want to talk or think about Francie, just at the moment. "Oh, Francie. She's . . . well, she's okay."

"Okay?" Faith echoed softly. Butch saw only that she seemed to be looking at him with friendly affection. He didn't see that her lips curled a trifle more deeply at the corners—like a cat's . . .

That night. Francie looked up from her book to find Butch regarding her in a speculative way. "Comparing me with Faith," she decided. "Wondering how it would be to have her sitting here instead of me." But the next moment she knew she'd been wrong, for Butch said softly, "Francie. What are you reading?"

"Something Carol picked out for me." She held it up so he could see the title on the cover.

"Why, I didn't know you liked poetry, Francie," he said, surprised.

Francie giggled. "Neither did I, till I read some. It says a whole lot of things, though—things I didn't know you *could* say in words. Listen to this:

'Yet each man kills the thing he loves
By each let this be heard
Some do it with a bitter look
Some with a flattering word . . .'"

Her voice died away into silence. Then Butch repeated almost to himself, "'. . . each man kills the thing he loves.' I guess he does, if he's not darn careful." There was another pause. "Francie, You know what?"

Francie didn't raise her head. "What?"

"All day today—ever since lunch, anyway," and here, if Francie had looked up, she would have seen him redden slightly, "I've been thinking. Remember San Francisco—that pier we sat on all night that smelled so fishy, and around five in the morning we saw the fishing boats go out. . . ."

"The night you asked me to marry you?"

"Yeah. That night. Remember?"

"I remember everything, Butch." At last Francie looked up at him. "Do you?" she asked softly.

Butch met her look soberly. "That's what I was thinking today, that it's funny how you think you've maybe forgotten, and suddenly you know you haven't forgotten a thing. Nothing that really matters. Francie . . . why don't you bring that book over here?"

Francie grinned mischievously. "Last night," she pointed out, "I tried to sit there and you said that



"I love you, Francie," he said, "and if I had it to do all over again, I'd still ask *you* to marry me."

chair wasn't big enough for two. One of us lost twenty pounds since yesterday?"

"It's plenty big enough for two tonight." Butch came across the room and pulled her up. "And every night from now on. Just big enough for the two of us. All our . . ." he hesitated, ". . . our friends will have to take a back seat."

For Francie, Butch's words were a pledge. In the last few days she had become very quick at seeing below the level of Butch's words into the place where he kept the feelings he couldn't express. She knew now that he was saying, "I've almost gotten myself into trouble, but I've realized today it's not worth it." She hoped he was also saying, "I love you, Francie, and if I had it to do all over again I'd still ask *you* to marry me." And she went into his arms generously and forgivingly.

Yet, being Francie, she held back a corner of her heart. Francie, who'd been hurt so often, couldn't forget in one moment of tenderness that Butch had almost hurt her too . . . couldn't forget that there was still Faith to consider. In Francie's experience, a girl who'd go out with a married man was a girl to keep your eye on.

So she wasn't shocked the next night when Butch rushed into the apartment, brushed her cheek perfunctorily and demanded to know where Jim was.

"He's working a little late (*Continued on page* 93)

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are Eastern Daylight Time
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
8:45				Memo From Lake Success
9:00		Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News
9:15	Story to Order			E. Power Biggs
9:30	Cameos of Music	Wings Over Jordan		
9:45			Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Children's Hour	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00		Christian Reform Church	The Fitzgeralds	Allan Jackson News
11:15				Newsmakers
11:30	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11.45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Living 1949	Chamber Music		Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	News		Meaning of the News
1:15		Organ Music		Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	Michael O'Duffy	National Vespers	Syncopation Piece
1:45		Mutual Music Box		
2:00	U. S. in World Affairs	Dr. Simon's Band	This Week Around The World	Longine Symphonette
2:15				
2:30	NBC University Theater	Bill Dunningham	Mr. President	You Are There
2:45		Veteran's Information	Drama	
3:00		Ernie Lee Show	Harrison Wood	CBS Symphony
3:15				
3:30	One Man's Family	Juvenile Jury	Dance Music	
3:45				
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Ted Malone	
4:15			Dick Todd	
4:30	News	True Detective	Milton Cross Opera Album	Skyway to the Stars
4:45	Jane Pickens Show			
5:00		Under Arrest	U. S. Navy Band	Choraliers
5:15				
5:30	James Melton	Quick As A Flash	Curt Massey Show	"Broadway's My Beat"
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
8:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Martin and Lewis	Nick Carter	Betty Clark Sings	Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet
6:45				
7:00		Adv. of the Falcon	Think Fast	The Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30	Guy Lombardo	Mayor of the Town	Carnegie Hall Musicale	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	NBC Symphony Orch.	Smoke Rings		Lum and Abner
8:45				
9:00	NBC Theater	Under Arrest	Walter Winchell	Earn Your Vacation
9:15			Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Jimmie Fidler	Go For The House	Our Miss Brooks
9:45		Twin Views of News		
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions		Life With Luigi
10:30	Horace Heidt	Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	It Pays to be Ignorant



CLIFTON FADIMAN —noted critic-writer-lecturer-radio star is emcee of This Is Broadway, CBS, Wednesdays.



PAULINE FREDERICK—the only woman news analyst in network radio was born in Pennsylvania, got her M.A. in international law at American University, and entered radio on the strength of her stories written for the North American Newspaper Alliance. In radio she graduated from women's news to reporting on world affairs. Pauline Frederick Reports is heard daily at 8:50-9:00 A.M., EDT on ABC.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Margaret Arlen
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		This is New York
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In Our Time		This is Bing Crosby
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Hits and Misses
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30				Herb Shriner Time
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30		Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cavalcade of America	Straight Arrow	The Railroad Hour	Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Sherlock Holmes		Talent Scouts
8:45			Henry Taylor	
9:00	Telephone Hour	Affairs of Peter Salem		Lux Radio Theatre
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Dr. I. Q.	Fishing and Hunting Club		
9:45				
10:00	Contented Program	American Forum of the Air		My Friend Irma
10:15			Kate Smith's Music Room	
10:30	Radio Playhouse	Mutual Newsreel		The Bob Hawk Show



BILL HARRINGTON—who replaced Frank Sinatra on NBC's Hit Parade, composes, plays the piano and the trombone as well as sings. He hopes that some day one of his tunes will be good enough to get on The Hit Parade. Born in Indianapolis, the son of a policeman, Harrington has sung with Alvino Rey's orchestra, and is an alumnus of WLW, Cincinnati, where he was the station's featured vocalist.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45	News			Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry	Club Time	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love And Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	Betty Harris Show	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics	Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster		Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon At Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Sky King	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The Smoothies	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	This Is Your Life	Gregory Hood	Little Herman	Mystery Theatre
8:15	Ralph Edwards			
8:30	Alan Young Show	Official Detective	America's Town	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:55		Bill Henry	Meeting of the Air	
9:00	Bob Hope Show	John Steele Adventure		We, The People
9:15				
9:30	Fibber McGee and	Mysterious Traveler	Erwin D. Canham	Strike It Rich
9:45	Molly		Rex Maupin Entertains	
10:00	Big Town	Korn's-A-Krackin'		Hit The Jackpot
10:15				
10:30	People Are Funny	Mutual Newsreel		Mr. Ace and Jane

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15	Faith in Our Time			
10:30	Road of Lifo	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love And Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Tod Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	The Play Boys	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics	Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez			Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Dardanelle Trio	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00		Can You Top This?	Original Amateur Hour, Ted Mack, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon
8:15				
8:30	Adventures of	International Airport		Dr. Christian
8:45	Archie Andrews			
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	Scattergood Baines		County Fair
9:15				
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	Family Theater	Lawrence Welk	
10:00	The Big Story	Comedy Playhouse	It's Time For Music	Beat The Clock
10:15				
10:30	Curtain Time	Mutual Newsreel	On Trial	Capitol Cloak Room



JAN MINER—has had her eyes on an acting career ever since she played the lead in a school operetta at the tender age of eight. When she grew older she played with the Brookline and Wellesley Players and acquired valuable radio experience on local stations before coming to New York. Now, besides starring in major network programs she plays the title role in the NBC daytime serial Lora Lawton.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry	Dorothy Kilgallen	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	Betty Harris Show	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics	Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty		Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Sky King	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Lionel Ricau			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs	Local Programs	
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Echoes From the Tropics	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Aldrich Family	Air Force Hour		The F.B.I. In Peace and War
8:15				
8:30	Burns and Allen	True or False	Local Programs	Mr. Keen
8:45				
9:00	Nelson Eddy and Dorothy Kirsten	Meet Your Match	Play It Again	Suspense
9:15				
9:30	Dorothy Lamour	Sing For Your Supper	Name the Movie	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Screen Guild Theatre	This is Paris	Personal Autograph	Hallmark Playhouse
10:15				
10:30	Fred Waring Show	Mutual Newsreel		First Nighter



ARNOLD STANG—who is the hapless Gerard on NBC's Henry Morgan Show has been playing character and comedy roles for fifteen of his twenty-six years. Born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, Stang's first radio role was on Let's Pretend; at fifteen, he created the role of Seymour for The Goldbergs; on Broadway, he provided laughs in three hit plays; and he has appeared in several motion pictures.



MARTHA TILTON—shares the spotlight with Curt Massey on Curt Massey Time, CBS, M-F., 6:30 P.M. EDT. Born in Texas, reared in Los Angeles, Martha's first singing job was with Hal Grayson's band but she soon left to become the "Miss" in "Three Hits and a Miss" of the Benny Goodman band. She later had her own program, and during the war, played the "foxhole circuit" in the South Pacific.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00		Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	The Hometowners	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	U. S. Marine Band	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty		Dorothy Dix	
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30				Herb Shriner Time
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The UN is My Beat	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cities Service Band Of America	Experience Speaks	The Fat Man	Jack Carson Show
8:15				
8:30	Jimmy Durante	Yours For A Song	This Is Your FBI	My Favorite Husband
8:45	Show			
9:00	Eddie Cantor Show	Opera Concert	Break the Bank	Ford Theatre
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30		Enchanted Hour	The Sheriff	
9:45				
10:00		Meet the Press		Philip Morris Playhouse
10:15				
10:30	Sports	Mutual Newsreel	Treasury Band	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Follies
9:30	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News		
9:45		Misc. Programs		Garden Gate
10:00		Magic Rhythm	Johnny Olsen's Get Together	Music For You
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Jerry and Skye		Tell It Again
10:45		Albert Warner		
11:00	Frank Merriwell	Coast Guard on Parade	Modern Romances	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Music	The Jay Stewart Fun Fair	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Girls' Corps	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	News	What's My Name	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute	Concert of American Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15				
1:30	R.F.D. America	Dance Orch.	American Farmer	Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Musicana	Dance Orch.	101 Ranch Boys	Handyman
2:15				Get More Out of Life
2:30	Edward Tomlinson	Music	Junior Junction	Columbia's Country Journal
2:45	Report From Europe			
3:00		Poole's Paradise	Treasury Band Show	Report From Overseas
3:15	Local Programs			Adventures in Science
3:30		Sports Parade	Fascinating Rhythm	Cross Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00	Your Health Today	Bill Harrington	Tom Glazer's Ballad Box	
4:15	Horse Racing	Horse Racing	Horse Racing	
4:30		Jerry and Skye		Saturday at the Chase
4:45	Contrasts Musical	First Church of Christ Science		
5:00		Russ Hodges Quiz		
5:15	Wormwood Forest		Dance Music	Local Programs
5:30		Organ Music		
5:45		News		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Honey Dreamers	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		Saturday Session	Memo From Lake Success
6:30		Bands For Bonds		Saturday Sports Review
6:45				Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls		Spike Jones
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Vic Damone, Kay Armen	Robert Hurliegh	The Eye-Drama	Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45		Mel Allen		
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Pat Novak For Hire	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Famous Jury Trials	Adventures of Philip Marlowe
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80		Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova Show	Guy Lombardo	Musical Etchings	Talee of Fatima
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air	Record Show	Sing It Again
10:15			Irving Fields	
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



RED BENSON—the emcee of Take a Number (MBS, Sat.) was born Norman Benson in Columbus, Ohio, and got started in show business at the age of fifteen as a singer. Came the depression and Benson worked, at various times, as a prizefighter, canary salesman, night watchman, hatter, fireman, hypnotist, window dresser and a bandleader. He got into radio as a staff announcer on WAAT, Newark.

QUIZ CATALOGUE

Notes to keep your Radio Mirror

Quiz Catalogue up to date

"You want to be a winner?—sound your buzzer, sound your bell.". With those words, the fastest quiz show on the radio zips off for fifteen minutes of fun five times a week—Winner Take All—now heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System network Mondays through Fridays from 4:30 to 4:45 EDT.

Before the program, about eight people are picked from the studio audience by producers Mark Goodson and Bill Todman.

In order to win on Winner Take All, you not only have to have the correct answer, you have to have the correct answer first! On stage right is a large scoreboard with one half for the Champion and the other half for the Challenger. The Champion has a little button in his hand that rings a bell. The Challenger has a button that sounds a buzzer. The emcee asks a question. Whoever thinks he has the right answer presses his button, sounding the bell or the buzzer . . . the first one to press his button answers the question. There is a special electronic device that prevents a tie. If the person answers the question correctly, one point is scored for him on the electric light scoreboard. The first person to score three points wins the round. If the Challenger wins, he moves over and becomes the Champion. If the Champion wins, he stays on as Champion until he loses, no matter how many days are involved. One Army sergeant stayed on for seventeen rounds. If the contestant presses his button and then misses the question, a free question is asked of his opponent, similar to awarding a free foul shot in basketball

The program makes no pretenses of giving away huge sums of money. The average prize every round is worth approximately three hundred dollars. There is no jackpot, but this is typical loot: a fifty-three-piece set of bone china, a diamond ring, seventeen-jewel wristwatches, an oriental rug, a set of silver flatware, two robes, a vacuum cleaner, an electric garbage disposal unit, gas range, kitchen stove, and all types of electrical appliances.

If you're planning a trip to New York this summer, and would like to take part in the fun, remember to write for your tickets early.

* * *

QUIZ CHATTER—

The Queen For A Day selected from Shreveport, Louisiana, went on to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she was feted as the Minnesota Centennial Queen. . . . When G. E. House Party's emcee, Art Linkletter lunched with James Farley, they discussed at some length their mutual interests, namely the two books which they had penned. At the conclusion of the luncheon Art Linkletter presented Farley with an autographed copy of his book upon which Farley presented Linkletter with the address of the book store where Linkletter could obtain a copy of his. . . . John Reed King on Give And Take was faced with an unusual problem one day. A woman contestant refused to take any prizes she had won, which included everything from a washing machine to nylon stockings, but declined all. She finally took the nylon stockings saying, "If it will make you feel better." . . . Also, on Beat The Clock—back in January, Seaman first-class Bob Guillford offered some candy to a young lady sitting next to him—this led to a friendship which has blossomed over a period of time until months later they both returned to Beat The Clock and were chosen as contestants. Guillford won a diamond ring and placed it on the girl's finger, which brought the romance to a happy end—just where it had started at Beat The Clock.

Nearly everyone has some superstition or another which he, consciously or not, always observes—that's what Richard Frey, expert on such matters, tells Terry.

FAMILY COUNSELOR



By
TERRY
BURTON

"I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, But—"

Ever since I met Stan, he's always used two matches to light three cigarettes, walked around black cats and ladders and cowed before the invisible power of Friday the 13th. I've never argued with Stan about his superstitions but was glad when Richard Frey, well-known bridge player and authority on superstitions, appeared on the program as Family Counselor. I hoped he could show Stan the folly of his ways.

"I'm not superstitious . . . but . . ." protested Stan.

"Maybe, Stan, but do you happen to remember last Friday's date?" asked Mr. Frey.

"Why, yes. Friday the thirteenth," Stan answered.

"Do you usually remember last week's dates—unless a special event is involved?" probed Frey.

"No-o-o. I just happened to hear a few people comment that last Friday was the 13th," hedged Stan.

"And those people probably wouldn't have commented if it had been Friday the 12th or 14th. They mentioned it, and you remembered it because it was a day many people consider unlucky. Therefore, there is some superstitition in your soul," analyzed Mr. Frey.

Stan confessed there was and then asked the universal question, "Do you think there really is anything to them?"

Mr. Frey proceeded to point out that both the people who think there is something in superstitions and those who claim they're ridiculous may both be right. Though the belief itself may not bring you luck, the mental attitude associated with it is important. A lucky feeling may act as a stimulant and give you extra confidence. But if superstitions induce fear, they are harmful.

The superstitions themselves may start in many different ways, but most of them are merely a matter of coincidence. When the same things happen more than once in similar circumstances, people remember the circumstances and think they might actually have something to do with the event.

"Say it rains three Tuesdays in a row and the same card player loses each time," Mr. Frey pointed out. "He's likely to decide he'll lose whenever he plays on a rainy Tuesday, and thus this belief or superstition will find him in the movies whenever it rains on Tuesdays. The fellow who takes his place as loser that night is a new prospect for believing in the same superstition. Soon, there are a lot of players who doubt the advisability of playing on rainy Tuesdays, thus a new superstition is built."

He went on to show that some are spread deliberately, with the familiar "three on a match" accredited to match manufacurers. "But it isn't too far-fetched to believe that during the first World War, when this superstition got started, by the time the third soldier put his cigarette to the match, an enemy sniper could spot the light, aim and fire. That made the third on a match the unlucky one."

Emphasizing his previous point that a strong mental belief in a certain superstition—carrying a lucky coin, wearing a green dress or red shoes—may act as a stimulant and give a person extra confidence, it's all right to a point. However, Mr. Frey warns that when the so-called habit is violated, a person may actually become fearful—and then a superstition is harmful, giving one the wrong mental attitude. Like anything else in life, it's the degree that counts.

R M

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard Monday through Friday at 2 P.M. EDT, CBS stations.



Her skilled, beautiful riding has brought Mrs. Ryan high honors. She leads in another talent, too—her way of always looking especially smart and charming.

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan

The Special Magic of her Inner Self glows through her lovely, expressive face

Mrs. Ryan's charming, sensitive face has a lovely way of showing you delightful pictures of her vivid self. Small wonder so many doors and hearts open wide for her everywhere she goes.

Your face, too, is constantly telling what *You* are! It is the You that others see first —and remember best. Do help it to look *always lovely* and bright, and beckoning. Then, your own Inner Magic can glow through it joyously for everyone to see.

That hidden, magic self within you — can transform your world

Does that wished-for-woman you'd like to be seem tantalizingly out of reach? She shouldn't! Every woman has the power to *change* herself—be lovelier.

A wonderful force within *You* can help you. It grows out of the close relation of your *Inner Self* to your *Outer Self* and the power of each to change the other.

You sense this force in the warm glow of confidence you give out when you *look your loveliest.* You also know its down-pulling feeling of inferiority, when you are *not* at your best. It is the reason those special daily attentions that add to your *outer loveliness* can make so much difference to *You*—and all who see you!

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

You'll find this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream has a wonderful way of giving skin a *cleanness* and *freshness* other people notice. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) *cream your face* this special way. *Do it like this:*

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This light, fluffy cream will soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin *immaculate.* Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash.

Yes, this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on *both* sides of your skin—*From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away skin-dulling dirt and old make-up, as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Mrs. Ryan says: "I find it a *delightful* beauty routine, Pond's is the finest quality face cream anyone can ask for."

Remember—*it is not vanity* to develop the beauty of your face. When you *look lovely* it has a magic way of rippling out to all who see you—all who love you. It adds both to *your* happiness and to *theirs.* It brings the *Inner You* closer to others.



YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—Care for it Pond's rewarding way. Get a *big* jar of Pond's today.

R M

It's Always Herb Sheldon Time

(*Continued from page 49*)

trapped by his own enthusiasms. This, she told herself, was something she'd have to help him guard against all his life—because, of course, she had no intention of letting that ring get out of her hands permanently. And she was right—by the next New Year's Eve it was hers again. The ring—and all of the promises and protestations and declarations, only made real now by the passing of years and the proving of love—has been hers ever since.

Much has happened between then—a boy and a girl falling in love, with nothing but hopes and dreams to build on—and now, when the Sheldons have been married some thirteen years, have a charming home, three delightful children, and the new Herb Sheldon Show, with Herb's name and fame known to millions of listeners, to show for those thirteen years of being together.

Herb came by his love for show business quite naturally. His father had been a professional acrobatic cyclist—who had prudently foreseen the death of vaudeville and retired just in time. Much to the family's relief, Mr. Sheldon went into business, and from then on a theatrical career, in the Sheldon household, was considered a frivolous waste of time. By everyone but Herb, that is.

After he'd graduated from Erasmus Hall high school, in Brooklyn, Herb decided to study Shakespearean Drama at New York University. He showed a decided gift for acting, and a flair for staging and production. But no one took his ambitions seriously, least of all the Broadway producers and directors whom he hounded for a chance. It was then that Herb decided he was a twenty-one-year-old failure. But it was also then that Tutti came along, and changed his outlook on life once more. For a girl like Tutti, young Herb decided, a man could do anything.

Although Herb's courtship of Tutti took place only fourteen years ago it was conducted in a grand manner more befitting the nineties. This was Herb's over-developed sense of the dramatic coming out. Resplendent in top-hat and tails, Herb arrived at Tutti's doorstep promptly at eight every Saturday night. In one hand he had a box of candy and in the other, a corsage.

The Sheldons laugh about their early elegance now and spend most of their time very close to home. Their current idea of night life is to retire at ten p.m.

Herb still keeps his top-hat handy in the hall closet though. The children like to play with it and Herb drags it out for a royal welcome when his father-in-law comes to call.

When Tutti was eighteen her parents took a cruise around the world. She stayed home supposedly to continue her studies at Adelphi College, but actually to be near Herb. Her parents were in China when Tutti dispatched a hurried, joyful letter to them announcing her engagement. The news was literally broken, for as her father strode down a Shanghai street excitedly reading the letter to his wife, he didn't watch where he was walking. As a result he celebrated the happy event by falling down a Shanghai manhole.

Herb's decision to get married signified one important thing to his family. He would just have to forget acting and settle down to the serious business of earning a living. Since Mr. Sheldon was in the yarn supply business, it seemed logical that Herb should do something in the same line. Within a few months the "Fine Spun" corporation was born and Herb was devoting all his energies to manufacturing and selling young men's sweaters.

He was doing very well. Then one day he won first prize at a buyer's convention for his merchandise display. He had constructed his booth to look like a theatre. There was a box-office outside and a marquee announcing the appearance of "Clark Crewneck" in "Latest Fashions for Spring". Everyone complimented him on his clever idea, but it meant more than a good merchandising stunt to Herb. Suddenly he realized that he was still dreaming about show business. He realized that no matter how many sweaters he sold, he couldn't be completely happy with what he was doing.

That night he went home and spoke to Tutti.

"Right now we're doing fine," he told her. "But if I go on this way, thinking about what I've missed, I'll probably ruin the business anyway. What should I do?"

Tutti had to consider a good many things that night. She thought of her infant daughter sleeping unawares in the next room. She thought of the gossip that would follow a drastic change like this. She thought of her own choice between assured luxury or scraping out an existence. Unhesitatingly she gave her answer.

"Go ahead, darling," she urged him. "You're still young and you mustn't wait until it is too late to risk a change."

That was all Herb needed to know. He rounded up his business affairs in a gay mood and closed up his office. Many of his friends and family were surprised and disturbed by this rash decision. Their acid comments fell on deaf ears.

Herb decided that theatrical ventures were too precarious and that radio was his best bet. He tried to enter radio by the back door, writing comedy material for other performers. Dipping heavily into his savings, he opened up an office to keep up appearances. Things were ominously slow in the entertainment world but Herb didn't have time to worry.

Then, for one entire year, everything was paid out and nothing came in. Herb wrote reams of comedy sketches and sent his material to every star, program and agency imaginable. He was rewarded with the most complete set of rejection slips in town, but not one penny. Meanwhile, Tutti scrimped along on her limited budget and never faltered in her encouragement.

Finally when everything seemed blackest, WINS in New York gave Herb a chance to do a fifteen-minute show, daily. No salary but at least he was on the air. One day there was an emergency at the station. They needed a staff announcer in a hurry and Herb was right on the spot. With a deep sigh he switched from red ink to black and began to work himself out of debt.

At WINS, Herb worked a regular eight-hour shift and then lingered at the station hours longer to watch and listen and learn. He studied microphone technique by observing the more experienced announcers. He tried to soak up everything he could about production and direction. Within six short months he was appointed chief announcer. Then came a series of rapid-fire promotions. Herb was made program director and production manager. He was the youngest man ever to hold those jobs at the station. His salary went way up and even his severest critics had to admit, Herb was doing fine.

But once again there was that gnawing discontent. Herb had enjoyed announcing but executive work didn't seem to be right for him. It was impossible to voluntarily demote himself back to the position of staff announcer. The only solution was to make a clean break and start looking for a job all over again.

By this time, the people who had thought of him as irresponsible and eccentric before were convinced that he was just out of his mind. For four tense months, Herb searched for a job and found nothing. Tutti avoided the curious eyes of her neighbors. Then, feeling that he had nothing to lose, Herb auditioned at the National Broadcasting Company. Every bit of Tutti's faith was rewarded when the news came through that Herb was appointed a staff announcer at NBC.

From here on his story is known to anyone who ever listened in to Ransom Sherman, Honeymoon in New York, Maggi's Private Wire, Ed East and Polly or the Kirkwood and Grey Show.

Always a quick-witted, articulate ad-libber, Herb distinguished himself especially during the next few years. His vivid, on-the-spot reporting of such tragic events as the airplane crash into the Empire State building won him the H. B. Davis Award as top NBC announcer in 1945.

Then Herb got an idea for a new program. He and Maggi McNellis began their hilarious audience participation program, Luncheon at the Latin Quarter. Always conducted at breakneck speed and giddy with laughs, the "Luncheon" show was a boon to listeners. On the other hand, Herb found himself losing fifteen pounds a year and missing most of his sleep. He and Maggi worked in one hundred and twenty-five degree temperatures when the air conditioning broke down and they even went on during a complete electrical blackout.

Through his intimate contact with so many members of the listening audience, Herb began to get a new idea of what happiness radio brings into the lives of many people.

One elderly lady wrote and told him that his program saved her life. She heard it at a time when she was lying half-paralyzed and close to blindness in a hospital. She didn't want to go on and paid little attention when the nurse turned on a radio near her bed. Then without realizing it she began to laugh for the first time in months. It was the turning point in her illness, she wrote, because it gave her that little bit of extra strength and happiness she needed to face the future.

Now on his new program, Herb has grown even closer to his audiences. The Herb Sheldon Show is a comfortable potpourri of nostalgia, sunny good humor and pertinent household hints. Herb is one man who really knows his way around a home and enjoys fixing and puttering.

Last year when the Sheldons bought a home in Jamaica Estates, everybody thought Herb had made another mistake. But he is the kind of man who cannot look at a room without visualizing the walls knocked down or the plumbing redone. Tutti, a former art student, worked with him on every phase of the remodeling.

If you sit in their spacious, serene living room with the gorgeous, mirrored fireplace and the tasteful furniture, it is hard to believe that last year at this time the room was a plaster-filled shambles. Herb and Tutti remember only too well. They are still paying the contractor's bills. Hardly a day goes by without some neighbor dropping in to see what new marvels the Sheldons have wrought.

Tutti gives all the credit to Herb's dynamic ideas and Herb generously hands the credit right back to Tutti.

"She is what every man dreams about and seldom gets," he says seriously. "The perfect wife and mother. Her life revolves around our home and our three children. She is gentle and tactful even when I am impossibly cranky. She bides her time, finds out what was bothering me and sets it straight. And on top of that, she's still as beautiful as when I married her."

Herb calls home about four times a day. He can't relax unless he knows what Tutti and the children are doing.

Lynda-Penny, the oldest, is nine. A little replica of her mother, she plays the piano, and paints beautifully.

Amy-Jane, aged three, is an exquisite, black-eyed imp. Even at her tender age she can manage a devastating imitation of Milton Berle and is so affectionate that she'll even crawl into the lap of a complete stranger.

Twenty-two-month-old Randy is a tiny dynamo. Herb thinks he'll grow up to be a night watchman if he follows his present tendency to stay up all night. Tutti has to rush to keep up with him.

"I never realized that bringing up a boy would be so much harder than bringing up the girls," she gasps and hurries off to chase Randy who is chasing a puppy.

The Sheldons' life centers around their children. In their handsome, refinished basement, Herb has made a miniature movie theatre. He had to move his projector into the laundry room so as not to interfere with a mammoth set of electric trains in the theatre proper. There is a hole through the laundry room door for the lens of the projector and two smaller holes for Herb to peek through. There he sits like the "Shadow," who "sees all, knows all," and patiently shows Mickey Mouse movies.

Outside in the garden there is a log cabin playhouse, a roomy sandbox and a glider swing. A portable barbecue stands near the terrace ready for an impromptu outdoor supper. Lying in a patch of bluebells is Randy's big red ball.

Upstairs in the children's playroom there are some brightly colored drawings left there by Lynda. Next door in the bathroom, a small celluloid duck rests peacefully on the edge of the bathtub waiting for Amy's nightly dip.

Downstairs Tutti is working in her spotless kitchen and Herb is straightening out his tool chest. Any time of any day you can enter the Sheldon house and feel the same invisible quality. The sense that here indeed is a richly happy family, created by two young people who knew what they wanted and had the faith to see it through.

FELS-NAPTHA ANNOUNCES NEW MIRACLE INGREDIENT

News! . . . Sensational washing news from Fels & Co. Our research chem- | Scientific tests prove this gredient gets

How to make a million women laugh!

A lot of women who use Fels-Naptha Soap would think we were kidding, if they saw this announcement. And they would laugh right in our faces.

They use Fels-Naptha because it already contains a wonderful ingredient—in addition to good golden soap. A proven ingredient, known for years for its active, dirt-removing ability . . . NAPTHA.

So . . . we don't make any laughable announcements about adding 'miracle' ingredients to Fels-Naptha Soap. We're content to make a laundry soap so good that women just *smile*—with pleasure—when they see the results it gives them on washday.

If you want better washday results—better in every way—we suggest you try the *mild, safe soap* with *no* 'miracle' ingredient—Fels-NAPTHA Soap.



MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

R
M



Good-bye chipped teeth and broken fingernails with

DeLong

curl setting pins

At last—a marvelous new discovery—a curl setting pin you *don't have to open.* No torn fingernails! No chipped teeth! Scientifically designed to set your hair in *half the time.*

DE LONG CURL SETTING PINS are made so that you can sleep peacefully with a whole headful. As you turn your head the pins also turn and lie flat and comfortable against your head.

DE LONG CURL SETTING PINS have an extra heavy satin-smooth finish. They won't rust or become rough. And what a grip! When you put them in—*they stay in.* Used by professionals. Look for the DE LONG CURL SETTING PINS on the famous blue card in Department, Drug and Variety Stores.



De Long Bob Pins • Hair Pins
Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins
Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

R
M

When a Girl Marries

(*Continued from page 47*)

known and loved this young man since, and possibly, though your letter does not state, even before his army service, there has been a close relationship between you for several years. If by this time you cannot be completely honest with one another, it is a relationship that calls for review. Is there perhaps a small doubt in your mind as to just how much he loves you, a doubt that makes you unwilling to force him to an immediate decision? You are self-supporting, and since you plan to continue your work after marriage you could not by any stretch of imagination be described as a liability—to a man who really loved you, really wished to marry you. It's possible your young man has come to rely too much on your patience, expecting you to supply companionship whenever he wants it without, in turn, being willing to accept the slightest responsibility himself. It's also possible, however, that he is genuinely, if mistakenly, disturbed about his financial limitations. Present the question firmly, definitely to him: if you truly love each other you have postponed your marriage for long enough.

NO CHOICE

Dear Joan:

My husband is a fisherman, and his trips take from six to ten days. While he is away I worry myself sick, and when he does come home I am just as miserable knowing that in two or three days he will be gone again. I have come to the point where I feel I must ask him to make a choice between the sea and me, but I know it will be like asking him to stop breathing. Other fishermen's wives tell me I will get used to it but I doubt it. I have been married two years. Have I the right to ask him to take a job ashore, knowing that fishing is the only kind of work he has ever done and that he loves it?

A. R.

Dear A. R.:

If, as you say, asking your husband to give up the sea would be like asking him to stop breathing . . . have you any choice? When you married your husband you undertook to live the kind of life which he could provide for you, and, since he was a fisherman, you must have realized that you were taking on certain responsibilities with regard to his occupation—an additional portion of strain and worry which many wives are not asked to carry, but which *is* shared by the wives of all men in occupations which require them to be away from home for days at a time. No, you have no choice . . . you must make up your mind to face the facts of your life, and make the very good adjustment to them that I am sure you can. Otherwise you will make life miserable for both of you.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

Dear Joan:

My mother, who lives with me, does not like my husband. He often gets upset over trifles and yells at me. When she treats him coldly after his outbursts, he resents it and complains to me. Between the two of them and their continual complaints, I am a nervous wreck. My two older sisters, who have excuses for not letting mother live with them, just don't want to be bothered and leave her care to me, as she is not too well. Must I choose between husband and mother?

Mrs. J. O.

Dear Mrs. J. O.:

There is no reason why the two people whom you love should, by working against each other, work together to ruin your life—no reason in the world, if you are willing to take firm steps to end the situation. It is evidently impractical to consider setting up a separate living place for your mother, which would keep her out of your husband's way and yet enable you to care for her. Therefore, you will have to have a talk with your mother. Your husband's outbursts, if not directed against her which they apparently are not, are none of your mother's direct business. It is unfair and meddlesome of her to "treat him coldly after his outbursts," or in any other manner to display criticism of him while she is living in your home. Explain to her in as decided a manner as possible that you and your husband have taken on the job of building a successful marriage, and that the comments of a third party are unwanted and can only cause trouble—even a third party as close as your mother naturally is to you. Also, you might have a talk with your husband, reminding him that your mother is elderly and ill, and that he, as a young, robust person, is in better condition to exercise control over his manner to her. Don't be argumentative or fault-finding when you discuss the subject with him; rather, ask that he help you to make the situation as bearable as possible for all three of you. But first of all, there must be a determined effort on your part to make your mother understand that she can be a welcome guest only so long as she refrains from causing trouble there.

Many letters have come to me which pose the problem that follows, but Mrs. G. T. N.'s letter encompasses so many factors of the situation that I have selected it for this month's $25 problem letter award. How would you work out her dilemma? Your answer may win you a $25 check.

Dear Joan Davis:

My husband wants a baby so much he talks of it almost constantly. As much as I want one, we just can't afford it now. We're laden with so many bills. We're paying monthly installments on a house, a GI loan. There's furniture still to be purchased. On top of that there are the bills everyone has, food, clothing, and so on. By this time there's not much of a check left. What makes my reasons so weak to my husband is that my sister was married less than a year ago, has a lovely home and is expecting a baby, and her husband hasn't any better job than my Gary. But what Gary doesn't realize is how much in debt they are. From my own childhood experience I know what happens when there isn't enough money to provide adequately for a child, and I don't want that to happen to mine. On the other hand, Gary's parents provided him with everything, and he thinks a child of ours could have this now. I know we can't afford it. I'm only twenty-two: Gary's twenty-five. I feel we should wait until we're more secure. What do you think?

Mrs. G. T. N.



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This Is Galen Drake

(*Continued from page* 26)

to get across," Galen said. "I always thought that when I could tell about myself, I'd say hello to them first."

And why wouldn't Galen Drake let his story be told before? He had the simplest reason in the world.

"I was afraid to let my audience know how young I was," he says with a grin.

Galen has now arrived at the advanced age of forty-two, so he feels it's safe finally to come out from behind the microphone. But when he started in with the kind of program he does now, he was only a little past thirty. Scarcely a child, it's true, but still not mature enough in years to have his philosophical material taken seriously. He realized that he might be able to overcome this handicap, but he also realized that it was wiser not to take the chance.

"People have the notion that you can't know very much or have thought very deeply unless you've got white hair and a beard," Galen sighs. "Me, I only had my little old moustache."

Almost all of Galen's interests started when he was a child growing up in Long Beach, California—and a most unusual child he was.

He liked to study. He liked to read. He liked to talk with older people. His greatest fun was learning about new things, finding out what made people tick. Try as he would, he just couldn't get absorbed in the games that other boys spend their time at.

"When the rest of the kids were reading Dick Merriwell," he recalls, "I was reading Plato. I'd try joining them in a ball game, and I'd become bored."

He was fascinated by everything under the sun, but his big love was medicine. If you had asked him what he wanted to become, when he was in his teens, his answer would certainly have been—"a brain surgeon." Giving up that dream was the great disappointment of his life. He had to give it up because there wasn't enough money to carry him through medical training.

He remembers exactly when the dream had started.

"I was eight years old—how do you like that? I helped out in the corner drugstore, washing bottles in the prescription department. 'This is for me,' I thought. 'I'm gonna be a doctor.'"

He spent his time reading, practicing his music, hanging around medical laboratories and the local radio station —and writing poetry. There aren't many boys who can get away with that kind of thing without being labeled a "sissy." But Galen never had to worry, because he was too handy with his fists. He learned the manly art of self-defense scientifically—it was just one of many things that happened to interest him. Eventually he made quite a name in amateur boxing circles.

All through this time and later, too, money was a big problem. His family didn't have the kind that would give Galen the education he wanted, so he acquired all his knowledge on his own. He went without eating so that he could buy books, wore his brother-in-law's hand-me-downs so that he could afford music lessons. He made money in any way he could—driving a truck, working in a laundry, manning the red-hot boilers in the Long Beach oil fields.

He's talking from personal experience when he says: "There's no such thing as not being able to afford an education."

When a youngster develops in the unusual way that Galen did, there's generally a reason for it. In Galen's case, you'll probably find the reason in the kind of family he came from. His father had been a widower with three children when Galen's mother married him. By the time Galen was born his two half-sisters and half-brother were already grown, so that Galen was always surrounded by adults, always accustomed to mature ideas.

In addition, both his father and mother were quite remarkable people, who believed in living by their ideals. Galen's father never had much money, but he was, Galen says, "one of the richest men in the world, one of the most contented human beings I have ever known." All through Galen's formative years, his father tried to teach him the sources of his happiness.

"Folks'll tell you that honesty's the best policy—which is so. But there's nothing in it about getting rich or becoming famous," he would say. "Being honest won't necessarily make you rich at all, as you can see from myself," he'd go on with a twinkle in his eye. "But I'll tell you what it will do—it'll make it pleasant for you to live with yourself. Believe me, son, that's something no one can avoid doing."

When Galen came East in 1944, his father was already past his three-score-and ten. One day shortly before

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Galen was to leave California his father suddenly suggested that they go out for a drive. As the two rode along, the old man began going over the beliefs that he had tried to pass on through the years.

Galen asked him. "Dad, you and I have chewed the rag about these things many times before. Why this all-in-one repeat?"

"Now, look," his father answered. "This is no sympathy routine, but you know darn well that I'm a pretty old man. Let's be practical. You're going a few thousand miles away and the chances are I probably won't see you again. I don't have any money to leave you, but I do have certain ideas which made my life happy. I just want to be sure you remember them."

As it turned out, although Galen talked to his parents over the phone almost every day, he found it impossible to leave New York. Three years later—two years ago now—a telegram was brought in twenty minutes before his broadcast telling him that his father had died. At first Galen felt that he couldn't possibly go on. But then he began thinking of the ideals his father believed in so strongly. Galen went ahead with his program. He realized that the finest tribute he could pay his father was to meet his responsibility.

Since his mother passed away last year, Galen, who isn't married, has been left with only his two half-sisters. Both of them live on the coast. They're twenty years older than Galen and still think of him as a baby, he says.

"I'll get a special delivery letter giving me the dickens because my voice sounded kind of cold-ish, that day, and they're sure I'm not wearing my rubbers in the rain."

It was five years ago that Galen left Los Angeles for New York and nation-wide radio recognition. His radio career, like his other interests, had started back in his teens, too. Galen used to do odd jobs around the local Long Beach station and wound up getting a few singing spots. He kept up his radio chores while studying and doing other jobs and worked into speaking as well as singing assignments. Then in 1940 he got the chance to conduct a program very like his present one in San Francisco. From there, he went on to a larger station in Los Angeles, and in 1944, ABC asked him to broadcast over WJZ in New York.

He had already decided when he started in 1940 to keep himself out of the picture as far as the public went. Listeners would have to accept him on the basis of what he said, rather than his age or background. The fact that they did is a matter of radio history.

Would Galen have won his wide influence otherwise? Nobody will ever know. As it was, without the handicap of a youthful appearance, his words took on an authority that many a household can be grateful for.

There are the households, for instance, which have been saved from divorce by Galen's probing words. There are the households which have taken on a new serenity when his shrewd comments gave the mother of the family insight into the importance and dignity of her job. There are the households which have escaped from a nagging shadow when a grandmother or grandfather whose life seemed to hold no meaning was inspired by Galen's searching remarks to find new interests. And there are the households which, but for the grace of a Galen



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R M

Drake broadcast, would have experienced the tragedy of suicide.

Sometimes, the contact has been almost direct. During Galen's first year in New York, he had a six to seven a.m. broadcast. One morning, ten minutes after his program had begun, a message was brought to him.

"Please start talking about alcoholism and suicide immediately."

It was signed by a good friend of Galen's—let's call him Tom—who had been cured through Alcoholics Anonymous. Galen knew that Tom would never send in an SOS like that unless something serious were up.

He put everything he had into those next ten minutes, all of the wisdom and faith-giving philosophy he had accumulated through the years. He said that life is a precious gift, and that despair is like a blindness which many experience and conquer. He said that it was common for people fighting alcoholism to insist they couldn't do it.

"I once came upon a profound statement which is very much to the point," Galen went on. "'What a man must do he can do. When he says he cannot, he means he will not.'"

After the broadcast, Tom told him what it was all about.

Early in the morning, Tom had received a phone call from the man who was his special responsibility in Alcoholics Anonymous. Like all AA graduates, Tom acted as counselor and support to one fellow-member.

"I'm calling to tell you it's no use," the man had said. "After I hang up, I'm going to open the window and jump. I want you to know that I appreciate all your efforts."

Tom pleaded. "Look," he said, "will you do me just one favor? Will you turn on WJZ and listen for fifteen minutes?"

"All right," the man agreed. "That's the least I can do."

Ten minutes later, after listening to Galen Drake whom he had never heard of then, the man called back.

"I don't know who your friend is," he said, "but tell him 'thanks,' will you? And don't worry about me. Everything's under control."

Galen says, "You can take money. I'll take that."

While he can and has given many people new understanding and fresh hope, Galen Drake can also make some people very nervous—specifically the producers, engineers and sound men who work on his two local WCBS shows and his ABC network program.

They can't get used to it. The time for his broadcast gets closer—fifteen minutes, ten minutes, five minutes. Most programs would have been set up and ready to go long before, with performers tensely awaiting the signal from the control booth. But not Galen Drake. He hasn't come in yet. He hasn't rehearsed, he's got no script to go by, and five minutes before air-time he hasn't even arrived at the studio.

It happens every time. Maybe three or four minutes before he's due to go on, in ambles Galen.

"Hello, fellas!" He waves nonchalantly at the group waiting for him.

Then he drops the briefcase on the large, rectangular table where the microphone has been set up, pulls out a few loose pieces of paper with notes scribbled on them, and takes out the same small black loose-leaf notebook. If there's still a minute or so to spare, he'll take off his jacket and wander out to look around the ABC or CBS corridors. Sixty seconds before he's on, Galen settles back in his chair before the mike, opens his collar, loosens his tie, and, probably, rolls up his shirtsleeves. You never saw a more relaxed man.

He looks around calmly, grinning at the men in the control booth, and maybe lighting a cigarette as he takes a fast glance at notes on his desk or thumbs that well-worn notebook. Then the engineer raises his hand, and Galen Drake is on.

Since that only means he's going to talk for fifteen minutes or a half-hour, he can't understand what there is to worry about. And he can't understand why there's always someone who wants him to plan what he's going to say.

"Now how am I going to know what I'll say until I start talking?" he'll argue. "Do you draw up diagrams of your conversation when you go visiting friends?"

As far as Galen is concerned, his radio talks are a kind of one-sided chat that he carries on with a sympathetic crony about life.

Almost always his air remarks concern facts or ideas which he has come upon in the course of his reading or observations.

Always keenly interested in psychology ("what makes people go," he says) and philosophy ("what makes the world go"), Galen usually finds himself talking about some aspect of one or the other subject on the air. Although he's read philosophical writings all his life, Galen has derived most satisfaction from a modern figure who doesn't claim to be a philosopher. He is Bruce Barton, the well-known advertising man, who wrote several books on religion and moral problems.

"Barton applies the ideas of the ages to our times in a completely practical, realistic way," Galen explains. "That's what people need."

In addition to Bruce Barton, Galen often refers to the work of Dr. Edward Spencer Cowles, a renowned psychiatrist and one of Galen's close friends. The two men came together after Galen read Dr. Cowles' book, *Don't Be Afraid* and decided that he had to know the man who wrote it. Now, he spends free time talking to a group of patients at Dr. Cowles' request.

Another man whom Galen admires tremendously, and from whom he has learned a great deal is Dr. Paul Popenoe, psychologist and social worker on the West Coast. When Galen lived in Los Angeles, he spent many hours as an observer at Dr. Popenoe's famous marriage clinic where he developed his insight into marriage and family problems.

Although Galen will never set himself up as an authority, you'll sometimes hear him credit a vague "someone" for the idea he's presenting. The "someone" he refers to is no one less than Mr. Drake himself. Occasionally, this "someone" will be responsible for a poem which Galen decides to read. One of these, called *Reward*, which Galen wrote some years ago, has become very popular with his listeners. It goes in part:

"With shining eyes and lifted nose,
A million dogs lined up in rows
And stood before the throne of God,
While He, with just a smiling nod,
Bade all household pets sit down . .
Each ear upon each spirit head
Was up, to hear each word He said.
'You've all led lives untouched by greed,
And love and honor seemed your creed,
So now, because of that, you've come
To dwell with Me in this your home' . . ."

It's a charming little verse, the kind of thing that would be written by a man who loves dogs, which Galen does. More revealing, however, is another piece of poetry which Galen wrote about fifteen years ago, a poem that he has never read over the air, never shown to the public before now. It is his favorite, and he has given permission for its appearance in RADIO MIRROR.

"Sad moments? Yes, I have them now and then.
When I'm alone, with thoughts of yesterday
And all I could have made of it, I say,
'God help me make tomorrow better.
Men
Like me don't seem to do, they just pretend,
And live in worlds of dreams, like boys at play
Upon a sandy beach. Our thoughts are clay
For other minds to model. Never gay
We grope through with blinding mortal chains
Around our feet, a film of make believe
Across our eyes. Afraid of fleshy pains
We cringe from intercourse with life but heave
A sigh of ecstasy at summer rains—
Like maids, who in their doorway sit, and weave."

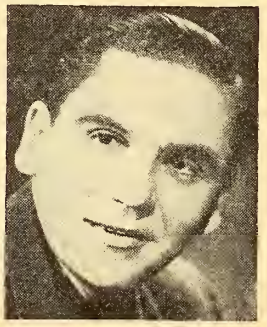
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Read Bob Hawk's life story in the current issue of TRUE STORY magazine now on the newsstands.

My Husband, Gordon Mac Rae

(*Continued from page* 33)

only boys who had had college training. Gordon was the lone exception, which surely speaks well for his home.

Furthermore, to prove that Luck also took an interest in him, here is the truth about how Gordon got his first big break: he was combing his hair in the ABC washroom one day, singing at the top of his lungs out of pure exuberance, when Horace Heidt came in. Gordon had no way of knowing that Horace Heidt was looking for a second tenor who could read music, and by the time Gordon learned this he was already rehearsing with the quartet.

By this time Gordon and I had been going steady for several months. My mother had given permission for us to be engaged *only* after extracting our promise that we wouldn't be married for at least two years. I was barely seventeen and Gordon was just past twenty. Too young—everyone thought—to be serious.

However, we felt that it was a supercharged serious situation when Gordon went on tour with the Heidt band while I languished in New York. I was miserable and lost; Gordon was just as lost and just as miserable. Finally, Horace Heidt telephoned from Cleveland to say that Gordon was so lonely that he was crossing up his own career.

Horace explained that the band was going to be on tour for another eighteen months so he thought we should make a decision: either Gordon and I should get married or we should break our engagement and forget all about it.

This was a crisis of such magnitude that I doubt if anyone over twenty-five could understand it! Like any seventeen-year-old girl, I was torn equally between my desire to marry Gordon and my ambition to have a career of my own. I persuaded my parents to let me go to Cleveland to visit Gordon, to see if our love was as intense as we thought it was. Mrs. Heidt was with the band and could act as chaperone.

Once I stepped off the train and into Gordon's arms, there was no question in my heart about what I really wanted of the future. I began at once to run up my parents' telephone bill by reversing the charges on hourly calls. Finally, they gave in.

And so, at nine o'clock on a brilliant spring morning, Gordon and I were married in The Old Stone Church in Cleveland, Ohio. The minister was a wise and fatherly man who gave us a talk that Gordon and I will cherish forever, and one that we will try to repeat to our own children when they approach their wedding days.

The date was May 21, 1941—Pearl Harbor was still seven months away—and in addition to its being our wedding day, it was Horace Heidt's birthday. After the ceremony, Horace took us to Cleveland's best hotel where we had a combination wedding breakfast-birthday party. From that day to this we've celebrated our wedding anniversary with the Heidts whenever the four of us have been in the same city.

We had no honeymoon (aside from being excused from two shows that day.) In those days, however, Gordon's touring with the band provided a sort of perpetual honeymoon. We saw cities which had been, to us, merely names in our school geographies. We fell in

You owe it to your daughter to tell her these *Intimate Facts of Life!*



Before she marries—make sure she has this modern, scientific information . . .

Isn't it a blessing that in this modern age of enlightenment, helpful truths can be outspoken? Today, vaginal douches 2 or 3 times weekly are so widely recommended and practiced for intimate feminine cleanliness that the all-important question has really become —WHAT to put in the douche!

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P indicates the new **Poise and Confidence** resulting on those days from the use of Tampax. No odor can form. No chafing. You can't even feel it. Wear it in tub or shower bath if you like. Easy disposal.

A represents the **Absolute Certainty** that no single bulge or ridge under your dress or skirt will be caused by Tampax. It simply *can't*, because Tampax is worn internally. It's only one-ninth the size of the other kind!

X stands for all the **Ex-Users** of external pads who now march up to their drug or notion counters each month and buy Tampax —3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

love with views which we had thought were merely artists' dreams lithographed on five-cent postal cards.

We were in California when war broke out, and Gordon wanted to storm down to the nearest recruiting office to enlist. He talked it over with Horace, first, of course, and Horace—eager to hold the band together as long as possible—advised Gordon to register for the draft (he had been too young until that time) and to wait to be called.

Gordon was tractable until we spent several weeks at Kelly Field with the band, entertaining. Naturally, he fell in love with the Air Force. Piloting was for him; he had to have a large order of wild blue yonder. Without saying a word to Horace, Gordon enlisted. As a result of this rebellion, Horace and Gordon didn't speak for two solid years.

As it turned out, the glider pilot program was suspended at that time, so the Air Force abruptly found itself with a wealth of pilot material, but a dearth of navigators. So I-Wanted-Wings-MacRae, bless his disappointed heart, was trained for navigation. Gordon had never before thought himself capable of such intense concentration and precision. But he proved to be so competent an aerial navigator that he was assigned to instructor duty, and was about to be sent overseas when the war ended in August, 1945. Gordon was honorably discharged in November of that year, and, after reading for several parts being cast, was signed to play the lead in "Three To Make Ready."

There is a rather amusing story about Gordon's early flirtations with the movies. On our first trip to California, in the fall of 1941, a talent scout spotted Gordon and made an appointment for him to be interviewed by Mr. Ivan Kahn who was head of talent at that time. (He is now a producer.)

Mr. Kahn talked to Gordon for thirty or forty minutes, then told the scout in private that he didn't think "the boy" had much to offer.

In the spring of 1949, Gordon and I attended a party at which Mr. and Mrs. Kahn were also guests. During the evening, Mr. Kahn said to Gordon, "Your face troubles me. I'm certain that I've met you before." Gordon refreshed Mr. Kahn's memory, and Mr. Kahn, shaking his head ruefully, said he would comfort himself with the knowledge that even Metro had let Fred Astaire slip through their fingers years ago.

I like Gordon's reply. With sincere modesty which is so much a part of his makeup, he told Mr. Kahn, "You were right about me then, you know. I was too young, too green, too inexperienced to have been of any interest to a studio in those days. Now I'm beginning to understand some of the technique of show business, of which I didn't dream eight years ago."

I know that some of the radio people who work with Gordon may read, with a dubious smile, my phrase "sincere modesty" in reference to Gordon. There are some people who don't consider Gordon modest, but not unless you understand his determination to be a fine singer can you understand.

For instance, Gordon emerged from the radio studio after his regular Monday night Railroad Hour broadcast, and was told by one of the technicians, "You did a great job tonight. You were splendid."

Answered Gordon gravely, "Yes, I know. It was just one of those nights."

This was not conceit. It was simple statement of fact. To him it was like saying, "I adjusted the carburetor," or "I mowed the lawn." He knew that the program had gone off well.

Gordon is a paradox. He appears to be casual, light-hearted, and perpetually gay. Actually, he's thoughtful, serious-minded and determined. He tries to do everything to perfection.

Years ago, when we were students together, it was easy to fall for the Gordon I *thought* I knew. As weeks went by, I realized that there was infinitely more to him than the surface person, the quick-witted, handsome, singing boy all the girls admired. One of the first things he told me was that his parents had set him and his sister a perfect pattern for family life. His mother and father are devoted, but theirs has been the devotion which included their children instead of closing them out, as sometimes happens.

When Gordon asked me to marry him, he said that his idea of happiness was not only finding a permanent wife and establishing a home, but in having a family of children. After eight years of marriage we have three youngsters, so I think we're well on our way to that goal.

Gordon is a fine father. He takes time to talk to the children and to play with them. He answers their millionth question with the same patience that he answered the first—and that's an accomplishment, believe me!

He always brings them some sort of a surprise when he is away on appearance tours, and he always remembers me, too. One time he sent me a dusty rose gabardine suit which fitted me perfectly and was one of the loveliest things I've ever owned. He's just as competent at buying the children's clothing, and he has a knack of ferreting out unusual toys.

I'm glad that I married a man who is not only wise, but who has the character to live up to his wisdom. The children—with that wonderful instinct children have—appreciate him, too.

A week or so ago, for instance, Meredith Lynn let herself in for some minor trouble. She wanted money to buy an ice cream bar, but the nurse didn't think she should have anything more to eat. When Meredith set up a howl, the nurse asked her what God would think of someone making such a fuss on Sunday.

Snapped Meredith, "I like money better than God, so there."

Naturally she didn't understand the seriousness of what she had said, but Gordon felt that something like this should be dealt with at once. He took her on his lap gently and explained that she was too young to understand God, except in a little-girl way, but that she must believe Daddy when he told her that money was of very little importance.

Money, he said, only bought things you could see, but that the biggest most important things on earth were those you can't see. You can't see love for instance, or . . .

Meredith interrupted at this point "Oh, yes I can, too, see love," she insisted. "When you look at me, it shows on your face so I know you love me."

This left Gordon without much to say, but it gave me a sentence to cherish forever, because it tells so much about my husband. We know he loves us because we can see love on his face when he looks at us.

I'm an NBC Cop

(*Continued from page* 45)

of my life I'd been an independent cattle buyer in Omaha, Nebraska.

The NBC man seemed particularly interested in this part of my background. "What's the main thing to cattle buying?" he asked me. "Being able to judge weight on the hoof?"

I told him, "Lots of raisers bringing range cattle to market will cram them full of hay and water to make them weigh heavy, just before they put them in the selling pens. A cattle buyer has got to be able to tell real solid heft from the fake kind."

It wasn't till they put me on the artists' entrance up here at our new building that it finally dawned on me that being able to tell solid heft from the fake kind is a good nutshell description of what my present job requires. Some of those autograph hounds trying to bluff their way in here can give a pretty convincing imitation of a genuine heavyweight.

There was the afternoon not so long ago when I turned around from answering my telephone just in time to spot a young girl going through the inside door in a timid uncertain sort of way that made me say to myself: "Uh huh, thought you could sneak past when I wasn't looking, eh? Pretty green at it, too; haven't learned yet how to brazen it out."

I jumped up and put a detaining hand on her arm, told her she wasn't allowed through there. She flushed and told me she was Kay Jordan, Molly and Jim Jordan's daughter, and that she was due at a rehearsal of her parents' radio show—Fibber McGee and Molly.

Now, I know Fibber and Molly real well, and I knew they had a daughter, a cute little trick with pigtails, about eight or nine years old, while this girl in front of me was well into her teens. So I told her again. "Sorry, but you can't go through here without a pass."

The girl was a right persistent little thing, though—didn't shoo very easy. "Won't you please call the studio and check on me?" she asked. "They're liable to be waiting for me. I'm late."

"That won't be necessary," I said, still certain I was dealing with a phony who was just trying to get me busy with the phone again so she could make another attempt at the door. "Mr. and Mrs. Jordan told me when they came in today that, if any of their daughters showed up to tell them to go up to the Vine Street Derby and wait there."

"Oh," she said. "I guess they decided not to use me." Looking pretty dejected, she turned around and walked out toward Vine Street. She was hardly more than out of sight when the desk phone rang. Molly Jordan.

"Ralph," she says, "when our daughter, Kay, shows up, will you tell her to hurry right up to studio B. She's late and we're holding rehearsal for her."

"Your daughter K-kay?" I gulped. "What's she look like?"

"Oh, you'll know her, Ralph. She came in with us a couple of times four or five years ago, and you remarked how cute she was."

"Sweet Sophronia!" I says. "How time flies!"

I don't know how fast Mel Patton could do a hundred yards on Vine Street in heavy sidewalk traffic, but if we'd been competing over that course that day I believe I'd've extended him. I caught up with Kay and gave her her



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mother's message. She flew back the way I'd come, possibly shading my time.

The parking lot, though it's not quite as hectic as the artists' entrance, has its headaches too. We have room for two hundred and fifty cars out there, and most of the time we're full. Bent fenders and skinned paint are not unknown occurrences on our lot, I'm sorry to say I've often thought there must be something about knowing he's shortly going to have to stand up in front of a microphone that affects a man's judgment of distance.

As a for-instance, and because he's a good sport and probably won't mind my telling this on him (too much), I might mention the way Clark Gable pulled in here one day just before he was due for a spot on a show. Darn me if he didn't head in crossways and crease the next car's fenders with his bumper.

He hopped right out to see what he'd done, and, as I came up, "I'm insured," he told me. "Tell the guy with the bent fender that I'll take care of it. If I leave you my insurance agent's card, will you give it to the guy, please."

I said I would. Mr. Gable fumbled around in his billfold and passed me a piece of paper. I looked at it. It was his driver's license. I passed it back to him. He fumbled some more and finally handed me the right card.

I stood watching him a minute as he walked off fast toward the artists' entrance. Clark's a well-built man, got big shoulders. By the time I noticed his feet he was out of hailing distance. He was wearing a brown and white shoe on one foot, brown suede on the other. Which made me feel sort of relieved he wasn't going on television.

And now, since we've already mentioned pre-mike nervousness, we might as well take a quick look at post-mike weariness, which wreaks its havoc most noticeably among the funny men. A man with jokes to tell needs a live audience out there in front of the mike to laugh at his gags and make his show sound alive over the air, and that's usually the way it works out. But occasionally a comedian will find his studio theater heavily infested with people whose only apparent reason for being there is to rest their feet.

Even the old hands like Frank Morgan, who's been in show business so long he can likely remember when Al Jolson wasn't, take a beating on days when the studio audience is mentally elsewhere. I remember one Thursday afternoon two or three years ago when Mr. Morgan came out the back entrance after a broadcast looking pretty wilted. Ordinarily, he's a man who doesn't need a highball glass in his hand to make him look distinguished. And he's a very natty dresser. But that afternoon he looked as if he'd just finished refereeing a ladies' wrestling match.

He came up to my desk with slack-kneed steps and asked me if I'd mind going out on the parking lot and getting his car for him.

"Are you sick, Mr. Morgan?" I asked.

"No, just pooped, Ralph," he answered in tones of utter weariness. "That bunch of zombies we had in the studio today . . . Well, you know how it is. As soon as I saw those three or four embalmers' assistants in the front row I knew it was going to be like working for laughs at Republican headquarters the day after a presidential election, any recent one. I'd risk a small bet I lost five pounds in there today."

As Mr. Morgan eased himself into my chair I suddenly decided to ask him a man-to-man question I'd been wanting to ask one of the headliners for a long time. "Just what is it makes a radio show such a hard chore, Mr. Morgan?"

He gave me a look that would have dented a battleship. "If you think you'll be any happier for knowing, I'll tell you: it's having to do an entirely new show every week. And if you want to know why that's a tough grind, just ask any woman who's had *one*, how she'd feel about having *forty* babies a year."

Awhile back I had several unkind words to say about autograph hounds and gate crashers, but there is another class of outsiders wanting inside that I like and try to help as much as I can. Those are the young folks with talent, training, and previous experience on local stations, who are trying to break into upper-level radio. Most of them are actors or actresses, singers or comedians trying to make contacts.

Naturally, I hear quite a bit about what's going on on the various programs in the way of casting and so forth. Also, I know which agencies handle which shows, and I know most of the directors and producers. This knowledge has more than once made it possible for me to suggest something that's led to one of those youngsters getting a break, and I get a real wallop out of that.

Now that sign-off time is drawing near I might as well admit there's a personal reason why I have a soft spot for radio aspirants. It's a reason I was hardly aware of myself until very recently, and I'm not sure it's an entirely creditable one for a man of my age—fifty-nine, if you must know. It all began back two or three years ago when Ralph Edwards started using me occasionally on his Truth or Consequences show, not as an actor, but as a guard to stay with his contestants and see that they faithfully performed their consequences before they received their king-size pay-offs from the sponsors.

As watchdog, I'm not supposed to help any of the contestants with their difficult and embarrassing chores. Only once did I stretch that no-help rule a little. That was when Ralph sent a middle-aged bachelor out to act as baby sitter for a pair of year-old boys, who, if I was nicknaming them, I would call "The Waterworks Twins." Watching that poor guy's hopeless struggle to keep dry pants on those kids was too much for me. I pitched in and showed him how to sling a diaper, a thing which once you learn you never forget.

But, to get back to my "personal reason," I found myself enjoying and looking forward to those mikeside jobs for Ralph Edwards. And when one night he gave me some lines to speak, I enjoyed myself even more. Also, last spring I performed in front of a television camera in several episodes of a mystery show called The Cat. Mine was a purely action part with no speaking lines. (You guessed it; I played a cop.) The Cat hasn't found a sponsor yet, but all of us who worked on it are hoping that it will pretty soon.

Now you see what my personal reason is for being on the side of the youngsters who show up at NBC's back door. We have things in common. And, after all, why should I be ashamed of liking acting jobs and hoping for more of them. After fifteen years exposure to the most exacting business on earth, a man would have to be a stick of wood not to feel an urge to get in there in front of the microphone—even if he doesn't say a darn word.

My Mr. Powell and His Mr. Diamond

(*Continued from page 41*)

Daddy—but acting a part on the radio. It was her Daddy and it wasn't, for Richard Powell, believe me Pamela, never hit a lady in his life. Never even raised his voice. Her Daddy is the sweetest, kindest, gentlest . . . well, you know.

I sat and thought after the show signed off about Richard Diamond and Richard Powell and how dramatically unlike they are for two fellows who go around wearing the same clothes.

How would I like it, I wondered, if Richard Diamond came home one night in Richard Powell's shoes—a la Dr. Jekyll's Mr. Hyde—and started throwing his considerable weight around?

"Did you call Mrs. Flergenberg as I told you to, about Thursday night?"

"Oh, no, Richard, I forgot," I would reply shaking.

"Then get on the phone and open your mouth and call Mrs. Flergenberg or I'll put your foot in it." Punch! Bop! And I'd go phone with a shiner.

How much pleasanter it is, I thought warmly, living with Richard Powell, who says, "Honey, I called Mrs. Flergenberg. I knew with that portrait sitting and those interviews on your mind you wouldn't remember it."

It wouldn't occur to Richard Powell that *he* might have an excuse to forget things. He is in production on his new picture "Mrs. Mike" and is as involved as I am with mine, and has his radio show to get on the air once a week, and our business affairs to manage. He has so much to do that he gets to bed at one and gets up at six in the morning to get through with it, and *he* calls Mrs. Flergenberg or whomever, and doesn't mind a bit that I can't seem to.

I could write a book, and still not tell half the thoughtful, considerate things Dick has done for Pam and me, and goes right on doing every day.

Like the time I wanted a new dress for Pamela's christening.

We had just mailed out a hundred or so invitations, and were talking about how wonderful our little girl was, and how special the christening must be.

"I think I ought to buy a new dress for it, don't you Richard?" I said. Pamela was going to look scrumptious in her long white organdy and lace and I didn't want her to be ashamed of her mommy.

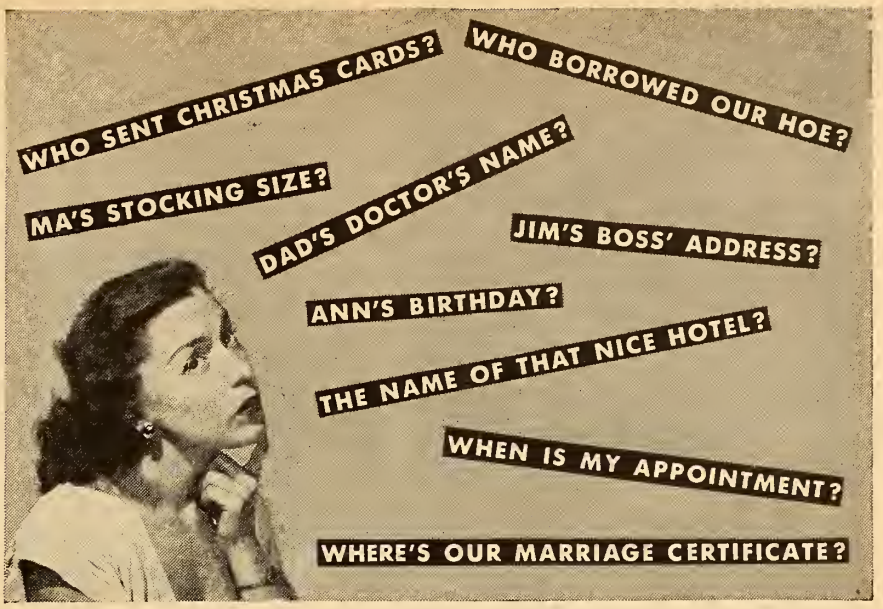
"Oh, honey," he said, "don't you think that would be extravagant? You have so many dresses."

I had to admit that he was right about that, and we went upstairs together and picked out a simple little navy blue taffeta and a perky white hat that we thought would do. And I forgot all about the dress-buying urge.

Two days before the big event Don Loper called—Don Loper only makes the *most* extravagant things in town—and asked me when I was coming in for my fitting.

"What fitting?" I asked him. I hadn't ordered any clothes. He thought I'd better come in anyway.

When I got there, I found my christening costume all ready. Richard had gone to see Don the day after our conversation, and they had designed the most charming dress and hat and gloves—that you ever saw.



Do you recall the address of John's uncle in Cincinnati—or do you know where you placed that wonderful recipe Mrs. Decker gave you—or do you remember where John told you the water shut-off valve in the basement is located?

If you are like most of us you have little notes all over the house—but when you want them, they are not to be found. But what can be done about it?

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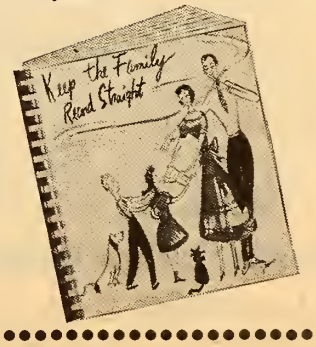
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The dress was a full brown taffeta with a lace yoke and sleeves, and a sweet little round collar, and the hat, a starched lace bonnet. It was the most engaging outfit I ever had. And that wasn't all. Richard had gotten so intrigued, Don told me, that he had ordered three more dresses for me.

Richard Diamond wouldn't do that for the last dame on earth!

Or airmail a dream of a blue nylon nightie all the way to Chicago, just because a girl had to be off on a personal appearance tour with "The Stratton Story" on Mother's Day. But Richard Powell would—and did.

Richard Diamond would stagger into his girl friend's apartment without so much as a phone call, for days—and say *"I'm* tired. *I* want a drink and some supper. And *I* want to stretch out on the sofa and go to sleep. I'm tired, dead tired. *So don't bother me!"*

At our house, I'm a little embarrassed to say, it is usually the other way around. Richard Powell sits patiently and waits for me. When I'm in production on a picture I can manage with tremendous effort a sort of organization. But when I have a few days off the hours run together, and the "things I really must do today" spill over onto tomorrow's calendar, and I lie in my pink and white bedroom, or hang around Pam's nursery and watch her grow.

The luxurious background that is possible for me now—the comfortable English house, the wonderfully competent servants, the whole atmosphere of good living which is part of my life with Dick—is such a far cry from my hungry days in New York as an unknown actress that sometimes I just like to enjoy it. Richard understands and pampers me ridiculously.

Richard Diamond wouldn't, you can bet.

But then, as I said before, Richard Diamond and Richard Powell aren't as much alike as they look.

You can imagine what Diamond would be like in the kitchen, for example! He wouldn't be caught dead there, I'm sure—but Richard Powell, on the other hand, is a demon cook.

Of course, Richard uses every pot in the kitchen sometimes and comes up with scrambled eggs, but that's a small point. Once when the cook was off and I was working, Dick invited supper guests. He chose the biggest ham he could find in the deep freeze and boiled it in apple cider in a cast iron pot—and came out with iron oxide of ham.

But I really shouldn't tease Richard by telling about the times that went wrong. More often they go right—like the time when Dick wanted to give a welcome home party for me when I got back from my personal appearance tour. He planned the whole thing, invited thirty guests, and fed them royally.

And he is a scandalously efficient father. I still feel, when Pamela is sitting on my lap, that she is a doll and might break. But Richard can toss her in the air and catch her with nerves of iron and he has the laugh on me, because she obviously loves it.

Pamela is a pixie-face, with a turned up nose and round blue eyes which can stare a strong man down, and a minimum ration of softly curly red-blonde hair. Her coloring and her features are strikingly like mine, considering the fact that she is an adopted baby.

We wanted to dress her up—really *up!*—for her first birthday, and reached an impasse with the hair ribbon. A bow simply wouldn't stay tied in that lovely fuzz she calls hair. Here again, her daddy had the solution.

A nice little bow, and a nice little piece of scotch tape—which didn't show at all. The bow stayed on for several days, and Pamela admired it to the droopy end. Her Daddy did it.

Sometimes I think I am beginning to get an inferiority complex living with a wonder man who can do anything, and when this happens I plot to show him up—just a little.

The last time this happened—and disastrously for me—was last winter when I coaxed Richard into going skiing with me. I had been to Sun Valley once before and knew a little about the art. Richard had never even seen a pair of skis. So on the train I coached him smugly in all of the beginners' rules I could remember.

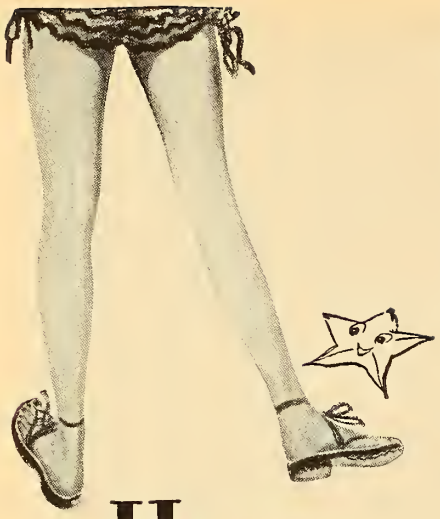
What happened served me right. After four days I was still on the practice run, and Richard was flying down the big slope.

I should have known that a man who can sail and hunt and fly an airplane could show up any girl whose only regular form of exercise is ping pong.

Richard has enough energy to do everything he is supposed to, and a lot of the things which I was supposed to do, with still enough energy left over for all the things he loves to do.

This works out fine, for everybody.

The Diamond in my husband may rebel some day, and poke me. But in the meantime, I'm living the life of Richard Powell's wife—and loving it.



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Beware of These

(*Continued from page* 29)

killed in the war. One evening she was surprised by a knock at the door. In the hall, she met a tall and very handsome man of about thirty-five.

"You're Mary Jane," he said quickly. "I remember the picture your husband carried in his locker."

The man went on to explain he had served as an officer with Mary Jane's husband. His name was Bob Ellison.

She found Bob an absorbing talker and apparently sincere. He told her that he had come to the city to open a real estate office with his uncle. He talked about the bravery of Mary Jane's husband but she didn't notice that he just told her what was in the newspaper accounts.

"Will you have dinner with me tomorrow?" he asked later. "It's rather lonely in the city for an unmarried man."

Mary Jane accepted. She had instantly liked Bob's attentive manner and his soft speech. In the following month she saw him often. She even got to know and like his uncle, a bluff, hearty man.

It wasn't hard for Mary Jane, after living five years alone, to fall in love with Bob. When he proposed, she accepted immediately.

They drove to the real estate office and Bob pulled some photographs out of a file. They were pictures of beautifully landscaped property on the outskirts of the city.

"That's where we'll build our home," he told her.

Then Bob's uncle came into the room. "Congratulations. I've heard the good news," he said.

"I'm buying that property," Bob said.

They discussed the land and the owner's price, $10,000.

"That's cheap," Bob said. "I'll have a check for you next week."

"Maybe someone else will buy it first," Mary Jane said anxiously.

Bob looked embarrassed and explained, "I have a deal to close in Buffalo next week and then I'll have the money."

"Let me pay for it," Mary Jane said.

Bob stood up and angrily said, "I won't have that. I pay for everything in our marriage."

The couple walked out of the office, but the following day Mary Jane was back talking privately to Bob's uncle.

"Please take this check," she pleaded. "Bob doesn't have to know about it, and next week you can return my money."

It was the last time Mary Jane W. ever saw her money or Bob and his "uncle." Two days later, completely crushed, she realized she had been swindled. Today she is a broken woman with little faith in her fellow man, and she exists in near poverty.

The scheme used on Mary Jane is only a variation of the many practiced by marital seducers. Lonely women, in particular, must beware of the kindly man who calls at her door, but just as dangerous are the "professional" advisers on mental and marital problems who put up a big front and hang a meaningless diploma on their office walls to give the impression that they are psychologists.

Quack advice has been responsible for insanity and even death. A young man in a depressed state of mind committed suicide because of stupid treat-

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Rush my "Slim Form" All-in-One in plain wrapper in size and style indicated below. I will pay postman $4.98 plus postage on delivery. If not satisfied in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

Style	Length	Size
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R M

ment he received from a fake psychologist. Beatrice M., a middle-aged wife, was actually spurred on by a "marital adviser" to kill her husband.

The "Doctor" made all necessary arrangements for the death of her husband to appear accidental. He made certain, too, that a good part of the woman's insurance money would be paid to him for his "treatments." Then the husband was killed. It wasn't till many months later, when an investigation had proven the "Doctor" to be a criminal, that the wife realized the wrong she had done. Before she was brought to trial, her conscience drove her to suicide.

Occurrences such as these should not make you distrustful of all counsellors and psychologists but in such matters, when you need help, your medical doctor can usually recommend a specialist. And there are private agencies that will protect and guide you. The most notable example is the Better Business Bureau with offices throughout the country. The BBB is a non-profit service corporation with the goal of elevating the standards of business conduct and fighting frauds.

One of the latest devices reported by the BBB in use by fraudulent peddlers is the survey. Everyone is familiar with the polls made on political campaigns, radio programs and other ideas. It has even become common practice for manufacturers to do house-to-house research on new products before marketing.

Human nature being what it is, the average person is flattered rather than annoyed when a stranger approaches to ask her opinion. So the crooked peddlers have turned this to their advantage. One case brought to my attention used Radio Mirror Magazine as a wedge into homes.

A woman in New England reported that a well-dressed, polite man rang her door bell and displayed a copy of Radio Mirror. He pointed out an advertisement explaining that he was conducting a survey of cooking utensils.

"It would be a great help to us if you would answer a few questions," he said.

Flattered, the woman invited him into her living room and answered his questions.

"Would you like to see some new aluminum ware that Radio Mirror is going to endorse?" the man finally asked.

He opened a box and took out several beautiful pots and pans. The woman instantly liked them.

"These won't be available to the general public for another six months," the man said, "but I'm authorized to sell them to everyone who cooperates in the survey for fifty percent of what they will cost later."

The woman was more than pleased with the samples and the low cost, but she enjoyed the satisfaction of a good buy for only a few days. A week later a whole set of pots and pans arrived, although she had ordered only a few. The aluminum and design were inferior to those she'd ordered and the salesman explained the money she'd given him was only a down payment.

Unfortunately, the woman allowed the peddler to bully her into making the rest of the payment on the basis of a slip of paper she had signed. Angrily, she wrote to the editors of Radio Mirror. They answered her explaining they knew nothing about it and advised her to notify the police. It was too late. The man had left town. He had used the magazine as a front to give the impression he represented a dependable organization. Actually, he had pasted his own advertisement into the magazine he carried.

You can safeguard yourself against the fake survey by remembering that a legitimate research organization will never try to sell you something. They have only one purpose: to get your opinion on a subject quickly.

Ignorance of the service or merchandise sold is usually a chief factor in the fraud. Combined with the universal desire to get something for nothing or almost nothing, it is easy for these criminals to put across their hoax. One of the most widespread rackets is the sale of fabrics that are supposedly smuggled into the country very cheaply.

Small, dark men with peculiar accents may appear at your home with exceptional bargains in French or Belgian lace. A wistful lass with a Scotch accent offers family linens from the "auld" country at a great bargain. It happens everywhere and probably while you are reading this several women throughout the country are making a "good buy." In Texas recently, several housewives paid $200 each for imported lace that was selling at a Houston store for $7.50. So you can feel reasonably suspicious when anyone comes to your door offering you merchandise at a "ridiculously low price."

There are a lot of jokes about growing hair on a bald head but the cosmetic and health schemes thrust on women are anything but laughable. Many of them are ineffectual and some are dangerous. Reducing remedies that contain desiccated thyroid, laxatives or dinitrophenol are potentially very harmful. On the other hand, the soaps, creams, bath salts and other external applications sold to permanently reduce obesity while generally harmless are ineffectual.

If you want to thicken your hair, it would take nothing less than a miracle to revitalize dead hair roots. There is no such thing as a hair tonic that "nourishes" the hair any more than there is any known substance that will increase the length of the eyelash. Likewise, there is no known preparation or process which will "restore" the "original" color to hair just as there is no hair dye which can be truthfully represented as "permanent."

The woman who buys a cream believing it to be a "skin food" or "tissue builder" is being misled. So is the woman who spends a hard-earned dollar on creams sold to develop the bust. The quantity of hormone injections required to enlarge a woman's breasts is so great that it can be administered only by a doctor and in most cases would be dangerous anyway.

"See your doctor!"—that's the best advice for any physical disorder whether it's a question of vanity or health. Too many people waste their lives and money on fake cures for diabetes, tuberculosis, kidney ailments and many other diseases. A maddening example of this occurred in Chicago recently when William R. Ferguson began to sell a blue and white gadget resembling a dumb-bell in appearance to be used for medicinal purposes.

"I call this liquid inside the tube 'Zerret'," he explained. "It's a name I coined. You won't find it in the dictionary nor is it electrical in any way. It is the most staple thing you can find in the world. It will not become contaminated in regular usage."

A thousand "Zerrets" were sold at fifty dollars each before postal authorities investigated Mr. Ferguson's claims then both he and his gadget were taken out of circulation. The $50 "Zerret" contained nothing but an ordinary water solution.

If you have a child, it is possible that at any time a nice-looking young man or woman may ring your doorbell and introduce himself as a talent scout searching the country for bright youngsters to be starred in radio or television, or to work as models.

It was in the city of Dallas that a mother who was sending her daughter to a modeling school got a bit of shock. She found a typewritten sheet in her daughter's drawer with the school's letterhead. It was a release from her daughter permitting the school to take nude photographs.

"That's the only way you can get into movies," the girl said. "That's what they told us."

Well, an operator of a similar modeling school-agency in Los Angeles was given a nine-month jail sentence for pulling the same stunt. His agency was located near a high school and the youngsters were made to pay registration fees in the hopes of obtaining modeling jobs. The girls were induced to pose in the nude for "amateur photographers" when the agency claimed it was the best way to get into movies.

I have shown you only a few of the schemes perpetrated on American women. It's impossible to predict what shape or form the swindler may assume when he knocks at your door. He is like the quick-change artist with hundreds of disguises and as many sales talks. He may be pleading for a fake charity or collecting COD charges on an empty box that he claims your neighbor or husband ordered.

Be on your guard for the honest peddler will appreciate your precautions. Remember that business is almost one hundred percent honest and fair to the public

Here are a few suggestions for avoiding the fakers:

1—Deal only with firms or individuals of reputation. When in doubt about a business or charity, call the local BBB or Chamber of Commerce.

2—Beware of the man who offers you great savings. It is seldom that anyone gets something for nothing.

3—Be as careful about buying merchandise at the doorstep as you would be at a store counter.

4—Before you sign a contract be sure the promises made verbally are contained in the contract. Retain a copy.

5—Pay your bills by check or money order made out to the firm. Don't pay cash to a salesman.

But finally there is only one good safeguard against this million-dollar racket. That is your own calm, clear judgment. Don't be afraid to use it.

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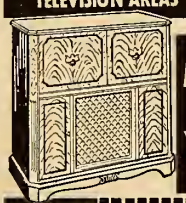


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Send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles with informative booklet, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I enclose 10¢.

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THOUSANDS OF WOMEN who've put up with polish which chips soon after manicuring are making a thrilling discovery . . .

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14 fashion-styled colors. Only 10¢ plus tax. In the bottle with the blue label, at your favorite cosmetic counter.

If you don't find that New Cutex wears longer than you ever dreamed possible, send the bottle to Northam Warren Corporation, Box 1355, Stamford, Conn., and your money will be refunded.

Advertisement

A Place Called Home

(*Continued from page* 54)

special things at their price.

The main house is set well back from the highway and red geraniums line the walk to the front door. The oldest portion was built 250 years ago of bricks made on the place. A second part was added twenty-five years later, a third after another twenty-five years or so. But the small wing that houses Ted's study is only ten years old.

From the wide flagstone terrace at the back you get a sweeping view of the distant Jericho Mountains and, nearer, Bowman's Hill. Below the terrace is a grove of four fine old trees, a shady place to play and picnic.

The master of the house may greet you in well-pressed shirt and slacks, but that doesn't fool anyone for a minute. You know he just got out of some dirty old work clothes when you see the evidences of fresh transplanting and the well-mowed lawns. Doris has been preparing lunch for the guests.

Sue, seven, and Sally, six, won't get dressed up until we are ready to take their pictures. They have been shopping and can hardly wait to show off their finery.

"Sally has eight brand-new dresses," Doris Steele explains, "and she would like to wear all eight at once. I found only four that looked as cute on Sue, because she's growing so tall and thin, but there was a yellow dotted swiss with a matching parasol that she loved, something Sally didn't get and they decided it was a fair arrangement."

It started to storm before we got Sue's picture with the precious parasol, so we finally took one with it opened right in the middle of the living room, a big square room furnished in the spirit of the Pennsylvania Dutch tradition to which the house belongs.

Doris painted and papered the whole first floor herself and then had a man come in to do the ceilings and staircase.

You wonder when she finds time for any of this. Besides being Ted's agent and business manager, she writes the scripts for the big Bucks County Party program he puts on over the DuMont network every Tuesday night from 9:00 to 9:30 EDT. She works too on the Monday through Friday noon show over CBS-TV, and she not only writes but co-emcees their Monday through Friday Mr. and Mrs. Music radio show over WMCA, New York, from 9:15 to 11:45 A.M. EDT.

Cabinets in the study are piled high with pamphlets. "My agricultural library," Ted explains. I glance at a row of leather bound books. "My correspondence course," Ted says. "Sure, I took it after I left school and was working my way up in radio." Titles include *Salesmanship* and *Commercial Law*.

Ted started as a page boy at National Broadcasting Company in New York and in five months worked his way up to sales promotion. While he was still a salesman someone told him about the new musical instrument, the Novachord, and he used to spend his noon hours practicing at the offices of the company that handled it. When NBC asked them to recommend a Novachordist for the Cities Service Program the company said the best one available was right on the NBC sales staff.

He played thematic music and bridges on as many as twenty commercial programs a week, and began to make Novachord recordings. His first big conducting job came on the Screen Test radio show, and then he went on to the Chesterfield Supper Club, in 1944-45.

But before that, in the late 1930's, something happened that was to influence his career even more than the Novachord incident. He walked into an advertising agency to talk over a show and he met Doris Brooks, who was just long enough out of Montgomery, Alabama, to retain a soft Southern something in her voice.

When Ted opened an office she became his business manager and script writer. It worked fine—for about six months.

"Ted was going with a girl I didn't care much about, and since I kept the books and the checkbook I knew he was spending too much money. One day I told Ted I was going back home to Montgomery. A few days later I went to the office to clear things up when I thought Ted would be out. I found him standing utterly helpless in the middle of the room.

" 'Where were you?' he demanded, and I began to cry. Of course I went back to work, and just about then he started to ask me for dates. A year later we were married."

When, five years later, following his MGM Screen Test and Chesterfield shows, Ted came back from a stint of writing and arranging music for the movies in Hollywood, they decided they just had to get out into the country. Ted started to buy calves and heifers at auctions while they were still staying with friends in Bucks County, boarding his animals out. He was trying to rent only the barn on his present farm so he could take care of the animals himself, when the caretaker suggested that the Steeles buy the place.

Ted was doubtful. As if they could dream of having a place like that. But Doris has a motto, that reads: "You can do anything you want to do." "I didn't even have to go in to make up my mind," she says. "When we drove up to the door I knew we wanted it."

"Then I struck it lucky with the cattle," Ted broke in. "I bought and sold for twelve months, getting the cows in good shape and re-selling them and I finally built up a three hundred dollar investment to ten thousand dollars. And everything else began to come our way."

We were sitting out on the terrace in the late afternoon while the Steeles were telling this part of their story. The wind was mounting swiftly and Henry Mignot, their herdsman and farmer, was racing his tractor back to the barn to call the cattle in before the storm would break. Mr. Mignot hails from the Isle of Guernsey and had helped to bring over some of these famous cattle, including the Steeles' fine breed bull, Vagabond's Valiant. But Mr. Mignot is the only person in the neighborhood who is as interested in Ted's television career as in his cattle holdings.

"Was your wife watching the show last night when you had to kiss that beautiful girl?" he had asked Ted a few days before.

"She sure was. She hired the girl," Ted told him.

Small wonder that Mr. Mignot thinks television is wonderful. And Ted and Doris agree with him. But Guernseys rate high too.

Garroway at Large

(*Continued from page 51*)

full-sized, from the brow of a television camera."

His radio stint, however, is sizeable. Sundays, on the NBC net, he does the Dave Garroway Show with Joseph Gallicchio and his orchestra. He has a daily 5:15 P.M. disc jockey program on WMAQ, and at midnight he has the 11:60 Club, the show where Garroway licked his own frustration and emerged a walking declaration of independence.

That David C. Garroway was born of the same mortal stuff as the rest of us is a fact recorded thirty-six years ago. Strange forces, however, seemed to be present from the moment of his appearance. The event occurred July 13, 1913, at 13 Van Belsen Street, 13th precinct, Schenectady, New York, at 1:00 P.M. which Navy men read as 13 o'clock. He joined NBC in Chicago on September 13, 1940, and 13 crops out significantly all through his life.

He describes his parents as highly literate, somewhat nomadic, and determined to teach him to stand on his own feet. He lived in 26 (twice 13) states before he was graduated from Washington University in St. Louis in 1935—with no idea of what to do for a living.

Finally, he took off for Radio City and signed up as a page boy. In six weeks he was a guide, and two months later, a guide trainer. He studied seven months in the NBC announcers' school before they farmed him out to KDKA.

Stamped as one of NBC's bright young men, Garroway arrived at WMAQ in Chicago concurrently with the international crisis. Uncle Sam soon took over his scheduling. Most of his three Navy years were spent in Honolulu. By the time he returned to WMAQ, he was just another vet announcer the executives must absorb into the staff. They gave him the midnight spot, and as a sop to his pride, termed him a disc jockey.

To Garroway, it sounded like professional death and burial. Since he was sure no one could possibly be listening, he shrugged his shoulders and decided if he was stuck he might just as well enjoy it himself.

Says Garroway, "I dug into the music library and chose all the recordings I had wanted to hear during those years in the Navy. For me, that meant jazz. I wasn't satisfied with just current numbers. I went back to when Bix was blowing and Crosby singing in the trio. I even found some which dated to when the little combos left New Orleans and spread out to cities where recording companies were waiting with wax. In those hours after midnight, I could turn detective and trace a tune, a phrase, or a style as it changed through the years."

Again because he thought no one was listening, he said what he pleased. He talked about the music as he heard it, and now and then, to illustrate, he would stop the record and play a portion a second time. He relaxed, talking as he would to a friend.

The audience no one guessed existed also found words. The mail arrived in such quantities WMAQ had to hire a special clerk to handle it. Garroway, his fans stated, was saying about music and life the things they wanted to say but couldn't express.

Out of the frustration of throw-away time, Garroway built entertainment



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TUM-E-LIFT is the only girdle that has the scientific laced V-opening. This wonderful feature allows you to custom-fit your girdle to your exact figure requirements. The complete V-opening, as shown in the small illustration, gives you greater adjustment, more abdomen control and better back support than any other girdle made. The beautiful brocade and satin panel holds your tummy in its natural, healthy position for energy-giving comfort, health, and lovely, shapely appearance.

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success, both for himself and for singers and musicians he discovered and popularized. Even sponsors succumbed. Today, advertisers compete for spots on his shows, issue instructions the copy be translated into Garroway-ese.

In his personal life, too, Garroway has refused to be defeated by circumstances. Take the matter of automobiles and a lost schoolgirl sweetheart.

"I was a pedestrian," he recalls, "but I had a girl, a fragile and a lovely creature. The banker's son got a Rolls Royce. Soon my rival had both the girl and the car. He married her."

Successful years later, Dave retraced his steps to the scene of his defeat.

Says Dave. "The girl was fat, and my one-time rival out of a job. But fine automobiles are made of more enduring stuff. I bought the Rolls for two hundred dollars."

Such a rewarding last line would content many, but for Garroway it was only a starting point. It launched him on a spectacular hobby. At the cost of much labor and more than a thousand dollars in cash, he restored the car.

To a little shop he calls Tree House, he brings antique automobiles which strike his fancy. He works from the end of his late show into the daylight hours and as he works, he auditions the records which are sent him each week and selects the ones he wants for his shows. The cars, when rebuilt, are mechanically perfect, and in addition have some typically Garroway touch.

It's on the upholstery he really lets himself go. His Lincoln convertible has rough tweed matching one of Dave's favorite suits, and a British-made, cream-colored Jaguar has seats, instrument panel and steering wheel covered with alligator calf. His stable also holds a high-wheeled Model T.

You need only to drive down the street behind Dave and hear people say, as heads turn enviously, "There's Garroway," to understand that a car, to most men, is what her house is to a woman—a means of self-expression.

Currently a bachelor—he was married and divorced a number of years ago—he lives in an apartment recently rebuilt by an imaginative architect who sought to combine Old World charm and modern comfort.

Passing through a gate in a street wall, you make your way down a twisting corridor to a tiny courtyard and climb a curving stairway.

Inside, your attention focuses at once on a narrow, two-story tall window of opaque glass which lights both the living room and the balcony. Actually, only a small section of the living room is two stories high, but because of that piercing window, the eye, traveling skyward, takes the impression of limitless space. This is heightened by the sparse furnishings. Says Dave, "There's no use being a slave to furniture. I want just enough to be comfortable."

Shelves, elbow-high, line two sides of the room, providing setting-down space for books, pipes, ash trays, and Dave's personal record collection. Angled between the two sides is the fireplace, faced with ceramic tiles Dave made himself. He also painted the abstract pictures on the walls.

He doesn't, Dave confesses, do much entertaining. "Perhaps it's because each guest is too important to me, each one an intensely individual human being with ideas fighting for expression."

Garroway isn't much of a cook in the usual sense. He compensates by being an expert on sauces and salad dressings. His favorite concoction is Roulade Sauce, used on seafood.

"I swindled a chef out of his secret recipe," he will tell you, "while covering war maneuvers for NBC in Shreveport in 1941. The chef complained that firing of a certain gun kept him awake. I said if he would teach me to make the sauce, I would have the gun silenced. I was safe in saying it. I knew the gun was to be moved the next day."

In Dave's study on the balcony above the living room, he has only a desk, typewriter, bookshelves. The desk has one typically bachelor addition—a small and ancient wooden box holding thread, scissors, needles and buttons.

A number of young ladies have indicated they would be quite happy to take over the button-sewing task and darn his socks for good measure. He is more often seen, however, in the company of the scintillating ones who wouldn't know a feather stitch from a flat fell seam. His name has, at various times, been linked romantically with such luminaries as Olga San Juan, Yvonne de Carlo, and many of Chicago's most beautiful women.

Altogether, Garroway has evolved a manner of living which stresses the things he wants to do and reduces to a minimum situations he dislikes. He, however, projects it one step further and demands for others the same freedom he has been strong enough to find for himself.

His primary objective in every show is to woo listener and performer into a fuller understanding of each other, but satisfactory as that may be, for Garroway it is not enough. The one thing he fights for obviously and out in the open is equal rights and opportunities for all men, regardless of race, color or creed. He has served as Chicago chairman for Brotherhood Week, but his own campaign continues unceasingly.

Its most dramatic incident occurred a year ago at the Chicago Theater where he and three other disc jockeys were featured as masters of ceremonies and Sarah Vaughan, the Negro singer Garroway has popularized, was starred.

Sarah Vaughan had just started her first song when rowdies in the balcony hurled a barrage of tomatoes which drove her from the stage.

Garroway strode to the microphone. His famous "relaxed" manner was gone. "Yes," he told the audience, "now you know. Now you have seen in capsule form the hate which poisons the heart of America. It started the last war, and even now is starting the next.

"Today, hate-mongers stopped you from enjoying a great artist. Tomorrow, if you don't halt them, hate like this, magnified into war, will kill you and your children, too."

Garroway made each person in the audience understand the attack was on them as well as on Sarah, and that it had significance far greater than a few tomatoes thrown at a great Negro artist. With shouts, the people brought Sarah Vaughan back for a great ovation, and carried home in their own consciousness new and personal realization of the consequences of discrimination.

Garroway, still burning with righteous indignation, also told his air audience about it, with the result that Sarah Vaughan was deluged with letters, telegrams and flowers. Garroway's point of view had penetrated.

He condenses his creed, his belief in people, into the sign-off of his show: "And so, old tiger, this being Garroway, and it being that time—Peace!"

The Two of Us

(*Continued from page 67*)

tonight. Didn't you see him at the hospital? And aren't you going to hang up your coat first?"

"I've got something to settle with him," Butch told her darkly. "Don't bother about my coat—it won't be here long enough to get wrinkled. Where's Carol?"

"Here," said Carol, coming out of the kitchen. "What on earth, Butch—"

He plunged in without preamble. "We're moving out, Carol. We've been here long enough."

"That's nonsense. We want you here as long as you want to stay." Carol looked with bewilderment from Butch's angry face to Francie's, which had become taut. "Let me give Janie the drink of water she wants, and we'll talk this over." She disappeared into Janie's room, and Francie quietly turned to Butch and said drily: "Are we moving out tonight? If not, we might as well sit down. Let's have it, now—what happened between you and Jim?"

"He's impossible! He thinks he can pull his rank and read me the rules."

Uh-oh, Francie thought. *Faith. There must be plenty going on for Jim to . . .* the thought made her turn all the more sharply on Butch. "When you *were* still a kid Jim took you out of an orphanage and made you his son. And don't you forget it—don't you dare talk that way about Jim again where I can hear you!"

Before Butch could rally Jim walked in. Butch swung to face him. "Jim—I want to talk to you."

Jim grinned amiably. "I'm all ears."

"It's no joke," Butch said. "I'm as serious as I've ever been in my life."

The grin faded. "Well, Butch. What's on your mind?"

"Faith! And you know it darn well! You called her down to your office today and practically told her that she wasn't allowed to talk to me in the halls if she wanted to remain in nursing school. That was pretty low."

"Did Faith tell you I did that—threatened her with dismissal? Didn't she tell you I'd talked to her as an old friend which I am—who didn't want to see her getting any wrong ideas?"

"She didn't say anything!" Butch flared. "That is—not exactly." For the first time he seemed uncertain. "She wasn't complaining."

"I see," Jim said bitingly. "She made a special visit to your lab so as *not* to complain that I had talked to her about you. Is that it?"

Butch made a gesture that pushed Jim, Francie, the whole apartment, out of his way. "I'm telling you again I'm old enough to run my own life and pick my own friends. If you think I'm going to stay here and take that kind of interference, *you're* the fool. Now," he looked around belligerently, "anyone got anything to say?"

"Yeah," Francie said flatly. "Me."

She faced Butch, hands on hips and dark head thrust forward. "Maybe I'm not a full partner in this little dust-up. But I *am* your wife. And if you haven't got enough decency to remember what these two people have done for you, I have. You better turn around and start apologizing, and beg them to let us stay here. Get that? We're staying here!"

"Okay," Butch said furiously. "You've said it. But listen to me—if you come along, you're still my wife. If you stay

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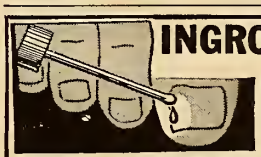
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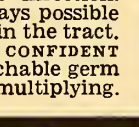
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here—well, it's over for the two of us. And that's final!"

The slam of the front door behind him shook the windows. The three who remained waited stiffly but there were no returning footsteps. At last Francie folded up into a chair with a sigh. "Well," she said, with a forlorn try for her old manner, "where do we go from here?"

"He'll get over it. He'll walk it off and forget it," said Carol, who'd come back in time to hear Butch's last outburst.

Francie's clear eyes slanted up at her. "You know better than that. You know Butch—he's said it and he's stuck with it, even if he didn't mean it. He'd rather die than make a liar out of himself. I wonder," she added thoughtfully, "where he's planning to move to."

"Some place big enough for the two of you," Jim said firmly.

"Are you kidding? The last thing he wants is me along. Besides—I want to stay here. I can't tell you what it's meant—what you and Carol have done for me. It's not so much telling me how to talk and why my clothes are wrong and which fork to use—it's that you're showing me how to be a decent human being, treating me like one of the family . . ."

"You are part of the family." Jim's earnestness was unmistakable. "We love having you. But it's because we care what happens to you that we won't let you stay if Butch goes."

"Let me, Jim." Carol sat down facing Francie. "Butch has hurt us pretty deeply, Francie—I won't deny that. But we're still too fond of him, of both of you, to let you wreck your marriage over a piece of foolishness."

Francie was bewildered. "What's all this? Am I the one that's in the wrong?"

"You know you're not. What trouble there is is Butch's fault—"

"Or Faith's," Jim thought.

"—but it isn't important who's right. I think that it's up to you, it's what you do right now that will determine what happens to your marriage. If you stick with Butch you may be able to make him see how stupidly he's acting. Faith is just a principle to him really—by fighting for his so-called 'friendship' he's really showing his impatience of all discipline . ."

Francie snorted. "Since when do principles come with big blue eyes and terrific figures?"

"Beautiful? Terrific?" Jim shook his head. "Francie, you're building this girl up. She's healthy-looking, all right—"

"Insipid is my word," Carol cut in. "Just too sweet to be true."

Francie grinned one-sidedly. "You are really building me up, aren't you? Well, you win. I'll see what happens. Trouble with me, I love the guy."

Beautiful she might not be, but Francie had to admit that Faith was energetic. The next morning Butch phoned from the hospital and crisply gave Francie an address. "If you go over there you'll find a room to rent. Ask for Mrs. Owen—she's the landlady."

"But Butch, wait a minute. What's it like? How'd you find it?"

There was a pause. "Faith put me on to it. In fact she called the woman and told her to hold it. If you hurry over and leave a deposit, we can probably get it. That is," Butch added carefully, "if you're coming along."

Francie's voice was grim. "Oh, yes," she told him. "I'm coming along."

If anything could have changed her mind, however, it would have been 1199 York Avenue. The drab, sly-eyed Mrs. Owen. The narrow, musty stairs up which she led them (for Carol, had come along, to Francie's great relief). Above all, the dreary, narrow room with its single window, stringy curtains, dented brass bedstead . . .

"Well." Francie looked around disgustedly. "Home again. This is the kind of place I've spent my life in till now."

Sensing criticism, Mrs. Owen bristled. "What's wrong with this? You're mighty lucky to get it. I'm very particular—"

"I know, I know. Skip it. It's fine. Here's your first two weeks' rent."

Mrs. Owen folded the bills into a dirty apron pocket. "I understood this room was for a gentleman. If it's a man and wife I charge five dollars more."

"Sure," Francie said. "That's how it always is." She pulled out another five dollars and added meaningfully, "You can make out your receipt to *Mrs.* John Brent." When the door finally closed Francie collapsed on the creaky bed. "Pretty awful, isn't it?"

"Well," Carol answered cautiously, "it—it's close to the hospital. Not too far from us, either. You can come over every day, if you want to—"

"I do want to! Carol, I'm going to try every way I know to make this thing work out. I can fight," Francie said proudly, "and I'll fight for my marriage as long as I think Butch really wants me. But I'm not going to give up everything that's made things bearable just because my husband happens to be acting like a—a bull-headed jackass."

Carol burst out laughing at this, and after a puzzled moment Francie joined her. But even as she laughed a hard core of determination remained unamused. *I'll fight,* she repeated inwardly. *I won't be a quitter. But the very first second I think Butch is really cheating, that's all, brother. Not Jim*

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* * *

There is a man I know who could sell a furnace to a Fiji Islander. His anecdotes, sage and salty, would fascinate even the most retiring spinster and you can make a date with him any day at 11:45 AM EDT over the American Broadcasting Company network. His name is Galen Drake and he can talk about anything . . . people or penguins, truths or trivia . . . all in a friendly, low-falutin' style that has endeared him to me for years. Stories are his forte, sometimes tall . . . sometimes short . . . but always entertaining. I often think that if Scheherazade were alive, she'd have to look to her laurels for Pillsbury's Galen Drake has entertained me for more than 1001 days.

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or Carol or the U. S. Army is going to make a fool out of Frances Brent.

It gave Francie some satisfaction, during the next few days, to watch her husband's efforts to disguise the gloom into which the melancholy room plunged him. It was harder for him, she reflected, than for her, because she'd lived in such places before, and worse; but for Butch the chipped and falling plaster, the unsteady dresser with its stubborn drawers were new and disheartening experiences.

One morning, after struggling for five minutes to close the bottom drawer, Butch gave up with a groan. "This room fights me, I swear it does," he muttered.

"I don't," Francie remarked sweetly. She piled his shirts back into the drawer, gave it a smart kick and slid it shut. "See? All these things knuckle down if you're tough enough. They know when they're licked."

"Give the lady a solid silver Cadillac!" Butch grinned. He was ready to go, but he lingered. Impulsively he came back from the door and put his hands on her shoulders. "You're an awfully good sport, Francie. There hasn't been a peep out of you to remind me it was my fault."

"Remember—the man said 'for better, for worse.' I can take it—some of it."

Butch glared at the room with hatred. "It couldn't be any worse. Go—go over and see Carol, or something."

"Can't. She and Janie are visiting her mother. Didn't you know?"

Butch shrugged. "I don't talk to Jim these days, except about work." He started to add something, but cut himself off. He bent and kissed Francie as if, for the first time in days, he meant it. "Well, find something nice to do. I'll come home early and buy us the best cheap dinner in town. How about that?"

Francie held him close. "Swell," she said happily. "Perfectly swell."

In her head, however, she had the beginnings of another plan. Later that morning she dressed carefully in the green suit and the small, matching hat that Carol had helped her pick out, studied herself anxiously in the mirror. Then she marched down the shabby stairs and out into the sunlight, turning toward Neuro-psychiatric.

"At least, if I bump into that girl I'll look as much like a lady as she does," Francie thought vengefully. But she was too excited over her idea to waste much thought on Faith Richards this morning. She hurried along, hoping Jim would have a minute to spare, for this was a plan that needed his cooperation.

Jim grinned when he saw her timid head peering round his inner office door. "Come on in," he invited. "Carol told me you were fine but it's nice to see for myself. What's on your mind?"

"Gee, I'm glad you're not busy this minute." Eagerly, Francie came forward. "Jim, I've had the brainstorm of the year. How about coming to dinner at your house tonight and letting me cook it? I thought with Carol away you'll be eating at restaurants—I mean—well, I've never cooked a meal for Butch like a real wife. Gee, Jim—if we ever do get a place with a kitchen I'll be sunk if I don't get some practice."

Jim's smile grew broader. "Where does Butch come in? Is he willing to break bread with me?"

Trust Jim, Francie thought ruefully—putting his finger on the bothersome spot. "I don't know, Jim," she admitted. "I sort of got the idea, this morning, that maybe he's weakening.



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Maybe he'd be glad to get pushed into making up."

Jim leaned back and laughed out loud. "Francie, you're wonderful. You ought to be sitting in this chair instead of me. As it happens, I've got news for you—Butch came in this morning and buried his hatchet so deep I doubt if it'll ever get dug up again."

Francie's lips parted; a dozen questions tumbled over each other, but before she got the words out Jim was going on. "He said he knew he'd been acting like a twelve-year-old, hurt the people he cared about for the sake of something—meaning Faith—he didn't, deep down, care two cents for. Said he got started and didn't know how to stop."

"I bet Faith had something to do with his not stopping."

Jim nodded. "I think you're right. As I see our Faith, she's a pretty determined girl behind all that sweetness. But she's finished herself with Butch somehow. Maybe she showed her hand too plainly, acted too possessive—whatever it was, he suddenly woke up and saw where he was headed. So he wants to be friends with us again."

"Gee, I'm happy," Francie cried. "And all of us having dinner together tonight will be just right, a real party. I mean if you'll let me—"

"Of course you can, with my blessing." Jim reached into a drawer and handed Francie his keys. "Just one thing—you cook your dinner just for Butch, this time. I'll be stuck late tonight." He waved away Francie's protests. "Anyway, you and Butch need to be alone. Go on down and invite your husband to the feast."

Butch's complete delight at the idea sent Francie off to shop in a glow of self-congratulation at having thought of it. She pondered a long time over the menu, decided finally on roast beef and chocolate pie, fruit cup to begin with, vegetables and a salad. Everything would be perfect—at least it would if Carol hadn't hidden her cookbook somewhere undiscoverable. This one evening might make all the difference. And she'd tell Butch how proud she was that he'd been big enough to apologize to Jim, grown-up enough to admit he'd been wrong.

By six-fifteen, Francie's picture had begun to come true. On Carol's second-best pale green tablecloth, leaf-patterned china was flanked by silver, according to the arrangement shown in the front of Carol's cookbook. Pale green candles in silver holders proved that this wasn't just a meal, but an occasion. Francie checked the position of the water goblets, stood for a few minutes in awed admiration of the elegance she, single-handed, had achieved, and went back into the kitchen to turn the oven down low.

Propping the indispensable cookbook against the wall, she started to make the gravy. "I'd have been a cooked goose myself without this thing," she thought as she stirred. "It's the first thing I'd better buy when Butch and I get a place. Let's see . . . it says like thin cream." She tested her mixture, decided it was exactly like thin cream and put it in a double boiler to keep warm. She couldn't start looking for Butch till six-thirty, but if she'd planned right, everything would get to the table piping hot. Taking a last look around, she went into the living room and settled down to wait.

By seven o'clock Francie decided Butch must have had an emergency that kept him overtime. Hospitals weren't like offices: if it was a question of helping somebody get well, or giving one of the doctors the result of an analysis, why, you just stayed and did it.

At seven-twenty, Francie turned off the oven completely.

At seven-forty-five, she made some coffee. By the time she'd poured herself a cup and drunk it burning hot and black, it was eight-fifteen.

At eight-thirty, Francie took everything out of the oven to cool. She picked up the phone and made a call. Then she wrote a note to Jim, wrapped the lukewarm food in waxed paper and stuffed it into the refrigerator, put on the smart little green hat and let herself quietly out of the apartment. She didn't know, of course, that just about the time she reached the street the phone in the Brent apartment began to ring. It rang for a long time.

Francie was rather proud of her abilities as a packer. She always claimed she could get more into less space than anybody else she knew. But she'd never tried it before with her eyes blind with tears. In the end she was sobbing aloud as she dumped things into her suitcase—sobbing so hard she didn't hear the pounding steps that raced up the stairs, or Butch as he threw open the door and saw what she was doing. . . .

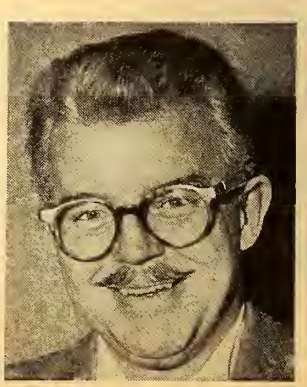
"What's going on here?" he roared in his Army voice.

Francie froze in mid-action. Then she began to work again, faster than ever.

"Francie!" Butch closed the door. His voice was puzzled now, almost pleading. "Won't you tell me what's happened? I tried to call you at Jim's just

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now but there was no answer at all."

Complete amazement took Francie's breath away. "*You* are asking *me* what's the matter? Oh, what's the use of even talking to you?"

"Francie, stop that and talk to me—something must have gone wrong—"

"You've got it backwards. It's been wrong up to now—our getting married, coming to New York—all wrong. I'm not the wife for you and I'm leaving, leaving for San Francisco tonight!"

"You can't—Francie, you can't leave me. It's crazy! You're my wife—you belong here with me."

"I belong back in San Francisco—at that switchboard. And," added Francie viciously, slamming down the lid of the suitcase, "you and your refined lady friend can go on from wherever you left off this afternoon. But I won't be around. Now will you get out of my way? I haven't got much time."

Butch lost all restraint. "Call me a liar!" he shouted. "Take it for granted any story I tell you is a fake. There's a wife for you—"

"Even a fake story would be better than none," Francie returned bitterly. "I'd rather have a lie than just be waiting, watching the clock."

Butch held a deep breath for a count of ten and said calmly, "Let's take a minute to get this straight. You don't believe the message I sent you this afternoon and you're leaving me because you think I spent the day with Faith Richards. Is that correct?"

"What message?" asked Francie contemptuously.

There was a brief, stunned silence. "Holy cow," Butch muttered. "You mean nobody called you and explained about Dr. Allen's asking me at the last minute to go to the Murtagh experiment with him?"

Francie just looked at him.

"She must have called," Butch insisted. "A student nurse named McRea. Allen said I couldn't stop to phone because we had to make the train and we bumped into this girl on the way out. I gave her the message. She *promised* to phone you.

"Let me phone her! You've got to believe me, Francie. I didn't want to go, I was so darned anxious to get home to you, but—gee, Francie, you know how important Dr. Allen is. I couldn't turn it down . . . please, Francie. You talk to this nurse yourself."

"Well," she said finally. "I've given this marriage so many months I might as well give it ten more minutes. Tell me," she went on as she followed Butch down the stairs to the pay phones, "did you arrange this fairy tale with this what's-her-name just before you came home?"

"Shut up," Butch said grimly. Dialing the number of the hospital, he insisted on speaking to Miss McRea even though it was after-hours.

"This is Dr. John Brent calling," he told the nurse firmly, "it's absolutely necessary—"

"Dr. Brent—of course. One moment, please," said the nurse. "I'll get Miss McRea at once."

"You're so brave," Francie whispered with mock admiration. "When you tell a lie you tell it with a whole stage set . . . ouch!" Butch pulled her roughly over beside him, so that they could both hear what was being said.

"McRea! This is Dr. Brent—Dr. *John* Brent. Did I ask you to do something for me this afternoon?"

The student nurse's faraway voice quavered. "Oh, Dr. Brent. Yes, you

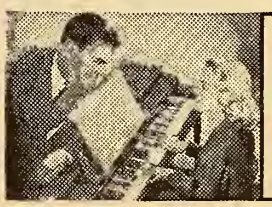


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certainly did—but doctor, I . . ."

"Will you describe the circumstances, please."

"What?" Francie could hear the girl's astonishment. Not that she blamed her.

Miss McRea cleared her throat uncertainly. "Well, I had brought some papers down to your lab and you were going out with Dr. Allen . . . is that what you mean, Dr. Brent?"

"Yes. Keep talking."

"You said you had to phone your wife, it was specially important, but Dr. Allen said you didn't have time. So you—oh, Dr. Brent, this is *awful*—you told me to do it—phone the number you gave me and tell her what had happened and that you'd be home late.

"What do you mean, it's awful?" Butch looked like a cat waiting at a mousehole. "You wouldn't mean by any chance because you never bothered to deliver that message?" In spite of herself, the sneer had faded from Francie's face. She was frowning, troubled, not quite so sure any more . . . Butch pressed his question. "Didn't you think it mattered, or what?"

"I knew it was wrong! But I had a class myself," the girl wailed. "If I'd stopped to phone I'd have been late and it goes on our permanent record! But I gave the message to one of the girls who had a free period. She said she'd take care of it . . ."

For the first time, Butch faltered. "McRea, *who'd you give that message to?*"

"Why, Faith Richards," replied Miss McRea, clear as a bell. "She just happened to be passing and I told her how urgent it was, your wife just *had* to get that message and she said not to give it another thought. . . ."

Miss McRea finished that sentence with no audience. Very slowly, Butch replaced the receiver. He stood with his head bent, and when he turned to Francie his eyes looked puzzled and hurt.

Francie put a gentle hand on his arm. "Don't say anything, Butch. You don't have to. That girl just told me everything I need to know. Maybe—" She hesitated. "Maybe she's told *you* something, Butch? Coming like that, from a stranger, maybe you'll believe it—"

Butch took her hand from his arm and put it against his flaming cheek. "Francie," he said miserably, "I . . . what's there to say? I guess I'm a fool, all right, like Jim said. Of all the rotten, sneaky things to do . . . I thought she was a friend."

"Be honest now, Butch. Did you really think that? That she wanted to be your—friend?"

"Well . . . no, I guess I was just kidding myself, Francie. But she was getting on my nerves anyway, always hanging around."

"I don't want to hear about it, Butch. I'm just glad—glad it turned out this way." Francie pulled off her hat. "Gee, it's good to get that thing off. Makes me look as if I were going some place." She grinned up at Butch in the semi-darkness of the landing. "Say, you know what? I'm *starving*. What do you say we go over to Jim's and bring that dinner up to date?"

Butch looked at his watch. "Jim'll be home by now. Tell you what, honey—let's the two of us go out for a sandwich and soda. I'd rather be alone."

"Well," said Francie dubiously. "If that's the way you want it."

"That's just the way I want it, honey." He took her hand and tucked it tightly under his arm as they started downstairs. "That's exactly how I want it from now on. Just the two of us."



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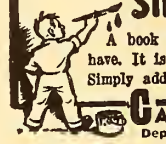
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Irene Beasley

(*Continued from page 25*)

you have written, "Thanks for letting us at home in on the Grand Slam game." Well that's the way we feel about Grand Slam—it *is* a home game *everybody* can play over and over and over again!!

In good fun, other letters said: "This gives the people who always say they could have answered if they'd been there, a chance to prove it."

In that big pile of letters which came in to RADIO MIRROR'S editors there were many other things that were so gratifying to hear! Some of you said that listening to Grand Slam has taught you to really listen to music, so that now you can enjoy all-musical programs on the radio, too. Some of you told me how you'd used the *Make A Grand Slam* questions as the basis for parties in your own homes, or how two or three of you had met together and worked out the answers among you. Believe me, I enjoyed reading those comments, because of course you know how much fun we have doing Grand Slam on the air, and to know that you enjoy it too is the best possible news I could have.

Now for a couple of things I'd like to tell you about the entries you sent in to RADIO MIRROR, and then we'll get to the list of winners and the answers to the RADIO MIRROR questions.

Some of our neighbors answered only one question, and some answered three or four. The rules printed in the magazine said that all questions must be completed.

All in all a very good number of neighbors found correct answers to all the questions. Then, of course, it came to the point where RADIO MIRROR editors, who were the judges, had to choose among those who had all the answers right for the person to whom the top prize should be given. That was done, as the rules explained, by choosing the most aptly original completion of the statement, "I like to play Grand Slam because—"

Now the judging is done, and here you'll find the winners and the answers. So let me say thanks once again, neighbors, for writing in and for all the nice things you had to say about Grand Slam. Perhaps the editors of RADIO MIRROR and I can get together and have this same kind of contest again, later on.

—Irene Beasley

You'll want to be sure to cast your vote in

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Pantry-Shelf Party

(*Continued from page 63*)

SURPRISE BASKETS

3 cups biscuit mix
⅔ to ¾ cup milk
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
1 12-ounce can chopped pressed ham
3 hard-cooked eggs
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
pepper

Add ⅔ cup milk to biscuit mix. Combine with fork, adding more milk if necessary to moisten. Knead gently 8 to 10 times on a floured board. Pat out to rectangle 8 inches wide and ½ inch thick. Cut into 8 squares. Press into large oiled muffin tins to make shells. Melt butter over low heat. Stir in flour. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly and cook over low heat until thick. Dice ham, chop eggs. Add to cream sauce with prepared mustard and pepper to taste. Fill biscuit cups. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 20-25 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

SUNDAY SUPPER CASSEROLE

1 10-ounce can pork sausage links
3 ounces uncooked noodles (2 cups cooked)
1 teaspoon lemon juice
few grains nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup applesauce
⅓ cup grated cheese

Drain can of pork sausage. Reserve four. Combine remainder with noodles and place half in 1 quart casserole. Add lemon juice and nutmeg and salt to applesauce and place on top of noodles. Cover with remaining noodles. Lay sausage on top and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

CHILI AND RICE RING

10 cups water
1 tablespoon salt
1½ cups uncooked rice
1 can Chili Con Carne

Bring water to a boil. Add salt. Wash rice thoroughly. Add gradually to boiling water. Boil gently about 15 minutes, or until rice is tender. Drain. Rinse with hot water. Heat Chili Con Carne. When rice is thoroughly drained, place half in a well greased 9" ring mold. Pack tightly. Add thoroughly heated Chili Con Carne. Top with remaining rice. Pack tightly. Let stand one minute. Unmold. Fill center with cooked hot peas. Makes 6 servings.

BEEF STEW SHEPHERD'S PIE

2 cups riced potatoes
⅓ cup hot milk
3 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks, beaten
1 can beef stew

To the riced potatoes, add milk, butter and salt and blend well. Whip until fluffy and light. Blend in egg yolks. Place beef stew in an 8" pie plate. Top with mashed potatoes. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) about 20 minutes or until potatoes are brown. Makes 3 servings.

TAMALE AND BEAN CASSEROLE

1 can tamales
1 can baked beans in tomato sauce
2 tablespoons water

Remove wrappings from tamales. Place with sauce in a baking dish. Top with baked beans. Sprinkle top with water. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) about 20 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

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A Twelve-Year Date with Jim Ameche

(*Continued from page 43*)

or a hazard to happy family living, perhaps you'd be interested in knowing how we met and licked the problem of keeping the whole family happy—and sane—with one television set.

From the day the set arrived until we had a minor revolution a couple of months later, our lives were timed by what was being shown at the moment.

My chief function, in those hectic first weeks, was not as wife and mother but as referee. There was only one television set, but there were three strong wills locked in combat over who would have his choice of program. Another thing which took a dreadful beating in the period of adjustment was the dinner hour—the dinner itself, as a matter of fact. After I, too, had caught the bug, we used to find ourselves tearing through the meal in order to keep our rendezvous with the picture tube, then winding up in the kitchen after the stations had signed off, facing an unsightly mess of dirty dishes.

I don't remember exactly what it was that brought the halt—perhaps a particularly rapid dinner or an unusually revolting collection of dishes. Or, more likely, young Jim's school report card. Anyway, there came the time when Jim looked me firmly in the eye and said, "This has got to stop."

"You bet it has," I seconded.

So we sat down then and there, drew up an informal set of watching rules and immediately put them into effect. To solve the afternoon scraps between young Jim and Pat over who's going to choose the show they'll watch, we have a sort of youth-must-be-served arrangement. Of course Pat's bedtime comes considerably earlier than Jim's. Therefore, Pat gets to see what he wants to see in the late afternoon before bedtime; after Pat's gone off to bed, it's Jimmy's turn to choose.

Then came the matter of homework—sorely neglected since the arrival of the television set. This, we figured, was Jimmy's own problem, and we dumped it in his lap.

Fortunately, the first rule helped out the second—while Pat watches the earlier shows which Jimmy says are "kid stuff," Jimmy does his homework—at an amazingly rapid rate, in order to be through and downstairs for his innings between Pat's bedtime and the grown-ups' taking over. It's wonderful how fast that boy can get through his lessons. But as long as he keeps his marks up Jim and I can't complain.

Getting the boys off to bed on schedule used to be a problem, too, but here again our "you can't if you don't" policy is extremely effective—you can't watch tomorrow if you don't go to bed tonight, that is. The prospect of not being able to keep up with the doings of their favorites next day usually results in prompt goodnights when it's bedtime.

As for dinner—we simply rearranged our eating habits. Jim and I worked out a dinner hour which coincided with the programs that we wished least to see.

So, even though it took a bit of planning to fit it into our lives, I look on television now as one of the allies of motherhood. Jim and I certainly feel that it's a great asset for the boys. There are many wonderful educational—painlessly educational, at that!—pro-

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grams offered for youngsters. These, along with the pure entertainment, keep the boys amused for hours. Not once, on restless evenings or rainy days, have I heard, "What can I do now, Mother?" since we have had the set.

Of course, there are still mild differences of opinion over what to watch. When Jim suggests that the Western movie on at the moment is not his idea of perfect entertainment, the boys remind him that they *always* concede to his wish to watch midget boxing on Tuesdays! On one (rare) occasion when Jim suggested that they turn the set off altogether and we'd have an evening of peace and quiet, Jimmy came back with what I consider the squelch magnificent.

"Why Dad," he said, with sweet reasonableness, "we all *ought* to watch other men earning money to support *their* families!"

So the television set—painlessly, now that we've got the hang of coping with it—has come to be a very welcome sixth member of our family. However, it hasn't helped to bring us together again as a family. Even before television, we were a close-knit, happy group.

It was that way with just Jim and me before the boys came along. Looking back over the thirty-one years of my lifetime, I can say with complete sincerity that the last twelve, the years of marriage to Jim, have been the best. And not because they contrast with an unhappy girlhood—I had a wonderful time as a child and as a teen-ager. It's simply that I'm one of those women born to be a wife and mother, I guess. And Jim is one of those men born to be a husband and father. The combination works out, in our case, to perfect understanding and complete happiness.

We met, Jim and I, when I had just started college and he was playing the part of Jack Armstrong (a role he originated and played for six years, by the way). Being meant for each other, as I firmly believe, it wasn't long before we both realized that come fire, flood or earthquake, depression or prosperity around the corner, we wanted to spend the rest of our lives together.

So I left college and we were married very soon. We had, like every young couple, our share of ups and downs. There were times when one of us always had to remain at home so that we wouldn't miss a possible telephone call —one which might solve the food and shelter problem for another few days. But somehow we managed to keep the wolf just outside, and the door closed, although we often heard him panting!

I hope I haven't given you the impression that all activity in our home nowadays is confined to, and centered around, the television set. Jim is the focal point of our lives—has to be, what with his erratic working schedule and uncertain hours. Obviously, he doesn't operate on a nine-to-five basis. At the moment his radio day starts at eleven in the morning, with Welcome Travelers on NBC. After that he hops from one studio to another, doing A Date With Jim Ameche, transcriptions of his Hollywood Open House and Naval Air Reserve shows, and parts and guest spots on many others.

Actually there aren't many men who can spend as much time with their families as Jim can and does, even with his full schedule. We sat down to figure it out the other night, and we found out that he's done a staggering total of 14,000 radio shows in the past fourteen years! But Jim loves his home and loves his family and he manages to be with us every moment he can squeeze in.

What is there about our home that makes it a place where Jim likes to be? Happiness is there, and all the small, pleasant things that, with love, add up to happiness and a sense of oneness.

First on the list come the boys, of course. Jim wants to, and likes to, keep a keen eye on their growth, mental and physical.

Don't misunderstand, though—Jim isn't the sort of father who hovers over his sons, making them feel that he's trying to take an active part in every moment of their day. Rather, he's always there when they want him, or need help or advice.

Close behind the boys on the list of home attractions is the kitchen, strangely enough. In the Ameche household there are two kinds of cooking, plain and fancy. I'm the plain cook—the everyday meals—but it's Jim who takes over with the fancy dishes for company. He's a fine hand with a pie, especially his super-creamy pumpkin pies, with an elegant pastry turkey to decorate each individual serving. He has a spaghetti sauce of his own, too, which is incomparable and an avocado appetizer that always gets rave notices.

He simply halves an avocado at the peak of its smooth ripeness, and fills the hole where the stone once lived with spicy cocktail sauce, the variety usually used on seafood A lemon wedge goes along with this, and that's all there is to it. But it's so good! If you try it, you might want to fix up your lemon Ameche-style. Jim, never one to relish a squirt of lemon juice in his eye, has solved this universal problem in a unique way: cut small pieces of gauze, wrap around individual lemon wedges, tying a small knot at the top. This, you'll find, saves both juice and tempers.

Another thing Jim very much likes to do is read aloud to the boys, who are always after him for a story. One day I overheard young Jimmy telling a contemporary of his that he should come around some evening to hear Dad read *Robin Hood.*

"Say," snorted Mr. Worldly-Wise, "when you gonna grow up and do your own reading, for gosh sakes?"

Jimmy hesitated only a moment. "Listen," he told his friend. "I know when I'm well off. My old man's the best story-teller in the world. He even has a radio show every day, called It Happened Here, where they *pay* him to tell stories! Why, I know men who go to high school who listen to him!"

Jim also loves airplanes. Model planes in the main, although full-sized ones come in sometimes—into his calculations, not into the house, I mean. This hobby came along with Jim when I married him, and I long ago learned to leave glue pots and little scraps of paper-thin wood right where I find them.

Lately Jim's begun to design his own planes, and I'll admit it's fascinating to see them from the on-paper through the flying stages. He's perfectly confident that if some airplane manufacturing firm would follow his plans there would be no mishaps, and crack-ups would be a thing of the past. I, however, do not share Jim's faith in this.

Outside our home, Jim's major diversion is golf—and during the winter even that moves into the house. Armed with a putter, a water tumbler, a golf ball and two admiring sons he converts the living room rug into a putting green and spends long hours trying to coax the ball into the glass.

Another hobby which Jim tackles with enthusiasm—thank goodness!—is being the handy man around the house. At one time he planned to be an engineer and would have gone ahead with those plans if his brother, Don, hadn't called him to come to Chicago to try radio. Engineering as a vocation took a back seat after that, but as an avocation it's remained well in the foreground. In all the years of our marriage, I've never had to call a carpenter or a serviceman!

Besides being the household handyman, Jim's useful around home in many other ways. For instance, you should have seen this house when we moved in. I had the helpless feeling that the place would never even be livable, much less attractive. Then Jim, in his quiet, efficient way, went to work—and his example set me busy, too. Then one morning we got up, looked around us, and decided that we liked what we saw, after all. We were home.

It's like us, all of us, that home, and we created it in the way that good homes—and good marriages—are born and thrive. We did it together, working hard because we weren't working for ourselves alone but for each other, for our children, for a way of life we wanted and were eager to put ourselves out to achieve. That home, I like to think, reflects the very best in us—the unity, the spirit of comradeship, the love. And the happiness. Because whatever else that home may be, it's a happy one, and that's the nicest thing you can say about any family.

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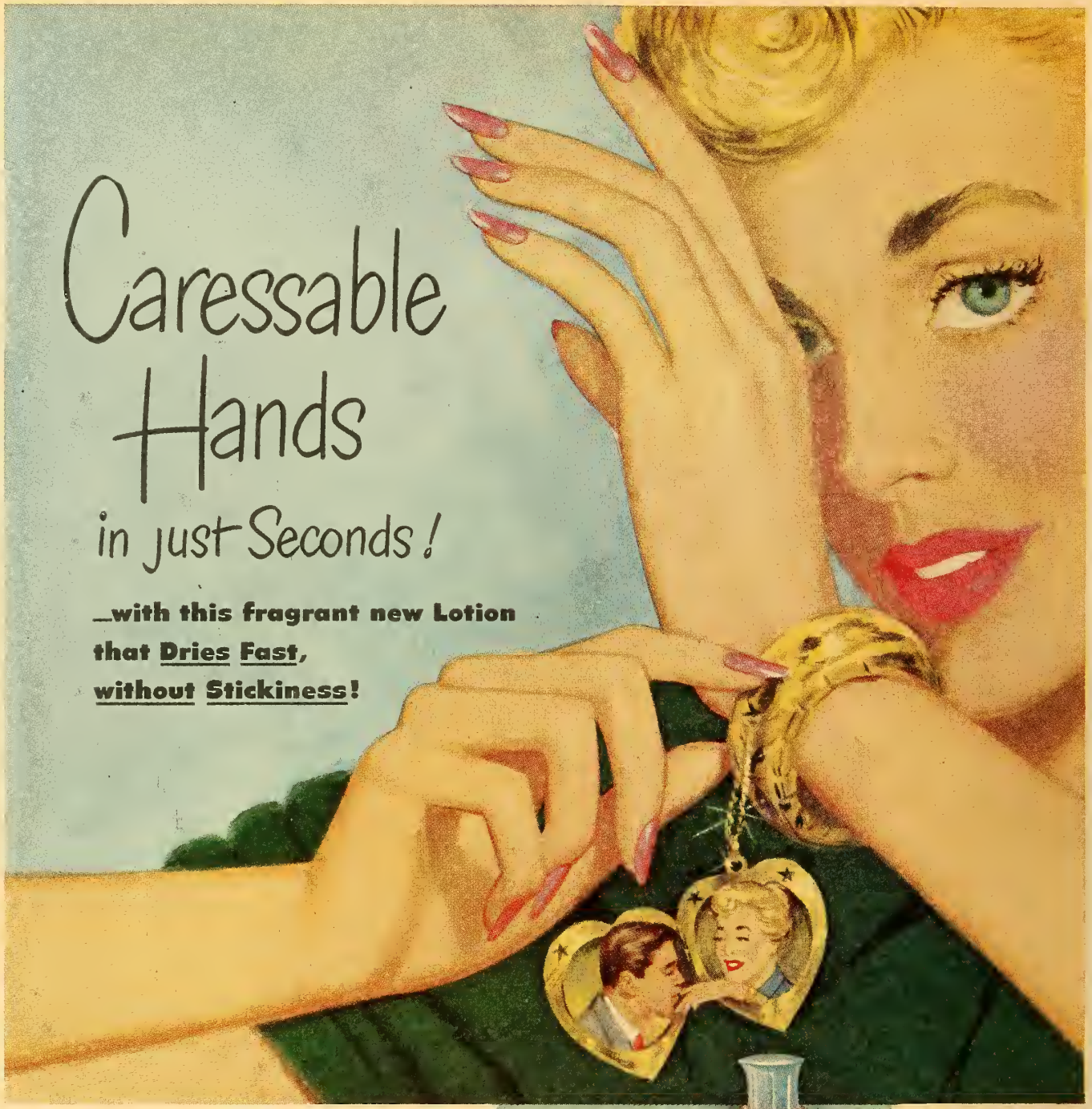
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Use Cashmere Bouquet on one hand, any old-style lotion on the other. Wait, then compare.

Your "Cashmere Bouquet" hand? This fast-drying lotion that *softens* like a cream has already done its wonderful work. Not a trace of stickiness or tackiness. Your hand feels smooth, is excitingly fragrant, excitingly soft to the touch!

Your *other* hand? No comparison, of course! In just 10 seconds you've seen for yourself, that *caressable* hands call for Cashmere Bouquet!



Remember!

There's a Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetic for Almost Every Beauty Need!



LIPSTICK
Creamy, clinging—in 8 fashionable shades!

FACE POWDER
Smooth, velvety texture! 6 "Flower-Fresh" shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, "date-time" loveliness—a *bedtime* beauty "must"!

TALCUM POWDER
A shower of spring flowers!



Take this Most Important Step to Save your Teeth!

"Most tooth loss comes from gum troubles," say dentists. So guard your gums as well as your teeth—this dentist-approved Ipana way!*

DENTISTS WARN YOUTH: GUARD GUMS!

America's top dental authorities issue this timely warning: *you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums.* They urge you to start fighting gum troubles and guarding your teeth while you are still young!

See your dentist regularly. Follow his advice. And remember—*Ipana is the tooth paste more dentists recommend and personally use than any other!*

Think of the pain, trouble and embarrassment it could cost you to lose just one tooth!

Then think of this: *dental authorities say more than half of all tooth losses today come from gum troubles.* And gum troubles can strike *any*one, even healthy teen-agers, with little warning!

That's why the most effective step you can take to save your teeth is to guard your gums. That's why tooth brushing alone—with *any* dentifrice—is not enough. Your complete dental routine must provide effective care for your teeth and gums *both!*

Ipana dental care does just that.* No other paste or powder can clean your teeth better and brighter than Ipana. And Ipana is the *only* leading tooth paste specially designed to aid the health of your gums, too! *Its unique formula actually stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums.*

NATIONWIDE REPORTS: DENTISTS SAY THE IPANA WAY WORKS!



In thousands of recent reports from dentists all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way not only promotes brighter teeth, but healthier gums as well. What better evidence that Ipana dental care is *doubly* effective? Try it—see what it can do for *you!*

PROTECTS HER DATE-WINNING SMILE THE IPANA WAY!



Pretty Barbara Ann March of Roselle, N.J., has a beau-catching smile and wants to *keep* it! As a successful (and popular) junior model, Babs knows the importance of firm, healthy gums to sound teeth and a sparkling smile. So she follows the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth *both*—because dentists say it works! Give *yourself* the benefits of this dentist-approved care. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO — EASY AS 1, 2:



***The Ipana way** is simple. **1.** *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. (This helps remove dulling, bacteria-trapping coating that invites decay. Leaves your teeth cleaner, brighter.) **2.** Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums. You can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

HEALTHIER GUMS, CLEANER TEETH—

IPANA for Both!

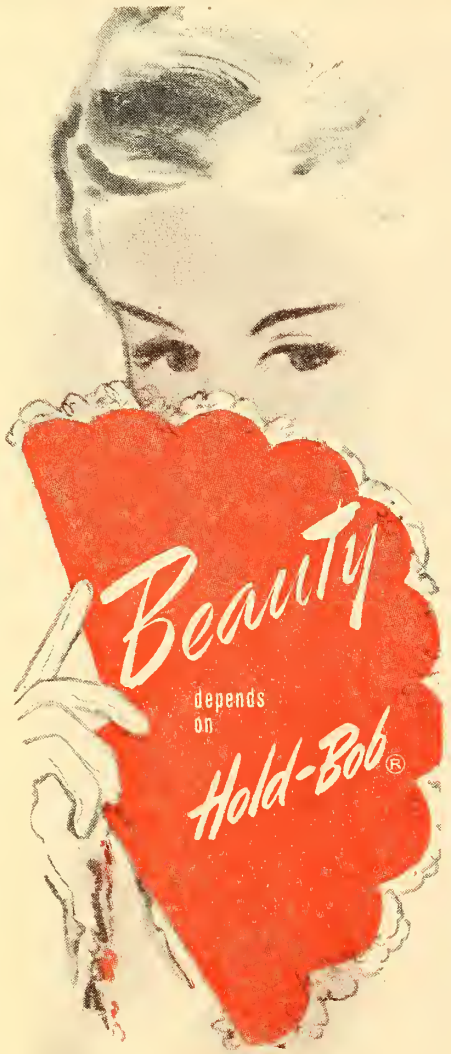


AND REFRESHING IPANA LEAVES MY BREATH CLEANER, MY MOUTH FRESHER, TOO!



P.S. For correct brushing use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

Product of Bristol-Myers



...because HOLD-BOB bobby pins really *hold*. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

More women use HOLD-BOB than all other bobby pins combined



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OCTOBER, 1949

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Staff Photographers, HYMIE FINK, STERLING SMITH *Assistant,* BETTY JO RICE

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Happy Birthday...my Eye!

OH, PLENTY of others would be at her first real grown-up party, but not Jim—not the one she wanted! Here was his note with its phony sounding "I am sorry . . . I know you will understand." But Ann didn't understand; no woman does, when, for no apparent reason, she sees a romance that started so sweetly end up so sour.

How About You?

Nothing turns a man away from you so quickly as halitosis (unpleasant breath). You're foolish ever to run such a risk; after all, you, *yourself*, may not know when your breath is off-color.

If you want to be your most charming self, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date.

Listerine Antiseptic is no makeshift of momentary effectiveness. It's a tried and true *extra-careful* precaution against offending. Simply swish it in the mouth and, lo, your breath is fresher and sweeter . . . stays that way, too, not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

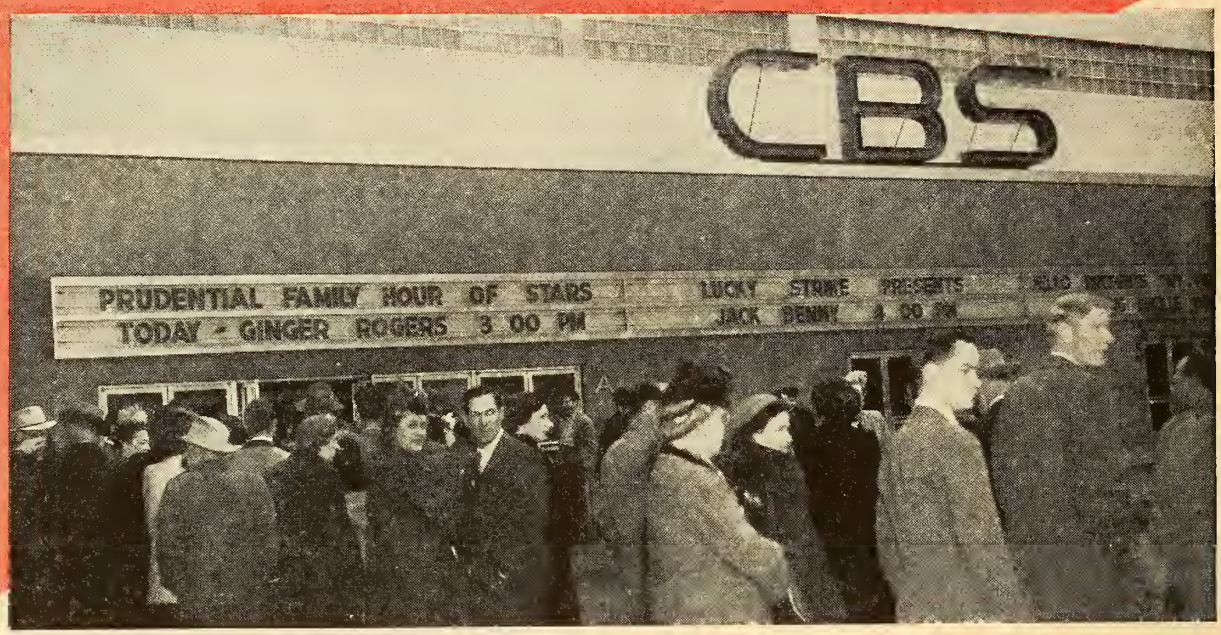


LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . the *extra-careful* precaution against Bad Breath.

P.S. ***WOMEN TELL US*** THAT THEY MAKE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC AND MASSAGE A REGULAR PART OF HAIR-WASHING AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST ***INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF***



In Hollywood crowds of people line up in front of the studio to see CBS shows Sunday and every day.



WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

By DALE BANKS



Backstage at Amos 'n' Andy: the playback gives the cast a chance to cut and change lines. L. to r. Charles (Andy) Correll, script girl Charlotte Capune, producer Glenn Middleton, Freeman (Amos) Gosden, CBS producer Milt Stark, musical director Jeff Alexander.

Two of the cast of My Friend Irma put in their summer vacation from the program working in motion pictures. Hans Conreid, who plays Professor Kropotkin, did a stint as a butler in "Nancy Goes to Rio." Donald Woods, the air stanza's Richard Rhinelander III, had the role of "the other man" in "Free For All" with Robert Cummings and Ann Blyth.

* * *

Joan Davis has also been busy at the flicker studios, and—hold onto your hats—her assignment at 20th Century-Fox was a dramatic role in "Turned Up Toes," a story of gangsters in the 'twenties!

* * *

Recently, a now famous lady arrived early at the studios for a chat with Dwight Cooke about her appearance on his show, You and San Francisco. She brought with her a letter that told its own story. In 1938, broke and disheartened, she had sent some scripts to the producer of one of radio's biggest shows. The producer couldn't use the scripts, but he returned them, advising her to keep on writing because she had wonderful talent. She did. The lady is Kathryn Forbes (who wrote the best seller, *Mama's Bank Account*, which was made into the play and movie "I Remember Mama," and which is the basis for the new CBS-TV show Mama) and the producer was (and is) Dwight Cooke.

* * *

When British-born novelist, James Hilton, was cajoled into being host and story selector for radio's Hallmark Playhouse, he wasn't sure he'd like radio. But after his first fifty-two weeks on the air he's become one of radio's most vociferous fans. (He's in his second year now.) He thinks it would be a pity if television should completely supersede radio. "One of radio's charms," he says, "is that you can do so many other things while you are listening to it." Hilton fears that video will be more demanding.

* * *

It is with regret that we report the death of Oscar Bradley, who until his recent passing was musical conductor of We, the People for the previous six years. His place has been taken by Mrs. Oscar Bradley. She's been doing a heroic job of composing the twenty-five to thirty different bits of mood music needed every week for the half-hour program and conducting the orchestra which was started by her husband.

* * *

Robert Bendick, CBS Director of Special Events for radio and television, and his wife, Jeanne, are the authors of *Television Works Like This*, an abundantly illustrated book which explains TV in non-technical terms. Mr. Bendick has been associated with CBS-TV since 1941, with a two-year period out for service as a captain in the Air Forces Motion Picture Unit. His wife, Jeanne, is a well known author and illustrator, whose works include *How Much and How Many*, a story of weights and measures, and *Electronics For Young*

People. The Bendicks hold something of a long distance record for collaboration. During the war Mr. Bendick was in the China-Burma-India theater while his wife wrote chapters in New York for *Making the Movies,* and sent them overseas to him for editing. Once when Mr. B. commented in the margin, "Rewrite. It isn't very clear," the army censor wrote in, "It's perfectly clear to me."

* * *

West Coast announcer Frank Goss is going around with his chest stuck out these days, and it isn't his own success that's got him preening. Frank's as pleased as his own pup ought to be because his Doberman Pinscher, Rancho Dobe's Faro, took the blue ribbon in the senior puppy class at Harbor City's Dog Show.

* * *

A glance at radio news in show business's Bible, *Variety,* any week now is enough to give you the willies. At least three headlines on every page devoted to air information contains the word *axe.* On every network and in every agency, some pretty big heads have fallen already, some for economy reasons. But there's a suspicion that some of the personnel that's been axed, lost out on the pay envelope end because of too high standards in shows and, even for rather shameful political reasons. The atmosphere we hear ain't good what with more and more give-away shows hogging air time and throwing actors, writers and directors out of work and tending to lower the quality of such entertainment as is still being provided, and with a kind of *sub rosa* witch hunting atmosphere that exists throughout the industry. This can't lead to much good, for you, the listeners.

* * *

Hollywood, we hear, has blossomed forth with what amounts to its own Greenwich Village—in a limited sort of way. It's a three story building at 1558 North Vine Street, midway between Hollywood Boulevard and Sunset, in the heart of Radio Row. Locally, it is called "Character Castle," a title earned for it by its purely Bohemian tenants—musicians, writers, singers, record companies, publicists, conductors and arrangers, all in and out of each other's offices so much that it's more like a nice congenial community than an office building. The "Castle's" history is long and colorful. It was the first Paramount studio building, back in 1914, and the top floor offices once were dressing rooms and film storage vaults. The top floor has open-air corridors, designed like a labyrinth and completely baffling to strangers and—more important—bill collectors. It's a walk-up, the stairs inside to the second floor and out in the open to the third. The publicity office at the head of the stairs on the third floor is affectionately called "Grand Central Station," because of the steady stream of tenants running through it, taking advantage of the fact that it opens on both corridors and they can save a trip all the way around on the outside. Regulars roaming through are Jack Benny's Sportsmen Quartet, Jeff Alexander, conductor on the Amos 'n Andy stanza, Elliott Lewis, who comes through twice a week for a guitar lesson, Henry Russell, NBC's Western musical director, plus a bevy of beautiful secretaries and research assistants.

She spent the evening with that "Left-Out Feeling"!



What fun is a party—for the girl other guests ignore? If only she didn't risk offending. If someone could whisper: *"Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum."* Mum gives safe, long-lasting protection against underarm odor. Its unique modern formula contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get Mum cream deodorant today!

Mum-Safer for Charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* underarm odor after your bath washes away *past* perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin .... Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Gentle Mum is harmless to skin.



Mum-Safer for Clothes .... No damaging ingredients to rot or discolor fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, sure ... dependable for this important use, too.

Product of Bristol-Myers

keeps you nice to be near

A recent guest on Bill Leonard's This Is New York was Deborah Kerr. The show's guest list reads like *Who's Who*—other visitors include Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Henry Wallace, Mayor O'Dwyer.



THIS IS BILL LEONARD

Three years ago, Lieutenant Commander Bill Leonard, just released from the Navy, auditioned for a new WCBS program, This Is New York (9:15-9:45 A.M. EDT Mon. through Sat.). Hundreds of headline interviews and stories later, Leonard can laugh when he recalls that audition.

"I was told that all New York was my beat, and I took that literally," he reflects. "In those days the program used to go on at 6:00 A.M., so I had to spend the nights looking for stories and interviewing people, and then prepare the show at the studio just as if I were going to air it."

Now one of the top interviewer-reporters in radio (he was guest emcee on We, the People and special network and television programs) Leonard's guest roster reads like *Who's Who*.

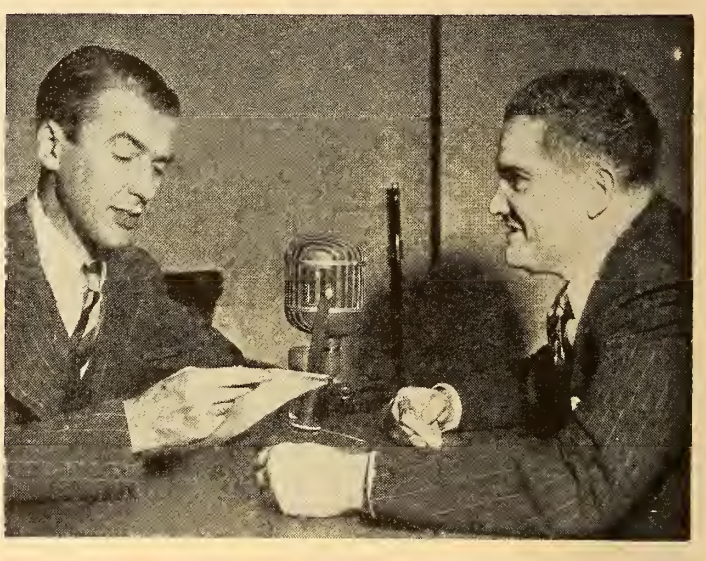
His staff of three crack reporters and two secretaries assists him in unearthing human interest stories and newsworthy events, places and people. They also help ferret out recipes and eating places, using a jeep for transportation.

Leonard concentrates on feature interviews, movie and play reviews. He covers all opening nights and since 1945 has seen more than a thousand plays and movies.

Born in New York City, Leonard spent his early childhood in New Jersey and Connecticut. He attended Avon School, and at college was managing editor of the *Daily Dartmouth*, a leading performer of the Dartmouth Players and president of the college amateur radio association.

After graduation he became a reporter with the Bridgeport *Post-Telegram*, announcer and script writer for WELI, New Haven, and head of his own radio producing group, Talent Inc. He also worked with the Newell-Emmett Advertising Agency in radio research and production.

An ardent amateur radio operator, he recently was thrilled when he was able to contact "hams" in thirty-eight countries in twenty-four hours.



Ex-navy man Leonard interviews ex-air corpsman Stewart. Leonard was discharged late in 1945.

Leonard lives in Riverdale, New York, with his wife and their three sons, David Mullen, eight; William, three; and Andrew Harrison, two.

Of all the glamorous names and stories of which This Is New York can boast, Leonard is proudest of three special series: an explanation of the complex operations of city government; program profiles of some twenty of New York's main communities; and an industrial series covering the key business enterprises of New York.

The most admired patterns...



New SPRING GARDEN

are Sterling Inlaid, the silverplate with two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.

LOVELY LADY

Thus the exquisite beauty of these four magnificently designed Holmes & Edwards patterns stays lovelier longer.

DANISH PRINCESS*

Particularly note Spring Garden, the gay, new favorite. 52 piece service for 8, chest included, in all patterns, $68.50.

YOUTH

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STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

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THE QUESTION MEN

There are two telephone calls KDKA listeners wait impatiently for every day—the calls of Bill Brant and Jim Westover.

And it's easily understandable why folks want Bill or Jim to call: they are the Tello Test men at the Pittsburgh Westinghouse station and when they're on the line they have cash for the person with the right answer.

Tello Test, the grandpappy of all radio telephone quiz shows, is simple in operation—just know the answer to the question Brant and Westover ask on their respective morning and evening shows, and you get the cash. They don't care where you get the answer—in fact they urge listeners to consult the encyclopedia or to call the reference department at the library. In that way the program is educational as well as entertaining. And listeners have sufficient time to check on the answer since if the question is not answered one day it is carried over to the next day.

Popularity of the two KDKA announcers can be traced to their activities on the station. Brant, a musician before he entered radio, is an authority on bebop and jive, and Westover majored in music during his college days. He favors the classics, opera and light opera.

Because of their backgrounds, it was natural for them to turn to the disc jockey chores at the station. Brant made friends throughout the nation late at night with his Midnighter's Club, and Westover found his mail piling up when he instituted his Classics for Midnighters and his popular organ program, Consolaires.

With their common interests, it was not surprising that they should get together and the result was a three-hour Saturday afternoon program of popular and classical recordings and transcriptions tailored for easy listening.

Their inherent announcing ability (Brant handles news and commercials, with Westover doing specialized programs which have won him honorable mentions and two first places in the H. P. Davis Memorial Announcers Award) and their propensity for ad lib make them a versatile team which has paid off in enviable Hoopers.



Jim Westover asks the questions on KDKA's P. M. Tello Test Quiz.



Bill Brant, l., of the A. M. Tello Test, tries Orrin Tucker's horn as the maestro looks on.



THE GIRDLE THAT'S ANATOMICALLY CORRECT, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE POWER-MOULDS AND SUPPORTS WITH COMPLETE COMFORT AND FREEDOM OF ACTION

ANNOUNCING A SENSATIONAL NEW KIND OF GIRDLE, THE NEWEST OF THE FAMOUS PLAYTEX® GIRDLES:

PINK-ICE

PLAYTEX proudly presents *PINK-ICE* — not as a color, but as a brand new kind of girdle that actually "breathes"—keeps you feeling fresh all day long.

Just touch it and you'll feel the *difference.* It's so shimmering smooth, so light, so cool. And it washes in a matter of seconds, pats dry with a towel.

PLAYTEX *PINK-ICE* is made of tree-grown latex, with an all-way stretch that power-moulds your figure along its natural lines and controls your figure when you are sitting, as well as when you're standing or walking.

Invisible under the sleekest dress, the slenderest clothes, PLAYTEX *PINK-ICE* becomes a living part of you, giving with every motion of your body.

See how *PINK-ICE* gives you back your own trim figure — inches slimmer and trimmer, in the most complete comfort!

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
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Light as a snowflake
Fresh as a daisy—
Actually "breathes" with you!

...In SLIM shimmering Pink Tubes
sizes extra small, small, medium, large:

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE PANTY GIRDLE **$3.95**
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE PANTY GIRDLE WITH GARTERS **$4.95**
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GARTER GIRDLE **$4.95**
Extra Large PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GARTER GIRDLE **$5.95**
Also ask to see PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLE, **$3.95**
and PANTY GIRDLE, **$3.50**

On sale in all modern corset and notions departments and better specialty shops everywhere!

★

FACING the MUSIC



Martin Block conducts WNEW's Make Believe Ballroom (Mon. through Sat.) and NBC's Supper Club (Mon., Wed., Fri.).

By MARTIN BLOCK



Martha Wright of the Lanny Ross TV show (WNBT, Thurs., 8:30-9) talks with famous song writers Richard Rodgers (left) and Oscar Hammerstein.



Kay Starr and Ray Anthony teamed up for a jam session when Ray opened an engagement at the Hotel Statler's Cafe Rouge.

The people over at M-G-M Records have started a new song-title game that seems as though it may be the beginning of a craze the likes of which we haven't seen or heard since the days of "Knock-knock, who's there?" It goes like this: You take a flock of record titles and weave them into a silly sentence. For instance, *Somehow, When You're In Love, There's Something About Paree, Just Reminiscing, Night After Night, Everything I Have Is Yours, Wedding Bells.* For a change of heart, try, *What's Wrong With Me, I'm Out To Forget Tonight, I'll Never Make The Same Mistake Again, It's A Cruel, Cruel World.* Try one and send it to me at RADIO MIRROR. The best one gets a brand new M-G-M album of records.

* * *

The latest Stan Kenton report making the rounds is that Stan will soon start touring the country with a new band after a lengthy vacation that included a trip to Brazil. We hear that it will still feature "progressive jazz" but in a less stringent manner. There will be much more versatility in the band with the hope that fans will take to the new school of music in a more kindly and lucrative way.

* * *

October is the month when the new Al Jolson picture gets around to the nation's theaters. This one is called, "Jolson Sings Again" and once more Larry Parks will mouth Jolie's singing voice.

* * *

Now that Betty Hutton has completed work on the musical film "Let's Dance," she has already started rehearsals on the one role that she's long wanted to portray, the lead in "Annie Get Your Gun." Her disc of two Frank Loesser songs from "Red, Hot and Blue" is one of the greatest wax platters made in many a year. You'll get a big kick out of listening to her "Hamlet" and "That's Loyalty."

* * *

It cost Frankie Laine $1,000 to find out that a disc jockey can write songs as well as spin them. Platter pilot Steve Allen of KNX, Los Angeles, made a wager with the singer that he could write fifty melodies a day for seven consecutive days—Steve did it and Frankie paid! Of course, though, Frankie gets to own the melodies, without lyrics, and will try to make a few of them into hits.

* * *

Guy Lombardo's East Point House, the restaurant the maestro opened early in the summer at Freeport, L. I., has a unique accommodation for boat owners. The restaurant is situated at a point where two bodies of water meet, which gives the showplace two sides overlooking the water. To utilize the water frontage, Guy has had "slips" built for boats of many sizes. Hungry boaters can dock their craft next to the restaurant and have dinner, prepared in the inimitable Lombardo manner, within a matter of minutes.

* * *

Pert Patsy Lee, songstress on ABC's Breakfast Club, says it's a good thing cooking is her hobby. The comedy on the show is built around Patsy's hope chest and her search for a man. Since it started, Patsy's fans have sent her thousands of gifts for her hope chest—including five hundred pot holders.

* * *

A few weeks ago, tenor Ken Carson and his wife entertained the president of Ken's fan club as a house guest in their San Fernando Valley home. She is Mary Moody of Everett, Washington, who made the trip to Hollywood just to see Ken in person. That's loyalty for you, sure enough!

* * *

Elliott Lawrence's advance man, Sam Arnold, is finding the hotel situation pretty grim in many of the nation's smaller towns. When he arrived in one a few weeks ago, there wasn't a hotel available within fifty miles. The only alternative seemed to be the town jail, so Arnold offered to pay hotel rates for a night's lodging, but the jailer, who gets similar requests quite frequently, refused. There's a law against it so Sam slept in his car. What's the matter Sam? Don't you remember the old dodge from depression days, when it was a common thing to hurl a brick through the jail window and get lodged for several days?

* * *

Talking about books, Deems Taylor, that versatile composer and man-about-music, has just published his third volume, *Music to My Ears*, a compilation of his intermission talks on his Sunday afternoon radio series.

* * *

Chubby Silvers, one of Sammy Kaye's bandsmen, had an expensive crease put in his size fifty-two band uniform when the crew was playing an engagement in Shea's Buffalo Theatre a while back. Chubby was in New York the weekend before the band left for Buffalo and had sent his uniform out to be pressed. When he reached Buffalo and started to unpack, he found a receipt from the tailor instead of a band uniform. So he phoned a friend in New York and asked her to pick up the suit and put it on a plane for Buffalo. The friend put the suit on the plane and herself with it, which brought Chubby's valet charges to a total of forty-five dollars.

* * *

Wilbur Hatch, musical director of My Favorite Husband, was about to leave his home in Iredell Canyon for the studios when a weather-stripping salesman met him at the door. The salesman delayed Wilbur's departure long enough for the maestro to see a brush fire, roaring over a hilltop toward his ranch. The salesman joined the maestro in battling the blaze, then took over alone when Hatch had to leave for a rehearsal at the studio. Phoning back later, Hatch learned that the salesman was still at it. He eventually was able to check the fire after an all-day fight with the result that Hatch bought enough weather-stripping for his whole house.

FILM NEVER LETS UP

Awake or asleep, film is forming on your teeth— Pepsodent removes it!



FILM'S DANGER KEEPS GROWING ALL THROUGH THE DAY. (1) FILM collects stains that make your teeth look dull. (2) FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath. (3) FILM glues acid to your teeth, often causing decay. And remember—film never lets up, it's forming day and night on everyone's teeth.



FILM SNEAKS UP EVEN FASTER ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT. During the long still hours while you're asleep, mouth bacteria are multiplying in film's dull coating . . . "bad breath" germs that ferment food particles . . . also acid-producing germs that frequently cause tooth decay. So use film-removing Pepsodent *every* morning and night. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium*—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agents. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.

Film on teeth forms night and day— PEPSODENT cleans film away!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's registered trade-mark for purified alkyl sulfate.

NOW! **PROOF that brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, effective way to**

HELP

STOP TOOTH DECAY

with Colgate Dental Cream



NOW dental science offers *proof* that always using Colgate Dental Cream right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

Continuous research—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most important news in dental history!

Eminent dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating. The other group followed their usual dental care.

The average of the group using Colgate's as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

Colgate's has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream. The Colgate Dental Cream now at your dealer's is the same formula that was used in the tests.

Always Use Colgate's* to

Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth

—and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

**Right after eating*

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

NO CHANGE IN FLAVOR, FOAM, OR CLEANSING ACTION!

TRAVELER OF THE



Mrs. Anna Spitzer, NBC's Traveler of the Month, spoke to emcee Bartlett of kind deeds, service and a long life which had been dedicated to her family.

One of the shortest trips on record landed our traveler of the month before our NBC microphone. But for her and us, the ten-mile trip from her home in Roseland, a suburb of Chicago, to the College Inn, where Welcome Travelers originates, was one of the most important Mrs. Anna Spitzer ever made.

This spirited little person, eighty-four years young, smiled up at me and made me think of all the pictures of grandmothers I'd ever seen Her sparkling eyes and charming manner told me that she was a kindly soul, one who had devoted her life to taking care of others.

Mrs. Spitzer's opening remark was, "You know this is the first time in twenty years that I've been to the loop, and how it has changed."

When I asked why she hadn't been to Chicago's famous shopping center for so many years, when her home is but ten miles as the crow flies, she summed it up in a few words. "Daddy was sick, and I just couldn't leave him alone. Now he is gone and I'm so lonesome. I've heard your radio program, and I just wanted to meet you personally."

I considered it one of the nicest compliments I've ever had. I knew how much she missed her husband, with whom she had celebrated sixty-four wedding anniversaries before he passed away.

The audience in the College Inn loved Mrs. Spitzer. When they applauded, she laughed and waved back.

She told me she was born in Mokena, Illinois, which is just about thirty miles from Chicago, that she had come to Roseland as a bride. Her life had been a busy one, with children, caring for her home and her husband. It had been a full life, with happiness and contentment. Now, alone, she felt it was empty and she wanted to ease the pain of her loss.

We on Welcome Travelers wanted her to remember the day she spent with us. As it is our custom to entertain our guests, we planned a big day for little Mrs. Spitzer. We explained to her that we

Each month Tommy tells a story taken from the files of Welcome Travelers, heard at

MONTH

By
TOMMY BARTLETT

didn't want to tire her out, she could do as much or as little as she felt up to, but we did want her to pack in all the fun possible.

Twelve hours later, our pretty page Pat Fogarty who accompanied Mrs. Spitzer reported on their day. She said that our eighty-four-year-old gadabout was still spry and chipper after a full day that had included lunch, a sightseeing tour in a chauffeur-driven car, dinner and the circus. She also had time for shopping in Chicago's exclusive stores. She selected some dresses which were gifts from the show and had time to visit a milliner, who designed a hat for her, as a remembrance from Welcome Travelers.

But the nicest gift and the biggest surprise of all for our traveler of the month was a flight to Long Beach, California, to visit her brother, who was living there.

When I explained to Mrs. Spitzer that it was a rule of the air lines that all travelers over eighty have to have statements from their physicians saying they are able to stand the trip, she replied, "I don't blame the air lines. They wouldn't want to have a lot of old corpses on their hands!"

Like a veteran air traveler, Mrs. Spitzer boarded the Constellation and seven and a half hours later she wired that her brother and all his family were on hand to meet her at the Los Angeles airport for a big, happy reunion.

When she stopped by on her return to Chicago to tell us about the trip, she raved about the wonders of flying and the breath-taking beauty of California. She smiled and said, "Tommy, when I put my toes in the Pacific, I just wished that Daddy and I could have started all over again, and spent our lives in California."

It made me so happy that what had started out to be a little incidental trip of ten miles to the loop had developed into such a pleasant journey for our eighty-four-year-old traveler of the month.

It is things like meeting such fine people as Mrs. Spitzer that makes me the luckiest emcee in radio.

10-10:30 A.M. EDT Mon. through Fri. on NBC.



HELENA CARTER
Soon to be seen in
"TOMAHAWK", a Universal-International release.
Color by Technicolor.

Helena Carter brought love into my life!

I thought "dates" were something to eat!

Love was a dream *I* saw in the movies ...until these words of Helena Carter tipped me off: "Romance and rough, red hands don't go together. I keep my hands perfectly smooth, soft and feminine with Jergens Lotion."

It was Jergens Lotion for me, pronto!





I noticed the difference right away...my hands looked silky soft. Then the men around the office noticed too! Now "dates" mean dancing and dining...and Paul thinks hands like mine need a diamond!

No other hand care keeps your hands so smooth, so lovely. Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Never oily or sticky. Still 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax, for today's finer Jergens Lotion.



Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care.

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!

R M



By JOAN DAVIS

Mary Jane Higby plays Joan Davis, heroine of When A Girl Marries, Mon. through Fri., 5 P.M. EDT, on NBC.

WHEN A GIRL

If you have a problem you can't solve . . .

Next month When A Girl Marries resumes its usual length and we'll print the winning solution to the problem we posed in August—the problem of Mrs. M. S., who wondered whether to invest her family's small savings in special education for her three daughters, or to save it for old-age security for herself and her husband. And here is this month's problem, for which Mrs. E. S. has received $25. If you can think of some good way of solving Mrs. E. S.'s dilemma, send it along . . . your advice may earn twenty-five dollars for you.

Dear Joan:

I am one of five children, married and have two children of my own. Two years ago my mother died, leaving my father alone. He was fine until about three months ago, when he started going out. He has heart trouble, and when we asked him to tell us where he was going he said it wasn't our business. But we discovered that he is nightly visiting a couple who has a bad reputation. The woman entertains other men when her husband is out. Recently another girl came to live with them who has a prison record, and whose husband is still serving time. One of the other men in the group was mixed up in a killing here several years ago. When we proved all this to my father, he told us he was old enough to know whom to associate with and to mind our own business. I know he's his own boss, but my father owns seven acres, a six-room house and a car. These people own nothing, live in a shack and might easily take advantage of him. What can I do to make my father see the risk he is running in associating with this crowd? The trouble is it may all be over before we can help, for I know he will be too proud to admit he's being taken for a sucker.

Mrs. C. S.

What would you do? Won't you send your answers to me in care of Radio Mirror? Now here are the problems I have chosen to answer this month.

WRONG MOVE

Dear Joan:

I have a friend who was married to a fine young soldier in 1942. She knows nothing of his family or friends, but they were very happy. He was sent to the Philippines in 1943, and she hasn't heard from him since though she wrote to the State Department. She has started meeting other young men. The other day she received a letter from an unidentified source saying they had news of her husband. She was to go to New York and bring $500 with her. She loves her husband very much, and has the money. What should she do?

D. K.

Dear D. K.:

There are several things your friend might do, but—most *emphatically!*—obeying the summons of this letter is not one of them. I have never heard of a surer invitation to trouble than you outline . . . a letter from an "unidentified source," a request for money . . . nonsense! If your friend sincerely desires to locate her husband, the wisest course she can follow is to first write again in clear and explicit terms to the State Department, describing her situation and asking them to give her information about her husband which she has a legal right to obtain.

Then, too, she will find the local chapter of the Red Cross very helpful in tracing him. If she fears gossip, she might contact a Red Cross chapter in a nearby town, where she is not known, and ask them how to proceed. They will be glad to help her in her quest for her husband. Thirdly, if she can afford to, she would be wise to put her problem in the hands of a reliable lawyer, who will be able to guide her in her search for the silent young man and in her actions later on if she discovers that his silence is the result of reluctance to go on with the marriage or other emotional disturbance. But under no circumstances would any intelligent, reasonably cautious young woman pay the slightest attention to such a communication as the one you describe. There's "danger" written all over it!

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $25.00

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and

ANOTHER $25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than Sept. 26th. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. (Due to space limitations, we have not printed the prize letter for this month. It will appear instead in the November issue.) Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

MARRIES

why not confide in Joan

Dear Joan:
I was married in 1938 and had a son. When he was six months old his father left me without even saying good-bye, returning when the boy was nine months old, with promises to make a home for us. Shortly before our second child was born he disappeared again and I didn't see him for four years. But I divorced him and am now married to a man who is known to my two older children as their father since he adopted them; they love him very much and do not know that my child by my second marriage, a little girl, is not their full sister. They are now nine and ten years old. Shall I tell them about their real father now, or wait until they are older and ready to go out into the world? My present husband has always treated them as if they were his own.

Mrs. D. F. E.

Dear Mrs. D. F. E.:
Why speak at all? The mere circumstance of parentage does not make your long-gone first husband the real father of the youngsters toward whom he evidently felt no responsibility whatsoever. You are most fortunate that your second husband is a warm-hearted, understanding man who merits the love of your children and returns it—in every respect the ideal relationship between father and children. Why confuse the two children by telling them—either now or later—that the man they call "father" is not the actual author of their beings? In the truest sense of the word, he *is* their father; he has earned this place by his love and care. You would be very wrong, and would serve no purpose beyond that of trouble-making, to introduce any information that would jeopardize the security of your children and the position of your husband, for the sake of a man to whom none of you owe anything, and whose brief presence in your life is better forgotten.

"I dress for the theater....at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





1. **"For the business world**—a chic black suit—its jacket sporting an unusual combination of brown on black—its skirt slim and straight. And, of course, I rely on gentler, more effective Odorono Cream. *Because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!*"

2. **"For the Broadway whirl**—I remove the jacket and add a gleaming satin waistcoat and feather. I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream. *Because I find it gives me more effective protection than any deodorant I've ever known.*"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula. So creamy smooth too—even if you leave the cap off for weeks.

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it's the *perfect deodorant.*



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)

R M

Besides the variety acts, the Paul Whiteman TV-Teen Club features a teen-age chorus. The show is produced by Jack Steck, written by Ben Martin. Music is provided by Norman Black's orchestra and Herb Horton directs the cameramen.



"POPS" IS TOPS

Since the start of the WFIL-TV show, "Pops" has been cited by several organizations (including the VFW) for his work on behalf of U. S. youth.



You may know him as "Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz" or "Paul Whiteman, disc jockey"—it all depends on your age. But to thousands of youngsters in the Philadelphia area, this man who gave a start to some of the brightest stars in the world of entertainment is just plain "Pops." These boys and girls are members of the Paul Whiteman TV-Teen Club, which presents a weekly television show over WFIL-TV and the ABC network.

Staged at the 103rd Engineers' Armory in Philadelphia, the television program is the high spot of the club's activities. Some evenings more than 5,000 boys and girls gather to be entertained by talented performers of their own age group, and there's no admission charge. "Pops" and his teen-age daughter—pretty, vivacious Margo—handle the emcee chores, and it's evident to everyone viewing the program that the veteran orchestra leader is having as much fun as any teen-ager in the place.

What the television viewer does not see is the high good time enjoyed by the young guests before and after the show. Whiteman opens the doors of the armory to club members for several hours every show night and they dance to the music of an orchestra composed of professional musicians, have their own dance contest, with prizes going to the winners, and enjoy refreshments sold at cost. The idea for the club and the television show was born in Paul's mind as a result of the successful Saturday night parties he organized for the youth of Lambertville, New Jersey, near his home.

To be eligible for membership in the Paul Whiteman TV-Teen Club, a girl or boy must be between thirteen and nineteen and must register at the WFIL-TV studios or the armory. Out-of-town teen-agers may form clubs by applying to Whiteman or WFIL-TV for charters.

Says "Pops": "Our goal is to see the club expand to such an extent that there will be others like it in cities throughout the country. I hope to personally be able to go to many of these places in order to meet the stars of the future and present them to the public myself. We're interested in providing wholesome recreation for the young folks and keeping them off the streets."

LOOK AT THE RECORDS

By JOE MARTIN

JIMMY DURANTE (MGM)—Jimmy really celebrates a great event as he sings "It's My Nose's Birthday." As for "Fugitive From Esquire" it's in the very best Durante tradition.

BUDDY CLARK (Columbia)—The master of melody who's only recently been getting his due as a popular singer has a new album on the market that's packed with great standard songs. "Songs of Romance" includes such favorites as "Just One More Chance," "Girl of My Dreams" and "Linger Awhile."

EDDY ARNOLD (RCA Victor)—It's another winner for America's top folk-singer in "I'm Throwing Rice (At The Girl That I Love)" and "Show Me The Way Back To Your Heart." They both have an appealing and wistful quality that's just fine.

RAY ANTHONY (Capitol)—The leapin' leader of a fine dance band offers a tongue-in-cheek version of "Darktown Strutters' Ball" and a novelty tune in "Veloa." The pairing makes a delightful disc.

HARVEY STONE (MGM)—An ex-G.I. who saw some real humor in his life as a soldier tells the story on a record. This is the famous "G.I. Lament" with which Harvey Stone has been regaling theater, night club and radio audiences for the past few years. It's really funny.

BETTY GARRETT AND LARRY PARKS (MGM)—Mr. and Mrs. Parks make a fine record duet, too. Teamed on "Reckon I'm In Love" and "Side By Side," the pair come through in fine fashion while Larry sheds his Jolson voice for his natural vocalizing and Betty stays as Betty.

GENE AUTRY (Columbia)—"My Empty Heart" and "I Wish I Had Stayed Over Yonder" make two good ballads for Gene's soothing voice. He's co-writer of both songs.

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS (Capitol)—Offering a chance to win as much as $1,000 cash, Capitol gives budding lyric writers the opportunity to pair their talents with such names as Johnny Mercer, Isham Jones, Ray Noble and others. Even if you don't intend to enter the contest, the melodies on the six discs in the album make excellent dinner music.



The famous yellow package

All Beech-Nut Gums have the uniformly high quality and fine flavor that have given them such outstanding popularity throughout the nation.

It's "Always Refreshing"



PEPPERMINT
BEECHIES
The Candy Coated Gum
Also in Spearmint and Pepsin

New... a special make-up remover!

Faster! Thorough! for cleansing tinted make-up!



Woodbury Cleansing Cream with Penaten

Do you use cream, cake or liquid make-ups?

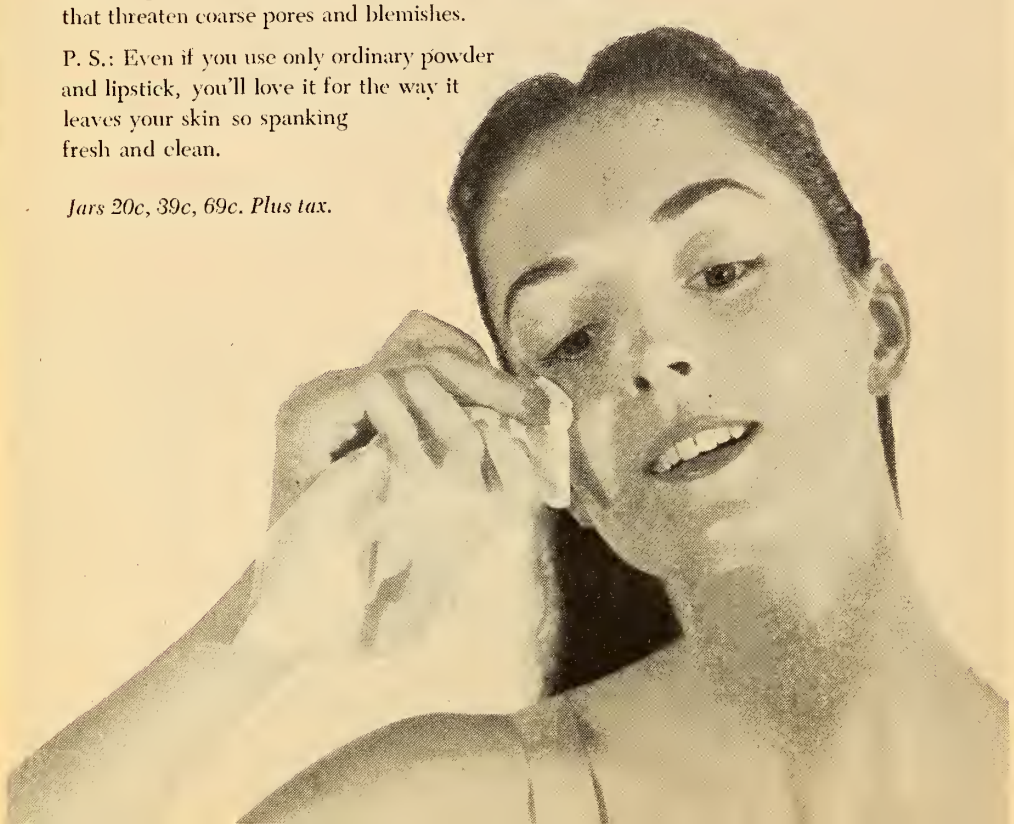
If you do, you probably love them because they cling for hours.

But the fact that they *do cling* means that they're harder to remove. And that's why Woodbury Liquefying Cleansing Cream is a boon and a blessing to so many women.

Here is a cream designed especially for women who use tinted make-ups. And because it contains PENATEN, it seeps deep into the pores, floating away clinging grime and pigments that threaten coarse pores and blemishes.

P. S.: Even if you use only ordinary powder and lipstick, you'll love it for the way it leaves your skin so spanking fresh and clean.

Jars 20c, 39c, 69c. Plus tax.



Coming Next Month



In November: Fibber McGee and Molly are appraised by their son, Jim.

There's a wonderful new surprise feature coming up in RADIO MIRROR which we hope to have ready for you in next month's issue. We're hard at work but even if we have to hold it for another issue, there's still an excess of exciting features in November. Jim Jordan discusses his parents—Fibber McGee and Molly—in a story that's both charming and frank. Also frank, but no less charming is Georgia Skelton's story—My Husband, Red Skelton. Red's the November cover boy, too. There's another Come and Visit feature—this time the welcome mat is out at Johnny Olsen's. And because November is synonymous with Thanksgiving, we're celebrating the festive day at Black Swan Hall—in color—with Our Gal Sunday. Also in color: Joan Davis and Kukla, Fran and Ollie, with stories.

* * *

Nostalgia department: for fifteen years now, the Lux Radio Theatre has been one of your favorite radio programs. To commemorate their anniversary, we're presenting a picture album on the history and highlights of this fabulous show. This is a not-to-be-missed feature in next month's issue.

* * *

And November is special for another reason—the appearance of the First Ballot of the RADIO MIRROR Awards. It's the ballot you'll need to enter the annual RADIO MIRROR polling of favorites—and surely you'll want to vote for your favorites, for RADIO MIRROR's Awards are the *only* awards reflecting audience preferences. All your regular friends will be around next month, too—plus the Reader Bonus—a fictionization of the daytime serial, The Brighter Day. You'll be able to get the November RADIO MIRROR at your newsstand on Wednesday, October 12.

LIVING IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS



During four years in service, WBEN newscaster Ward Fenton (fourth from left) aired army shows over various stations in N. Y. state. This picture shows the first program produced by Rome Air Field. (It was heard over Utica's WBIX.)



Nella Fenton, two and a half, helps Mommy and Daddy feed Ward III, six months, in front of the ever-present radio.

Ward Fenton, newscaster and night supervisor of WBEN, Buffalo, sometimes surprises his associates by his knowledge of the French language. Ward's proficiency stems from his prep schooling in Paris.

After graduation, he worked for three years in Paris for an international freight forwarding concern and the years he spent in Europe have contributed to the well-rounded education which has proved so helpful to newscasters. On his return to the States, he worked for a machinery firm and attended business school in Seattle, Washington. A lover of travel, he crossed the country by auto in 1938 and eventually landed in New York, where he worked at Radio City and attended announcing school. He was assigned to WJIM, Lansing, Michigan, and the next year went to WJBK, Detroit.

That same year he went to WENY, Elmira, New York, and was there until October, 1941, when he came to WBEN as morning newscaster. Here the roving radio man thought he had found a secure haven but Uncle Sam tapped him in 1942. During his tour of duty, he added many more stations to his credit, broadcasting army programs over outlets in Utica, Syracuse, Schenectady and other central New York cities.

He rejoined WBEN in April, 1946, and in addition to his radio duties has done considerable announcing over WBEN-TV and has been the interviewer on the Who's Who? television program. This is old stuff for young Mr. Fenton, who appeared on Schenectady's television station WRGB more than five years ago while in service.

His advice to radio-TV aspirants is to garner experience in as many phases of show business as possible. Ward himself took piano lessons and sang in the double quartet, glee club and church choir while at the Lenox School, which he attended before enrolling in the Mac Jannett school in France.

R M

BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS



By TED MALONE

A few lyrical thoughts for October's bright blue weather

WHAT LITTLE GIRLS ARE MADE OF

Sugar, spice, and all things nice
Compose the nature feminine.
If that is so, I'd like to know
Who sneaked the dash of lemon in.

—Norman R. Jaffray

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

RETURN

The gray frost clings to wagon wheels;
The old horse hangs his head, and feels
A drowsiness creep over him;
His knees relax, and eyes grow dim.

The driver lets the harness fall.
His wife, wrapped in a thin red shawl,
Stands close beside him near the stall:
Her lamp throws shadows on the wall.

What recompense for weariness,
And labor that seems meaningless?
A wife who waits for him at night
With eager eyes in lantern light.

—Marjorie S. Scheuer

HALLOWEEN

A rabbit's foot
Or a knock on wood
On a night like this
Will do no good.

One step outside
Could be your doom—
There are no headlights
On a broom.

—Iva Poston

MAN OF METAL
(Ode for a Husband)

When I was twelve, my heart was meek with awe
Of a boy with rusty hair and copper skin,
Whose temper was mercuric, and whose jaw
Was well-known iron beneath a steely chin.
His eyes were steely, too, twin hot blue fires;
He had his share of brass, don't ever doubt;
His whiskers, some years later, were like wires—
Tungsten, not copper, I have since found out.

With an iron will and muscles, nerves of steel,
They called him Golden Boy—odd paradox.
Harder than nails at closing every deal,
He salted down his tin and ceased to box.
At fifty-six, his hair is rusty gray
With silver threads, and though the golden path
He made for me had not one leaden day,
Lead weights his step in action's aftermath.

And now, at last, he's putty in my hand—
They put white lead in *that*, I understand.

—Lola Ingres Russo

LIFE'S BRIGHT WEATHER

The young wife lifted slim brown hands to place
Another jar of fruit high on the shelf
And there was love like sunshine on her face
And warm contentment deep within herself,
Remembering how she crossed the rustic bridge
Because the wild red plums were ripe to can
And elderberries picked along the ridge
Woods-deep with her small son and her tall man,
And thinking of the garden, row on row,
Which had been just a border for wide fields,
Where she had helped green beans and carrots grow
And learned the pleasure extra labor yields;
Small things, yet she had stored up life's bright weather
For winter hours the three would share together!

—Anobel Armour

TOAST TO WOMAN

There's gladness in her gladness when she's glad
And there's sadness in her sadness when she's sad;
But the gladness of her gladness
And the sadness of her sadness
Is nothing to her madness when she's mad.

—H. W. Guenther

EXILE

Your name comes back across my mind,
Limping on little feet;
And suddenly the wind is chill,
Rain-black the street.

My mind runs wide with thoroughfares,
But when the fall wind grieves,
Narrowly your name walks through,
Scuffing the leaves.

—Berniece Bunn Christman

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday mornings at 11:30 EDT over ABC.

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Down on Radio Row there are tall tales about a certain master of unceremony. Everyone I've talked to says he's a hazard to women's inhibitions. His name is Art Linkletter. This master of mirth runs a small daily riot called "House Party" on the American Broadcasting Company network but it's like no house party I ever attended. For Pillsbury's mid-day host is a genius at verbally creeping up on an unwary participant. His interviews are famous for revealing repartee. As a matter of fact, someone once said that Linkletter could find something gay and funny in a quilting bee at an old maid's home. If "House Party" is any indication of this talent, I agree completely. Linkletter perpetually skates on the censor's thin ice. The personal questions he asks the Mrs.'s at the mike are unbelieveably funny. But that's not all of "House Party", there are stunts that could be conceived only by a master . . . games, quizzes and contests of the "est" variety—biggest feet, oldest old maid, longest married and so on. But the crowning glory of this noontime madness is Linkletter, the man who flies through his ad libs with the greatest of ease and makes "House Party" the best reason for staying out of the noon day sun ever invented.

P.S. In case you don't know it's at 12:00 noon EST every weekday.

★ ★ ★

Anyone can put her foot into it, but you should hear the contestants on Peter Donald's show talk their way out of it! This is just about the most hilarious example of the ticklish situation I ever heard. For here is the proof that silence is NOT golden. Peter Donald sows his wild oats (Quaker, of course) by donning fantastic guises to go with each situation — "Scarface Stilletto" was my favorite with "unwashed Donald" a close second — and then the trapped participants talk their way out of it to the tune of cash prizes. Naturally Peter Donald's masterful dialects are the *creme de la creme* which makes me sorry "Talk Your Way Out Of It" — a mad melee of wit and nitwiticism — is only aired Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3:00 PM EST on the ABC network.

★ ★ ★

Other Tips on Daytime Dialing

Modern Romances 11:00 AM EST
Thrilling dramatizations of twentieth century love.

Galen Drake 4:00 PM EST
Interesting facts and fiction told by a master entertainer.

Betty Crocker 10:25 AM EST
Instructive household hints you'd never find elsewhere.

Joan Lansing

Advertisement

LESLEY WOODS



Lesley not only wanted to act —she was sure she'd be good!

Ever since she was a small girl in Berwick, Iowa, Lesley Woods not only wanted to be an actress, but was sure she would be a good one. Lesley is now heard as Peggy Martinson on This Is Nora Drake, broadcast over CBS, Mondays through Fridays at 2:45 P.M., EDT.

Lesley went to St. Joseph's Academy, a boarding school in Des Moines. It was there she won a contest reciting poetry with gestures which earned her a year's free tuition in elocution, which made her decide acting was for her.

She got a job with a stock company at Benton Harbor, Michigan, and later, through a connection she'd made at Benton Harbor, she got small parts in a summer theater at Spring Lake, New Jersey.

While she was there, seasoned professionals told her the methods for getting jobs on Broadway, among them to write to all the producers months in advance. Lesley did and got a job with the Theatre Guild. As she puts it, "I really got the small part I did get, because I was so cocksure that I could play the lead."

Even with that break, it wasn't easy sledding, however. Lesley did get roles in several other plays, but between parts she had the problem of eating. She solved that by working in department stores and at the straw hat theaters, saving as much as she could for the lean winter.

After returning to New York from a road tour, Lesley decided to go home to Chicago for a square meal and a rest. She only intended staying a short while, but she found all her friends were in radio there and she had no trouble getting plenty of work on the air.

She still wanted to be in the theater, though, so after two years she moved back to New York on the strength of a job in a summer stock company. But the war had hit by then and summer stock was dead. Lesley tried radio and found it very easy to get started this time, her Chicago experience and contacts standing her in good stead.

Meanwhile, she had married John Abbate, an architect. After the war was over, they spent two years in Europe and ". . . I wouldn't have missed any minute of it for anything in the world," Lesley says.

Lesley was scared for a little while, wondering how they would get started again after two years away. She need not have been. Once she let people know she was back, work began coming along pretty regularly and she's in constant demand again.

Your Loveliness is Doubly Safe



because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Vet guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

R M

look slimmer in ten seconds with *Kleinert's *Slimderella Girdle...



be slimmer in ten days with Kleinert's Glamour Program...

Have excess inches been robbing you of fun, freedom, fascination? Then don't waste another minute ... start on Kleinert's glamour program today! First ... slip into Kleinert's Slimderella Girdle. Pure rubber for perfect control ... lined with absorbent, soft, knit-cotton for perfect comfort. Slimderella molds you to vital new beauty, yet it's flexible as your skin. All over perforations for coolness. Fleece lined bottom edges, smooth flat seams, flannel backed garters assure you perfect freedom from rubbing. Washes and dries in no time!

Every inch sizes ... 24 to 36. Step-in Slimderella ... $3.50.

Easy-on slide-fastened Slimderella ... $4.50.

Free! Helena Rubinstein Reducing Diet and Beauty Plan

... an exciting part of Kleinert's glamour program! No dreary "rabbit food" routine ... you get appetizing, satisfying meals, yet you can lose as much as seven pounds in ten days. This diet ... by world-famous Helena Rubinstein ... is just part of Kleinert's glamour program. The whole plan is yours for the asking ... at your store that sells Kleinert's garments.

*With your Slimderella girdle, you get a free sample of Kleinert's *Mirelle powder. A delightful deodorant ... helps you slip into your girdle, helps prolong its life.*



***Sani-Scants**
Really smooth protection for troublesome days! Dainty, knit panties with waterproof panel. Tabs for pins. White and flesh in rayon, $1.25. All nylon, $2.50.

***Nuvo Elastic Sanitary Belt**
Can't twist, cut or curl. Adjusts to any size. Anchored safety pins or pinless fasteners. In rayon—50¢; nylon and acetate—65¢.

***Braforms**
The uplift bra gives you wonderful lines—the attached shields protect your clothes. Nylon marquisette, 32-42. $2

®® Prices slightly higher on the West Coast

salute to...



This autumn, in the season of rich harvest, CBS has brought together the most remarkable collection of old and new favorites that it has ever offered radio listeners. To salute this magnificent crop of music, comedy, drama, variety and mystery, RADIO MIRROR has dedicated a special issue.

This Sunday through Saturday Broadcast Cavalcade is already being heard, or will be on the air within the next few weeks. All of the people you see on the cover, those whose stories are in the feature section of this issue, and many more, have turned their talents to bringing you old favorites and new programs which are likely to become favorites. The autumn horn of plenty overflows.

RADIO MIRROR feels that such an array of programs and talent, as well as the effort behind the scenes that went into gathering these shows and stars together, is worthy of special mention. This All-CBS Issue of RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR is the magazine's way of drawing the special attention of you, the reader-listener, to what CBS has to offer you this coming season.

The Editors

The Life and Times of CBS

The Fabulous Story of a Network That Grew Faster than Jack's Beanstalk

By LOWELL THOMAS



Mr. Thomas, currently on a world tour, plans to broadcast via short wave, whenever possible, at his regular time: Mon.-Fri. at 6:45 P.M. EDT over CBS stations.

More fabulous than any fairy-book tale is the story of CBS.

Thirty years ago, even the word "radio" was not in common use. The crackle of Morse code signals and the occasional voices and music heard mainly through the earphones of crystal sets was called "wireless."

And the gigantic network of the Columbia Broadcasting System had its beginning only twenty-two years ago!

Twenty-two years from two small studios and a great dream to the vast company that now serves 185 affiliated radio stations in the United States as well as forty-two television stations; that employs thousands of people and is a vital part in the life of millions; that brings great news, great drama and great music to virtually every household in the land.

The Jack who planted the magic beanstalk was a small cultivator compared to William S. Paley. He is the man who merged two companies—United Independent Broadcasters and Columbia Phonograph Broadcasting Company—named the new company CBS, became its first president at twenty-seven, and has been its guiding, dynamic force ever since.

In 1926 the wealthy, powerful NBC was established—the biggest thing by far in radio—backed by the millions of RCA.

The start of CBS within a year was very different. CBS began with relatively little money. Its main assets were an idea, a high hope and after young Bill Paley took over, a determination to catch up with NBC—to surpass NBC.

The miraculous strides made by the radio industry



At his first show for CBS in 1931, Bing Crosby (shown here with ad executive Jack Nelson) wore the golf togs that have marked his broadcast appearances ever since.



Twenty years of Burns and Allen—1929-1949: George and Gracie haven't changed much in that time and their talent is still as appealing as it was then.



Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson were a popular husband-and-wife singing team during the thirties. After her husband died, Miss Sanderson retired from air.



Who doesn't remember Major Bowes' Amateur Hour? The late Major's program, first of its kind, incubated many famous talents—Frank Sinatra among them.

as a whole are due in no small part to the competition that began between these two major networks before Mutual was organized and before ABC completed the quartet of separate national networks.

My first regular broadcasts were over CBS. They started in 1930. The reorganized CBS was barely a year old, but even in that first year it had been striding ahead in ten league boots. The race of the giants was starting!

Each year saw great innovations, new technics, new stars. CBS had its full share of notable "firsts" as well as a full roster of names that were to become famous in every corner of the globe.

Look at the list of some of the great who came to radio prominence on CBS:

Deems Taylor narrated his own new opera, "The King's Henchman," on the first broadcast made by the new network on September 18, 1927.

To the concern of his friends, H. V. Kaltenborn left the city desk of a newspaper to give full time to broadcasting CBS news. They shook their heads sadly over his rash exchange of (*Continued on page* 89)

My Boss,

You never know what's going to happen next when you work for an unpredictable redhead . . . but that's what makes it exciting!

By MUG RICHARDSON



Mug went along when Arthur was "piped aboard" the Navy plane *Constitution* for a special broadcast from the giant airship.

"Well, Miss Richardson, go on up to New York and start in on this career of yours and lots of good luck to you. But if you don't like it—if you run into trouble with any big city wise guys or some producer wants you to wear a feather and stand in a spotlight, come on back here and I'll give you a job. My secretary is leaving in a few weeks and I'll be needing someone."

That's what Arthur Godfrey said to me the first time I met him way back in July, 1934, at six o'clock in the morning at Station WTOP in Washington, D. C. I had just won the title of "Miss North Carolina of 1934" and was being shown around the Capital city by my chaperons from Raleigh. The night before I had been taken to Club Michelle, a roof garden spot where Arthur was working at night as a bandleader-emcee. He introduced me from the floor for a bow and arranged with the folks from the North Carolina State Society, who had sponsored the beauty contest, for me to come on his early morning show the next day for an interview.

When his program went off the air Arthur and I chatted awhile and I explained I was on my way to New York to try modeling or work in a show or nightclub until September when I was entered in the Miss America contest in Atlantic City. I can see his doubtful expression yet, as he looked at me—a green, wide-eyed young kid with a southern accent you could cut with a knife, and said, "Well, remember what I told you—if you find you don't like it up there in New York, come on back here and I'll give you a job."

Up to New York I went, full of excitement, hopes and dreams, anxious to get a job and get going in the big city. My chaperons had arranged for me to live with a lovely family, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Castle. The Castles were vaudevillians who had an apartment in Manhattan which their sister kept for them whenever they were on the road. They were simply wonderful to me, gave me my own room and took care of me as if I were their daughter.

Through the Castles I met the late Marty Sampter, a theatrical agent, who at that time managed Barbara Stanwyck and Joe Penner. He was a little startled

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, now heard Mondays at 8:30 P.M. EDT, will return on TV at the end of Sept. Godfrey and His Friends, scheduled to return on TV Sept. 28, will be telecast on Wednesdays at 8:00 P.M. EST. Godfrey's morning program, heard at 10:15, M.-F., returns to the air on Sept. 26. All programs are on CBS and WCBS-TV stations.

ARTHUR GODFREY



"Mug is my production chief plus-plus-plus," says Godfrey whenever people ask him about Mug's job. And Mug, to whom "plus" can—and usually does—mean everything from chauffeuring to remembering names, doesn't think she could find a more fascinating job: "I love it. It's full of hard work, late hours, surprises, a million laughs—and I'm never, never bored!"

at the name Mug, which had been tagged on me by school chums back in my home town of Wendell, North Carolina, but he said it was at least different and I might as well use it. Sampter decided the first thing I should do was get a daytime job so I could study dramatics and dancing at night. And he wanted me to take elocution lessons in order to lose my thick accent. Marty was a live wire and within a few days I was set with a modeling job in a wholesale evening dress house in the garment center.

But it didn't take me long to discover that modeling dinner gowns all day long for buyers, with the constant dressing and undressing was not the glamorous toil I thought it would be. I didn't know anyone in town except the Castles and I was so dog tired at night that I didn't have the energy to go out on a date even if I'd known any boys to ask me. And besides, after six weeks that old homesick feeling really began to get me. I told Marty I wanted to quit and go home or back to Washington, where I had friends. He begged me not to leave just yet because the Paradise nightclub, then one of the top spots in New York, was looking for girls for their new show and he felt sure he could get me a job there and I'd be happier.

At his insistence I went over and met Nils T. Granlund (N.T.G.), the producer who ran the place. He looked me over and sent me to the dressing room to try on one of the show costumes. When I was handed the "costume," I nearly died. It was only net—literally—with a string and a bead here and there, and I just wouldn't put it on. I ran out of the dressing room, starting to cry, mumbled an apology to N.T.G., and left, miserable as could be.



Mug and Arthur relax at Colbee's, a Manhatta



Mug's delight is reason to suspect that Godfrey is planning a prank with the rabbit he has hidden in his hands.

The next day some friends of mine came up from Washington, and at the sight of familiar faces my homesickness got the best of me. I called Marty and told him I had definitely made up my mind to leave New York. I thanked him for all he had done for me, marched down to the dress house, collected my check and drove back to Washington with my friends that night.

The following morning I called Arthur and made an appointment to see him. I told him what had happened and he had a knowing smile on his face as he said, "I knew you'd be back. You're not the type to buck all that razzle-dazzle in New York." So I went to work for Arthur Godfrey, the beginning of what has been a wonderful association. I never did get to the Miss America contest in Atlantic City, but I've never regretted it for a moment.

Arthur's secretary broke me into the work and showed me as much as she could before she left. Though I had taken some commercial courses in high school I decided I needed to brush up so I started night school. But getting up at four-thirty in the morning so I could get to the studio by six

ARTHUR GODFREY



restaurant which the CBS crowd has made its own.



Hardly anyone remembers that Godfrey's Girl Friday was christened Margaret. Mug is a schoolday tag that stuck.

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I managed to get along fairly well though, except for the times Arthur would blow up at me for some stupid mistake I'd made. I was a sensitive kid and it took me a little while to get used to him before I could "take it." I soon learned, however, that Arthur can rage like fire, blow his top for thirty seconds, and then it's all over and he's forgotten what he was mad about. He has what they usually call a "typical Irish temper." And I might add that after all these years he hasn't changed a bit in that respect.

Of course there are a few things that time hasn't changed in me either—my spelling and my arithmetic, for example. To this day one of Arthur's pet expressions to me is, "You can't even spell Doddle's-squat," a southern saying meaning what, I don't know, and I don't think he does either. And he'll scream, "Mug, you *still* can't add!" In the early days, besides my secretarial work, I used to take care of Arthur's check books, accounting, etc., and if I'd make an error, which I often did, he'd work for hours trying to find it. It wasn't the missing penny, it's just that he has such a terrific mathematical mind that it drives him crazy until he finds that one cent difference.

He taught advanced math when he was in the Coast Guard and has a brilliant head for that sort of stuff. He was determined I should "get with it" and made me take a La Salle extension course in accounting and bookkeeping, but when I got all through I still had trouble with figures. So he was finally convinced it didn't do me a "darned bit of good."

Fortunately though, Arthur soon began to get more sponsors on his early morning show and we had to get a regular full-time accountant. And gradually my duties grew and grew until before I knew it I was compiling most of the material he used on his broadcasts—letters, notes, suggestions, poems, newspaper and magazine clippings—anything I thought would fit into his humorous style of rambling, impromptu talk. Then, as now, I sat next to him while we were on the air and handed him one piece of material after another as he went along. I developed somewhat of a—well, I guess (*Continued on page 87*)

My Boss, ARTHUR GODFREY

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RED SKELTON and CO.

The funny man's a family man now—and doing nicely, thank you

Some people would hesitate to keep antique furniture and fragile porcelains in the same house with redheads. But not the Skeltons—and they're four redheads strong: Red, his wife Georgia, daughter Valentina Marie and son Richard Freeman. Even though the Skelton home isn't temper-proof, it is beautiful—Georgian colonial with nine rooms, located in star-studded Bel-Air. In the pink entrance hall, there's an antique organ. And since both Red and Georgia putter with paints, most of the paintings around bear the Skelton signature. Red keeps his movie projector, electric trains and playback in a den separate from the house and he's just beginning to wonder when the two little redheads will discover that room and make it their own. But in the meantime, he's having all the fun he can.

Red Skelton can be heard on Sundays, beginning September 25, at 8:30 P.M. EST on CBS.



Red's hobbies, family and photography, combine for shots of wife Georgia, and small Skeltons, Valentina Marie, Richard Freeman.



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Three very good reasons why Rosemary likes to stay home as much as possible: Margaret, Martha, baby Valerie.



There's a long-standing family croquet tournament—a round is played whenever there's time. Rosemary's husband is a judge, John Shidler.



THE FACE IS FAMILIAR

Face known to movie-goers, voice to radio listeners— here's Rosemary DeCamp at home, when she's not busy being an actress!

By FRANCES KISH

Out in Palos Verdes, those "green hills" of California that were once part of a Spanish land grant, you follow a slight hill a quarter of a mile from the Pacific and come upon a large, white-plaster, Mediterranean style house, roofed with rust-colored tiles. It has nine rooms, a big sunporch, and a white-walled patio, and something's going on in practically every part of it practically every minute.

It's the house that Dr. Christian's nurse, Judy Price, lives in, when she's just being Mrs. John Shidler, née Rosemary DeCamp, wife of Judge Shidler and mother of seven-year-old Margaret, three-year-old Martha, and baby Valerie.

The Shidlers bought the place a month after John was discharged from the Air Corps. It's presided over by Rosemary, with the help of a treasure of a nurse and a combination housekeeper and cook—this latter an elderly Japanese who answers to "Jo" and is most polite and almost completely un-understandable.

There are always pets about, permanent and transient ones—dogs, cats, ducks, and anything in the vicinity that walks, crawls or flies and that Margaret has been able to snare. For first-grader Margaret (Nana to the family) is all wrapped up in bug-ology at the (*Continued on page* 79)



Dr. Christian is heard Wednesdays at 8:30 P.M. EDT, CBS stations.

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Dr. Christian is heard Wednesdays at 8 P.M. E.S.T. over



Being the mother of Liza and Constance gives Eve authority and wisdom she otherwise would not have had for her role as Miss Brooks.

"If I Did Teach School—"

Teachers are supposed to know all the answers—and most of the questions, too. That's why Eve is so well qualified, for as radio's Miss Brooks—*and* the mother of two—she gets plenty of practice

By EVE ARDEN



In character: the object of Miss Brooks' affection, whether he knows it or not—and usually he doesn't—is Madison High's biology teacher, Mr. Boynton (played by Jeff Chandler).

So I'm a school teacher! Once a week, as Miss Brooks—who is sort of America's answer, in slang, to England's Mr. Chips—I survive the calamities of pedagogy. Because my writers are resourceful, I sometimes emerge from a classroom encounter in jaunty triumph.

Those writers, and my audiences, should see me at home.

Last week my elder daughter, Miss Liza—aged four and a half—came to me with a problem. "Mommy, what is light?" she inquired in the casual tone of one who is about to hear a simple, vivid answer.

I gave it some thought. What is light? Well, it should be easy . . . light is what the sun sheds on the earth.

"But, Mommy, it's light sometimes when the sun doesn't shine—like when it rains."

The sun is still shining, of course, just behind the clouds, darling.

"But after we've seen the sun go down, it is still light for a little while. What makes that?"

Reflection, of course. You see, the sun is still shining against the curvature of the earth which acts as a . . .

"And then, Mommy, when it is perfectly dark outdoors, it is light in the house."

Ah, yes, my darling daughter, but the light in the house is caused by electricity. We turn it on at the wall switch, or with the little chain in the lamps, remember?

"Mommy, what is electricity?"

Mommy is going down for the third time, but she is game to the end. She says that once upon a time there was a man named Benjamin Franklin who tied a key to a silk cord and tied the silk cord to a kite. In the midst of a lightning storm. . . .

Whereupon my daughter, always a genius at *non sequitur,* turned a cherubic smile upon me as she asked, "Mommy, what means Dixieland?"

"Dixieland is a place," I said with decision, "just west of the rising sun and just south of total chaos. It is a place where mint grows on silver glasses, where it is not corny to be a colonel, and where Jack Benny keeps Phil Harris between Sundays." (*Continued on page* 74)

Our Miss Brooks, with Eve Arden, can be heard on Sunday evenings at 6:30 EDT over CBS stations.

Manhattan Rain



1. One rainy day in New York Dr. Bob Lawton, in desperate need of a cab, hails Pleasant Bolton's taxi. The back is occupied by Cassy Clemmons, on her way to be married, but Lawton's car has broken down on an emergency call to deliver twins and he persuades Cassy to detour through Teaneck and assist him.

"When it rains in the big city," says New York cabbie Pleasant Bolton, "lots of things happen. Take yesterday. It was raining cats and dogs. I was cruising down 56th Street when all of a sudden this beautiful dame comes rushing towards me, all excited."

Thus Manhattan Rain, vividly and skillfully enacted by the same cast you see pictured here, gets under way and another exciting First Nighter drama is on the air.

CAST

Cassy Clemmons	Barbara Luddy
Dr. Robert Lawton	Olan Soule
Pleasant Bolton	Bob Jellison
Walter Rathbun	Willard Waterman

A FIRST



2. Once in Teaneck, Cassy has ideas of her own. Told by Lawton to boil some water, she puts up several gallons, then calls her fiance, Walter Rathbun, to explain. Lawton interrupts, demanding the water.



6. At her fiance's house the men decide she must not face Walter alone. Cassy objects and proves her point by kicking Lawton in the shins. However she is overpowered and all three of them go in to soothe Walter.

NIGHTER DRAMA



3. How was Cassy to know Dr. Bob only wanted a little hot water for tea! Lawton scolded her gently and made her exchange her rain-soaked clothes for a dry nurse's uniform belonging to the expectant mother.



4. Three hours later Robert beams at Cassy who tenderly smiles back at him as she holds the newborn babies. By this time Cassy has discovered that the doctor is not married and her eyes are sparkling.



5. "That," says Pleasant, "is how your eyes *should* look when you get married. And your dress is the right color, too!" But on the return trip Cassy is glum . . . until a sudden stop throws her into Bob's arms.



7. Since Walter refuses to listen to reason, Cassy goads him into fighting Lawton who, unfortunately, gets the worst of it. As Cassy watches helplessly, Walter (who is 6'5") lands a hard right to Lawton's jaw.



8. "My darling, are you hurt?" sobs Cassy as she comforts Robert. "What do you mean by darling!" shouts Walter. "Do you love this man?" "Yes!" shrieks Cassy. "I love him and I never want to see you again!"



9. With eyes sparkling, Cassy Clemmons and Dr. Robert Lawton take leave of their cab driver-turned-Cupid as the curtain falls on another First Nighter performance in the little theater just off Times Square.

The First Nighter program is heard each Thursday night at 10:00 EDT over CBS

HE'S MADE HIS

Groucho Marx has been combining comedy and questions for some time now on his quiz program—but nobody's ever bothered to quiz Groucho. To correct this tempting oversight, RADIO MIRROR *dispatched Fredda Dudley Balling to turn the tables on Groucho. Here are the questions Mrs. Balling asked—and the answers she received.*

Q. I understand that your name is Groucho Marx. Why?

A. I was named after my brothers, Chico and Harpo.

Q. There doesn't seem to be much connection, except for a family insistence on the letter "o."

A. They were born first, so you see I was named *after* my brothers, Chico and Harpo.

Q. Is Groucho your real name?

A. No; my real name is Julius. I was so-called because my mother mistakenly thought my Uncle Julius had a lot of money hidden away. The idea was that when he passed to his reward, he would be so pleased at having a namesake that we all would receive a rich inheritance.

Q. And?

A. Uncle Julius lived with us, board and room free, for thirty years. When he finally departed, he still owed my father $38.00. This came as quite a shock to my mother.

Q. How did you acquire the name Groucho?

A. From a juggler who appeared on the same vaudeville bill with my brothers and me. He started at the foot of the family and worked up: he called Gummo by that title because he always wore his rubbers, rain or shine, and in those days rubbers were called 'gum shoes.' Harpo played the harp. Chico was a chicken fancier, and I don't mean the chickens you keep in coops. Zeppo, the youngest, was named after a clown we saw one time. They called me Groucho because I was supposed to be grouchy. This is a lie, of course.

Q. What are some of the other names you've been called?





Groucho's a quiz kid now and goes to the head of the class. Better yet, he proves that he's still one of the funniest men alive



MARX

A. To what age group are we addressing this interview?

Q. This is a family magazine, Mr. Marx.

A. Then I'll omit some of the names I've been called. However, in the movies and on the stage I've been known impressively as "Professor Wagstaff," "Rufus T. Firefly," "Otis B. Driftwood," "Dr. Hackenbush," "Attorney Loophold," "J. Quentin Quale," "Wolf J. Flywheel," "Lionel Q. Devereaux," "Julius B. Fritewiff," and "Emil Kreck." That last guy got in through a Kreck in the script.

Q. Now, Mr. Marx, let's have some vital statistics. For example, how old are you?

A. That's not a vital statistic, that's a chemical formula. Besides, I'd rather avoid the question on the grounds that I can't remember; it's been years since I had my rings counted.

Q. Birthplace?

A. New York.

Q. Height?

A. Five feet, seven.

Q. Hair?

A. Yes.

Q. I meant, what color is your hair?

A. Early nubian, or Beverly Hills black.

Q. Eyes?

A. Two—both brown.

Q. As for your mustache, Mr. Marx—true or false?

A. Like love in the soap operas, it started out false but as time wore on it became true. In movies, my mustache was a generous smear of burned cork. In radio, I was persuaded by my producer to let my mustache grow. A week later I was persuaded by my wife to shave it off. One week on, one week off. Somebody had to weaken. It was my wife; she let me keep the mustache.



Q. Weight, Mr. Marx?

A. Sure. As long as you like, baby.

Q. I mean, how heavy are you?

A. Last time I lifted myself, the hand on my suspenders stopped at 155, which was probably the address of the manufacturer. Besides, it was my hand and it was holding up (*Continued on page* 97)



The Groucho Marx show can be heard on Wednesdays beginning September 28 at 9:00 P.M. EST on CBS.

We, the People



Dan admits that his wife Louise was a big help to him—not only in picking these stories—but long before that.

I REMEMBER BEST

By Dan Seymour



Mrs. Richard Bennett (right), organizer of Polio Parents, was on We, the People with Virginia DeFabio, whose life found new meaning thru Polio Parents.



Mary Margaret McBride was persuaded to join Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Dan when they sang "Busy Doing Nothing" on We, the People one night. The trio didn't exactly make musical history, but what's more important, they had a lot of fun.

Little or great, well-known or obscure, We, the People represents all types, but whoever they are, each one has something to offer . . .

I'm a hard man to pin down. When you ask me—and everyone does—what people, what story I remember best of all of those I've come to know on We, the People, I'm hard put to it to find an answer.

Not that there aren't memorable stories. Just thinking of it, faces crowd my memory, and stories, dozens and dozens of them, clamor to be told. That's the trouble. How is it possible to choose one "best" when there have been so many that tear at your heart with their poignancy, to recall but one face, out of so many unforgettable, unforgotten faces?

Maybe I'm the wrong man for the job—maybe I'm too soft, or impressionable, or whatever you want to call it. But in all my twelve years of association with We, the People—first as an announcer and more recently as master of ceremonies—there've been very few people and very few stories it would be possible for me to forget.

Perhaps before I try to tell you any of those stories I should explain (I admit it—I *am* stalling!) how the guests for the program are chosen. We, the People has a staff of highly trained researchers who do nothing but comb the papers and the wire services to find interesting and heart-warming stories of great and little people. Not that little people can't be great. Quite the contrary—usually it's their stories, so quietly wonderful, so unspectacularly magnificent, that are the ones that are best-remembered.

I remember one such "little" person—small in size as well as in relative importance in the world. His name is Richard (*Continued on page* 91)



Nine-year-old Dick Kenney was the hero of Salisbury, Conn.—and later of We, the People—for stopping a careening school-bus.

We, the People, with Dan Seymour, can be heard on Tuesdays at 9:00 P.M. EDT over CBS.



1. As housekeeper for the Henderson family, Beulah shares their troubles and laughs, helps solve their problems and ease their worries. Beulah doesn't devote her whole time to the Hendersons though. There's her boyfriend, Bill, for instance. He's a great big hunk of man who loves Beulah, but feels that marriage isn't anything to rush into. But Beulah isn't a gal to give up easily.

Actress Hattie McDaniel was well-known to movie audiences long before she started in radio as Beulah, but even a seasoned veteran can have butterflies in her stomach at the microphone. "I thought I'd never get through those first few broadcasts," says Hattie. She did though, and admirably, now having two full sessions to her credit. Hattie's first movie appearance was as Queenie in "Show Boat," but she is best remembered for her Academy Award portrayal of Mammy in "Gone With The Wind." Hattie lives in Hollywood, drives her own car and has a reputation as a fine cook.

With Hattie on the Beulah show are Hugh Studebaker, who plays Harry Henderson, Beulah's employer; Mary Jane Croft as Harry's wife, Alice; and Henry Blair as their son, Donnie. Ruby Dandridge is Oriole, housekeeper next-door and Ernest Whitman plays Bill Jackson, the man Beulah sometimes despairs of ever getting roped and tied. But while there's life, there's hope is her motto—and there's a lot of life in Beulah.

Beulah

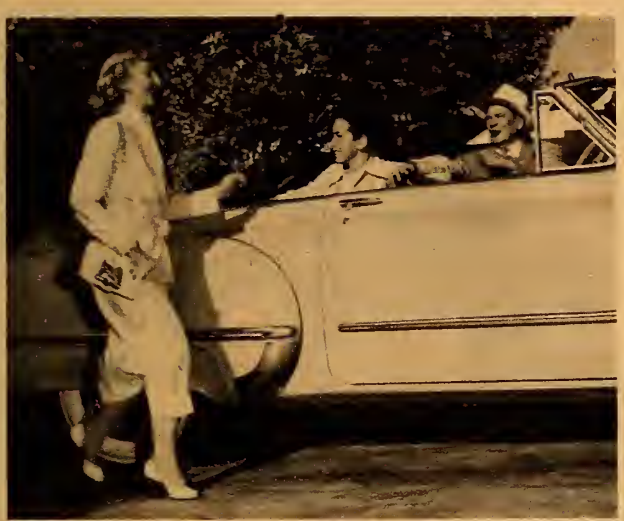
She's a gal with a smile on her face, a song in her heart, a load on her feet . . . and as the Hendersons' housekeeper, she's rapidly becoming a national institution



2. Beulah serves breakfast—and advice—to the Hendersons—Alice and Harry and their son, Donnie.



3. Beulah always says that she gives her boyfriend, Bill, plenty of rope but he refuses to tie the knot.



4. Sunday is Beulah's day off and rather than stay home without her, the Henderson family goes out.



5. Beulah's wit shines when she gossips over the wash with Oriole, the next-door housekeeper.

Beulah can be heard Monday through Friday at 7:00 P.M. EDT, over CBS stations.



Golf's his sport—and Jane's—but Ed spent the summer planning a sequel to "I Can Hear It Now," his album of famous speeches.

Come and Visit

A news commentator travels the whole world over—but there's always one special place he prefers to call home

You might see Ed Murrow teeing off with a hefty southpaw wallop or you might smell delicious aromas escaping from Janet Murrow's kitchen or maybe you'd hear Ed and his young son, Casey, making a record on their wire recorder. For up on Quaker Hill in Pawling, New York, where the Murrows live, life is easy and pleasant—and they make the most of it.

"This cedar was hand-hewn by some Finns who came over during the World's Fair," explains Ed, proudly referring to his log cabin type, eight-room house atop 1,500 feet of Berkshire foothills.

"Janet, Casey and I start coming up here in early spring and don't close the place until the snow begins to fall." (Pawling is about seventy-seven miles



ED MURROW

By PATTY de ROULF

from Manhattan, where Murrow broadcasts.) "Gives me plenty of exercise," the commentator continues, "what with storm windows to put up or take down, the garden to be planted, the cedar to be oiled and a tempting golf course practically in my back yard."

But the CBS news commentator looks like the kind of a gentleman who can take his share of exercise. He's six feet one, carries himself with easy grace and has the appearance of a Hollywood casting director's dream of a foreign correspondent. Yet, in his steady climb to success, Murrow has never lost that quiet, friendly Southern hospitality. His home is constantly packed with guests from Europe, scholars, newspaper men, radio people. He and Janet and even three-and-a-half-year-old Casey seem to possess the magic which attracts friends back to Quaker Hill again and again.

Greensboro, North Carolina, is Ed Murrow's home town. He was born there on April 25, 1908, son of a farmer. When the Murrow family moved to the state of Washington, young Edward spent college vacations working as a compassman and topographer in the thick timber regions of the country. From necessity he had to carry his lunch with him and eat on the ground week in and week out. As a result, there's nothing he hates worse these days than going on a picnic.

At Washington State College, the lad from North Carolina made Phi Beta Kappa and in 1930 set foot on a career which began (*Continued on page* 102)



When Ed cleans his guns for the fall hunting season (pheasant's his game), Casey likes to help.



Ed calls exercise what most people call work. One of his "exercises" is oiling the cedar logs.

Edward R. Murrow With The News can be heard Mon.-Fri., at 7:45 P.M. EDT over CBS.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION

There's

For this special all-CBS issue, RADIO MIRROR presents on this and the following seven pages, a review of the television shows which either are available now on CBS-TV or will be very shortly.

These are early season plans, of course, subject to change without notice as new programs develop and others drop out. Shows may be switched to different dates and time slots. But any changes will be in the interest of better programming for you, the viewer.

In this general CBS round-up the shows are listed, for your ready reference, by the type they are: Variety, Drama, Children's Shows, Music, News, Sports, etc. The territory covered is wide—ranging from Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town, the Goldbergs and Lucky Pup to Bob Howard, Quincy Howe and a Brooklyn Dodgers baseball game. Whatever your tastes, the scope of CBS's television program is broad enough to satisfy them, for these shows—plus the special events such as guest appearances, films, holiday celebrations, etc.—are all designed to round out the exciting new TV season that is just beginning.



Headed for TV—maybe: Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone—and the whole gang.



Not yet scheduled, but on the way: Edgar Bergen and his indispensable Charlie.

VARIETY...



Ed Wynn is working on a TV show for presentation this fall.



Crosby also expects to bring himself to TV on CBS this year.



Inside U.S.A., TV musical revue, debuts this fall. Arthur Schwartz is producer.



Rehearsal shot at Toast of the Town brings into view the seldom-seen production men. Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan (right) emcees this CBS revue.

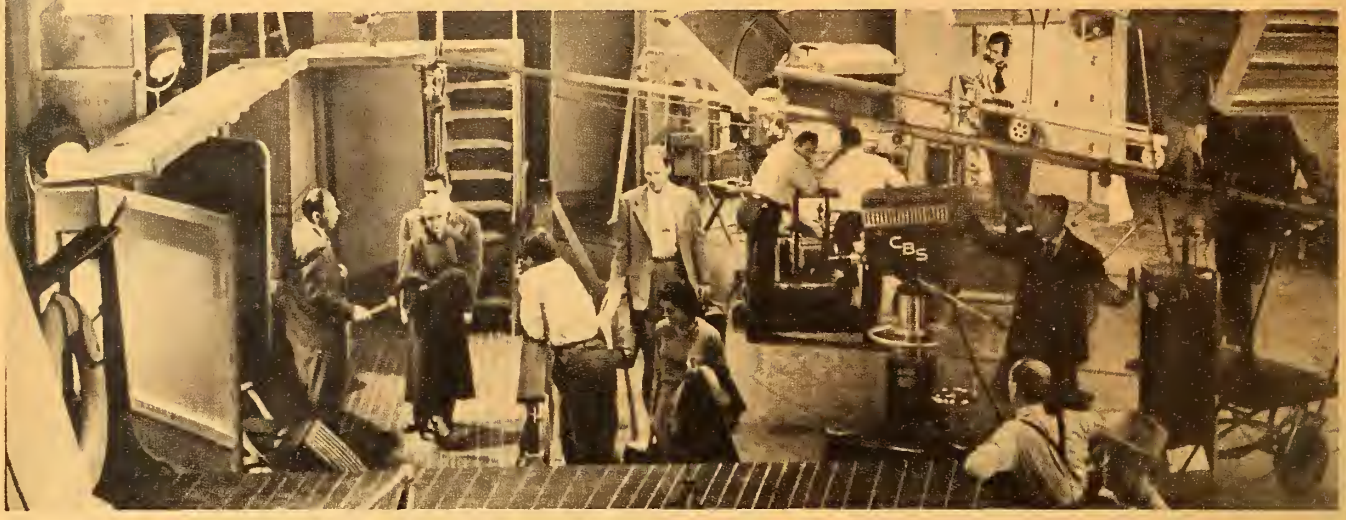


Tex and Jinx McCrary continue as editors of CBS's living magazine, Preview.



The Fred Waring show: an hour-long CBS musical with variety supplied by the Pennsylvanians, a flock of featured singers—and a dance contest.

There's DRAMA...and



Shades of Hollywood: This is the set used for Cabin B-13, presented by the TV chiller show, Suspense.



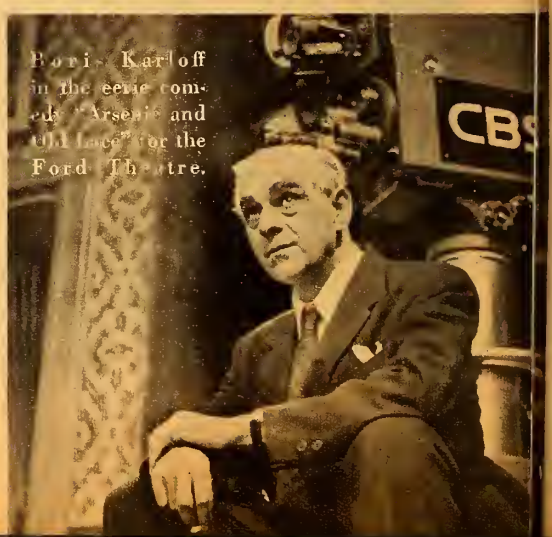
Family Portrait No. 1: The Hansens of San Francisco in the new Mama.

CBS brings the Great White Way theatre district right into your own living room every night in the week with musical shows, comedies, drama and intimate little plays about family life. The five programs illustrated here are only a part of the CBS-TV line-up—there's lots more fine entertainment already on or scheduled for the coming months, but these are most representative: Ford Theatre, now on every other Friday at 9 P.M. EDT; the Goldbergs, Mondays at 9:30 P.M. EDT; a Suspense chiller, Tuesdays at 9:30 P.M., EDT; Mama, adapted from the book, *Mama's Bank Account*, which was a hit on the stage and screen as "I Remember Mama," is on Fridays at 8:00 P.M., EDT; and Studio One, a Worthington Miner production, on Mondays at 10 P.M., EDT, with a repertoire ranging from frothy comedy to Shakespeare in modern dress.



Family Portrait No. 2: The ever-popular Goldbergs of The Bronx.





FUN for the CHILDREN...

Some people call them "family shows," though these excursions into fantasy, puppetry and cowboy lore are planned for children. Basic premise for Paul Tripp's Mr. I. Magination is that children long to play grown-up parts. On this Sunday program a child always gets that chance, in an otherwise adult cast. made up of Paul, wife Ruth Enders, Ted Tiller and others. The *piece de resistance* is a wonder-train.

On Lucky Pup it's the $5,000,000 inheritance that magician Foodini tries to take from the Pup, and the encounters with Pinhead and Jolo, that have the kids on the edge of their chairs five days a week and during the filmed Saturday resume. Hope and Morey Bunin are the creators, puppeteers and voices for the crew, Doris Brown is the narrator.

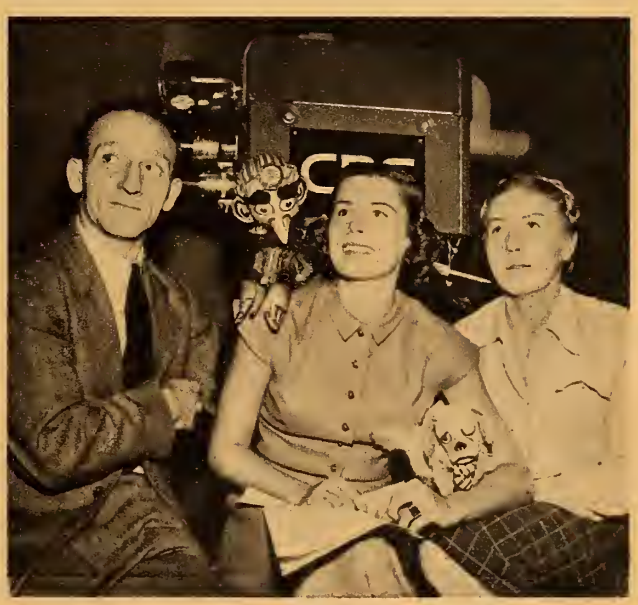
Sheriff Bob Dixon, his dog and range lore make Chuck Wagon popular with thousands of young "deputies." Bob sums up children's programs this way: "If they like your stuff, then you're in solid."



Paul Tripp, as Mr. I. Magination, takes wishful kids—via television—to Imaginationland.



Chuck Wagon: Bob Dixon and canine Tumbleweed Grogan rate high with small fry.



Foodini parks on Doris Brown's shoulder, Lucky Pup in her arms. R. and l. the Bunins.

There's MUSIC...



Pianist, organist, singer, composer—it's Ted Steele and he's seen and heard on his one-man variety program over CBS-TV.



Another one-man show: Bob Howard, who's at the keyboard five days a week at 6:45 P.M. EDT.



Al Bernie heads the parade of Broadway talent on the 54th Street Revue on CBS-TV every Thursday evening at 8:00 EDT.

Spotlighted on this, and the opposite page are some of CBS's outstanding musical programs which provide good looking as well as good listening. From Monday through Sunday, CBS's television menu is varied enough to provide something for all tastes.

For a well-balanced Monday evening's viewing, you can choose (musically) among Cliff Edwards and his ukulele antics, Bob Howard's sweet-talking piano and the indomitable Godfrey and his Talent Scouts. (For more about Godfrey, see page 26.)

Then there's a quiz show—one with a twist—It Pays to Be Ignorant. For the ladies—and any gentlemen who care to look—there's Dione Lucas, who knows the way to any man's heart; and Dorothy Doan, who brings Vanity Fair to life every weekday at 12:30.

Tuesday's fare is equally varied. Musically there are still Bob Howard (heard through Sat.) and Ted Steele, who's on daily. There's also sophisticated Sonny Kendis and his piano, assisted by glamorous Gigi Durston in the vocal department. Another singer worth looking at



Piano-playing, ballad-singing Jeanne Bargy calls her one-woman show Blues By Bargy. On Tues., Wed., Sat., 7:45 P.M.



Musical quiz show: Warren Hull emcees Spin to Win with its $15,000 Jukebox Jackpot.



Variety of style: Sonny Kendis and Gigi Durston, the supper club brand; Cliff Edwards (below), who's on hand with uke.

is Jeanne Bargy, daughter of famous band leader Roy, who has her own show, Blues By Bargy, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Wednesday offers Cliff Edwards at his usual time—7:45 (if you like his style you can catch him again on Friday) and Arthur Godfrey and his Friends. Following Godfrey is Paul Winchell and his engaging friend, Jerry Mahoney, plus Dunninger, the mentalist.

Come Thursday, you can hear Sonny Kendis once more and enjoy the 54th Street Revue, with funnyman Al Bernie and a variety of well-known entertainers. A new mystery show, scheduled to begin about the time you read this, will probably be on view Friday night at 8:30.

Winner Take All, the exciting giveaway emceed by Bud Collyer, is on Saturday at 8:00 P.M., followed by Ken Murray's Blackouts.

Beginning in October a new show, Tonight on Broadway, will feature excerpts from successful shows, played by the theater cast. You will also find fun in your future with Jack Sterling, and perhaps a fortune on Spin to Win —if you can identify tunes played backward!



There's NEWS...



Doug Edwards does the announcing on CBS Television News telecast Monday thru Friday at 7:30 P.M. EDT.

Want to know what's happening in Bagdad or Butte? In Washington or the United Nations? Doug Edwards informs you Monday through Friday on CBS Television News at 7:30 P.M. EDT, and Quincy Howe gives you In the First Person analyses every Saturday evening at 7:30. Doug started with CBS in 1942, made his mark as a newscaster who presented facts clearly, concisely and correctly in one of the easiest-to-listen-to voices on the air. And when TV came along, listeners found Doug just as easy to look at.

Quincy Howe, in addition to his Saturday analysis of the news, conducts People's Platform every Monday evening from 9:30 to 10. On this program the Harveys, Don and Judy, who represent an average young couple, open a discussion on some topic that millions of other Americans are pondering. Recorded opinions of average citizens are followed by a pro and con discussion by experts, moderated by Mr. Howe. Issues can't be solved in half an hour, but the televiewer gets a better background for his own thinking on the subject.



Quincy Howe is a two-program man: a Saturday news analysis and People's Platform.



People's Platform: an informal forum. Left to right: Dwight Cooke, Jeremiah Cross and Henry Pratt Fairchild.

There's SPORTS



CBS's roving television cameras bring the stadium into the parlor, covering Eastern football games, the tennis matches, basketball games and the big track meets. TV has been responsible for getting more people—especially women—interested in following sports.

Time was when if you owned a television set you spent most of your viewing time watching sports events. Fragile ladies who had heretofore blanched at the sight of a cut finger strained to see punch-drunk prizefighters slug it out to the last battered and bruised round. Sports are still among the more popular and important items on TV, and their feminine fans are way up in the thousands, swelled by all those early-day converts who had to watch, if they wanted to see anything at all.

CBS-TV has been right up there with the first and the best in bringing the special events and the big games to the viewers. And you'll see plenty more this fall and winter—the fights, baseball, boxing, the tennis matches at Forest Hills, golf, basketball and the big track meets. Football is announced by veterans who never miss a fine point.

Intimate interview programs like Red Barber's Club House, a quarter-hour Saturday 6:30 to 6:45 telecast, open with a survey of the week's major sports developments followed by an interview with a top figure in sports. The program usually ends with late bulletins and scores. And Your Sports Special program, Monday through Friday, at 7 to 7:15 P.M., has daily sports scores and news, clinics and interviews—the whole proceeding presided over by a trio of experts consisting of sportscaster Bob Edge, hunting and fishing authority Van Campen Heilner and radio-TV vet Jack Sterling.



The Brooklyn Dodger home games (that's famed Ebbets Field above) are telecast by CBS; also the fights and wrestling.



"All Three of Us—"



Grace is used to being a fishing widow during season, but with Andrea around, she doesn't mind it *too* much any more.

When husband and wife cease to be each other's favorite topic of conversation, there's usually a very good reason. In this case it's an enchanting young redhead—who also happens to be their daughter!

By HAZEL SHERMET

If radio's Big Sister were the sort of person to be eclipsed by anybody, she'd be eclipsed by Little Sister. Not on the air, that is. At home. And by her own choice.

At home, where Big Sister is Grace Matthews, or Mrs. Court Benson, the limelight is very definitely on Little Sister, otherwise known as Andrea. Andrea is a fascinating young person with red-gold hair, brown eyes, and an enchanting smile. And she is just one year old.

Once, if you met them for a light snack lunch at the restaurant in the CBS building, or spent an evening at their home, Grace Matthews' and Court Benson's talk would be about each other. It still is, but indirectly. No longer is Grace's favorite topic of conversation the husband she's so much in love with—nor is Court's favorite topic exclusively Grace. They now have a favorite topic in common: Andrea.

There is nothing surprising in this. A first baby is always a minor miracle to its parents, and this one took a long time making her appearance. Her coming was delayed by the war with its long separations, by the post-war readjustments of two careers. By the time they could plan for her, Grace and Court not only were ready to welcome her, but had grown pretty anxious. Of course, it's true Little Sister was somehow expected to be Small Brother!

Andrea was born in September 1948, and Court and Grace have been married since October 1940. They had met in Toronto on (*Continued on page* 84)

Grace Matthews is heard in Big Sister at 1:00 P.M. EDT, M.-F. on CBS, and in Hilltop House at 3:15 P.M. EDT, M.-F. on CBS. Court Benson is heard in Gang Busters, Saturdays at 9:00 P.M. EDT on CBS, and in Counterspy, Tues. and Thurs. at 7:30 P.M. on ABC.


GOD GAVE ME EYES

ON THE COVER





2



3





5



6



7



8



9



10



11



12

Here are the programs in which the stars pictured on the cover appear. You can hear them now—or very shortly, when they return to the air for the fall season—at new times, in new shows, on CBS

1 EDGAR BERGEN

Projecting his humor through those two personalities of his own creation, Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, Bergen ranks as one of the great comics of his time. He can be heard on CBS stations, Sunday evenings at 8, EST, beginning Oct. 2.

2 ARTHUR GODFREY

Great popularity brings Godfrey to the air on three CBS programs: Talent Scouts, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EDT (also on TV beginning in late Sept.); Godfrey and His Friends, TV. Wed. 8 P.M. EST beginning Sept. 28; and daily, beginning Sept. 26, Mon.-Fri., 10:15 A.M. EST.

3 JACK BENNY

Sunday night at seven never seems right without the man from Waukegan around to hand out the laughs—mostly at his own expense. Benny returned to his perennial spot on September 4 and can be heard at 7:00 P.M., EDT, Sundays on CBS network stations.

4 LUCILLE BALL

Lucille found a whole new audience when she took over the role of Liz Cooper on My Favorite Husband. Richard Denning is her partner in this show that makes domesticity a mad delight. My Favorite Husband can be heard on CBS stations, Fridays at 8:30 P.M. EDT.

5 GRACIE ALLEN

Burns and Allen occupy a niche among combinations that is closely akin to such inseparables as ham and eggs or scotch and soda. Gracie's scatterbrain sallies can be heard on Wednesday evenings beginning September 21 at 10:00, EST, when B. & A. go on over CBS.

6 GEORGE BURNS

The restrained exasperation which characterizes George on the air doesn't show up here, but that's probably because Gracie didn't take the picture. George, of course, is heard right along with Gracie beginning September 21 on Wednesdays at 10 P.M., EST, over CBS stations.

7 MARIE WILSON

Playing dizzy blondes so delightfully on the screen was excellent training for Marie Wilson, for now she plays the dizziest blonde of all—Irma. My Friend Irma is the name of the show and it is broadcast over CBS network stations on Monday evenings at 10:00 EST.

8 RED SKELTON

Red paints pictures of clowns and according to those who know about such things, they're pretty good. But most people prefer it when Junior Skelton does his own clowning. And that he does, beginning Sunday evening, Sept. 25 at 8:30, EST, over CBS stations.

9 BING CROSBY

It is probable that only the deaf are unaware of this gentleman's gifts. The crooning Crosby, who seems to appeal to everyone from six-year olds to septuagenarians, will be back on the air Wednesday evenings, beginning September 28, at 9:30, EST, CBS stations.

10 GERTRUDE BERG

Guiding the Goldbergs through radio, the stage and TV (plus playing Molly) has been Gertrude Berg's well-loved task. The Goldbergs are on TV Mondays at 9:30 P.M., EDT, CBS, and this fall marks their return to radio—Fridays at 8:00 P.M. EDT, also CBS.

11 GROUCHO MARX

Groucho Marx with his brothers is insanely funny. And Groucho Marx without his brothers is just as insanely funny. Taking up the role of quizmaster, self-styled, Groucho can be heard beginning September 28 on Wednesdays at 9 P.M., EST, on CBS.

12 EVE ARDEN

Everybody wants to go to school these days, especially to one named Madison High where a brisk, blonde lady named Miss Brooks teaches English. And it's brisk, blonde Eve Arden who plays Our Miss Brooks over CBS stations, Sunday evenings, 6:30, EDT.



Helen Trent, top Hollywood designer, and Gil Whitney, prominent lawyer, are in love, but thus far have been unable to marry. Here at her home, Helen places a flower in Gil's lapel while her friend, Agatha Anthony, pours tea. But they are interrupted by Rex Carroll, wealthy movie producer, who is infatuated with Helen. With him is actress Rita Harrison, who dislikes Helen because of Rex's interest in her. Rex is angered by the sight of Gil but Rita restrains him, hoping to encourage Helen and Gil's romance. (Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Helen Trent is heard M.-F., 12:30 PM, EDT on CBS with Julie Stevens as Helen Trent; David Gothard as Gil Whitney; Bess McCamman as Agatha Anthony; James Meighan as Rex Carroll and Kathleen Cordell as Rita Harrison.)

HELEN TRENT

This is the story of a woman who proves
that romance can exist at 35——and far beyond



HELEN TRENT

This is the story of a woman who proves that romance can exist at 35——and far beyond



Helen Trent, top Hollywood designer, and Gil Whitney, prominent lawyer, are in love, but thus far have been unable to marry. Here at her home, Helen places a flower in Gil's lapel while her friend, Agatha Anthony, pours tea. But they are interrupted by Rex Carroll, wealthy movie producer, who is infatuated with Helen. With him is actress Rita Harrison, who dislikes Helen because of Rex's interest in her. Rex is angered by the sight of Gil but Rita restrains him, hoping to encourage Helen and Gil's romance. (Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Helen Trent is heard M.-F., 12:30 PM, EDT on CBS with Julie Stevens as Helen Trent; David Gothard as Gil Whitney; Bess McCamman as Agatha Anthony; James Meighan as Rex Carroll and Kathleen Cordell as Rita Harrison.)



MY

By DESIREE BALL

This portrait is proof enough that Lucille inherited a fair share of her mother's good looks.

Says Lucille Ball to her mother: "You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied!" Mother is all of that . . . and then some

Lucille Ball is heard on My Favorite Wife, broadcast Friday evenings at 8:30 EDT, over CBS stations.

Favorite ACTRESS

I've been asked, as I suppose nearly every actress's mother is, how Lucille ever got into show business. The answer to that is easy—you find it in our early home life, in the way Lucille was brought up. "If," I tell them, "you'd seen our house in the old days, with play-acting all over the place, day and night, you'd know it would have been a minor miracle if Lucille Ball turned out to be anything *but* an actress!"

Lucille says the same thing. "You made me what I am today," she'll tell me, lifting the words out of one of the old ballads that used to make our little white house in Jamestown, New York, shake in its rafters.

We had a good time—a wonderful time. There wasn't a lot of money, and the house certainly wasn't anything like the showplace Lucille lives in now, and Lucille and the other children didn't have lovely clothes and big cars and all the trimmings that they've managed to acquire since they've grown. But we had the best thing in the world, the one that money can't buy, that all the riches in the world won't make up for, if you lack it. We were happy. We had *such* a good time!

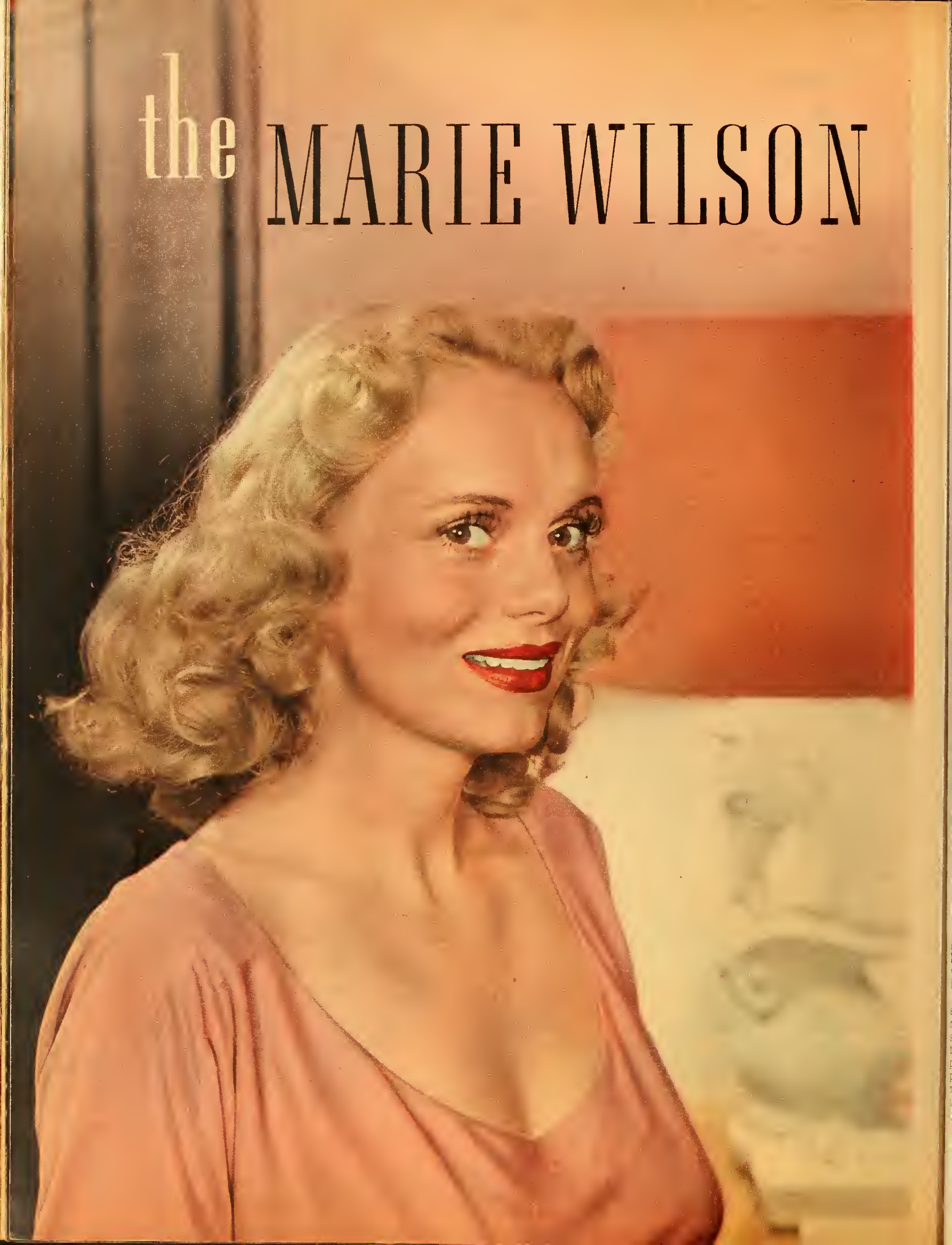
My children and I made our home with my parents, in a rambling two-story frame house—the old-fashioned kind with a living room *and* a parlor, and huge sliding doors in between. We'd come to Jamestown from Wyandotte, Michigan, when Lucille was four, right after her father died and just before her brother, Fred, was born. Later on, when my sister passed away, her little girl, Cleo, came to join us. With Grandma and Grandpa, we had one of the first requisites for a happy—and noisy—home: lots of people, plenty of children.

Almost from the first day we moved to Jamestown we were mixed up in amateur theatricals in one way or another. (*Continued on page* 93)



The My Favorite Husband crew: Richard Denning and Lucille Ball as the Coopers, with Ruth Perrott as Katie the maid.

the MARIE WILSON



STORY

Radio's Irma is the lady of a thousand legends, all of them contradictory, all of them true. But they have one source in common—her own great generosity of spirit

By PAULINE SWANSON

About eight years ago, a man named Ken Murray was looking for a leading lady for his show, "Blackouts." He had some very definite ideas in mind. The girl he wanted must measure up to these specifications: "She must be a blonde—with a body. I want a girl that will make every man in the audience want to climb up on the stage. If she can talk, fine—if not, I'll teach her. That isn't what counts."

He chose Marie Wilson for the part.

Three years ago a man named Cy Howard was looking for a leading lady for his new radio program, My Friend Irma. Cy, too, knew exactly what kind of girl he wanted. The one he had in mind must measure up to these specifications: "She must be a pretty, wide-eyed little girl, kind and sweet—but not sexy. She must be able to look like a secretary and sound like a secretary. Gentle, naive, innocent."

He chose Marie Wilson for the part.

Marie has just finished her all-time record run in "Blackouts" in the middle of the show's eighth year. So Ken Murray must have been right when he chose her as his leading lady.

Marie has also just begun her third sponsored season on My Friend Irma, a program which finished last season in second place among all the shows on the air in terms of popularity with listeners, ahead of programs which cost five times its modest weekly budget. So Cy Howard, who writes the show must have been right, too, when he chose Marie to play the part of Irma.

But how is that possible—how is it possible that both men, looking for such widely different types, both chose Marie Wilson and had their choices proved right?

The answer, of course, is that Marie Wilson is both of those girls, and a lot more.

She was a Hollywood legend fifteen years ago and she will be a Hollywood legend until she dies as—her friends insist—"the most beloved old lady in the poorhouse" somewhere about 1999.

Everyone in Hollywood has his favorite Marie Wilson story. Assembled, they're wildly contradictory—and they're all true.

She's a child in lots of ways, and will always be a child, and at the same time she's the little mother of all the world. She has a pink satin bedroom, with dolls piled on the bed. She ties pink hair ribbons on her adored Yorkshire terrier, Hobbs, and where Hobbs can't go to lunch, Marie doesn't go.

She *was* the dimwit girl in "Boy Meets Girl" in which she soared to stardom for the first time when she was seventeen.

She was "engaged" to a director, Nick Grinde, and when she went to Hollywood parties with him she would give him bewildering counsel.

"Don't drink anything but whisky tonight, Nicky," she would say. "Remember you have to drive."

Grinde took her once to visit Hugh Herbert, the actor. Herbert's house was then strictly in the flashy Spanish tradition, and the entrance foyer boasted a lily pond, complete with













Marie's been playing wide-eyed, naive blondes ever since her hit, "Boy Meets Girl."

My Friend Irma, with Marie Wilson, can be heard on Mondays at 10:00 P.M. EDT over CBS.

THE MARIE WILSON STORY





a lush growth of floating lilies.

The Herberts were doing some renovating, and when Marie and Nick went back for a second visit a few months later Marie spied a brand-new fish pond in the middle of the rolling front lawn.

"Oh, look, Nick," she said, "they've moved the house inside."

At the same time, she was supporting her whole family—her mother and stepfather, grandfather, two brothers and three sisters and assorted aunts and cousins.

Everybody knows the story of Marie's arrival on the Hollywood scene. She came into a $10,000 inheritance from her father's estate when she was sixteen, and having just seen Greta Garbo in "Camille" she decided that she would invest it in establishing herself as an actress.

She bought a flashy car and a mink coat (forgetting to buy anything to wear under it), several hundred cases of canned goods to see the family through while she knocked down the studio gates, and proceeded to make such a pest of herself in casting directors' offices that they hired her after a while in self-defense.

"Casting directors never liked me," Marie says, wonderingly. "And producers . . . ouch!"

But the fans liked her so much in the small, undressed parts in which they glimpsed her first that they bombarded Warner Brothers with so many tons of letters that the studio was afraid *not* to let her play "Boy Meets Girl."

"I just had to work," Marie says. "My stepdaddy was the sweetest man in the whole world, but he didn't make a lot of money."

Marie was making money, lots of money, even then, but it had to be spread around a lot. Except for the now moulting mink coat, she had almost no clothes.

"I had one pretty dress," she remembers. "It was cocoa satin with brown velvet Peter Pan collar and cuffs. It cost fifteen dollars. I wore it every Friday, Saturday and Sunday night for a year."

But the rent was paid regularly in the big, heavily populated house on the hill, and the stock of canned goods regularly replenished.

The household was right out of "You Can't Take It With You." There were nine in residence when Allen Nixon and Marie were married in 1942, and Allen moved in to make Number 10.

Meal times were like a chow line in the army, Allen recalls and he says he was usually last in line.

His wife, he decided, was "relative happy."

Nobody but Marie worked regularly. Her stepdaddy was an inventor, which is interesting work but not very profitable. Brother Bill was working up to an audition as a singer, and had mastered the lyrics of "Wagon Wheels," which he could pick out on a banjo, but a summons to the army nipped that career in the bud.

Bill went off to camp in Texas and came home on furloughs with a new Mexican wife and two children who spoke only Spanish.

Bill and the Mexican wife were divorced and both remarried. On his next furlough Bill came home with a second wife and their brand-new baby, to find his ex-wife, with *her* new husband and children already in residence in the garage. Marie had invited them for a visit.

A friend who visited at the house during that period came upon Marie ironing Bill's ex-wife's new husband's shirts.

"Do you really have to do that?" the friend inquired solicitously.

"Well, it was this way," Marie explained. "The poor little thing can't iron, and my maid wouldn't do it. . . . Somebody had to."

The household is simpler now. The three sisters have married and moved away, Grandfather died a year ago, and Marie's stepfather just last Christmas.

Marie has exchanged the big house for adjoining Normandy cottages on a Hollywoodland lot. Marie's pretty, little round mother and her half-brother, Frankie, who is studying photography at the Archer school, live in one, and Allen and Marie in the other.

Marie's mother has a maid, and the Nixons have two—one who comes in the morning to clean, and the other in the afternoon to cook. Marie's relationship to the maids is like her relationship to everyone else: motherly. She would really do the work herself, she says, except that "I hate to make beds, and I hate to squeeze orange juice and besides they have to work someplace."

Allen says Marie mothered him from the time she first laid eyes on him, which was on the set of "Rookies on Parade" at Republic in 1941.

He recalls that she was the cutest thing he had ever seen in her WAC uniform, and he promptly asked her to lunch.

At lunch she told him that he was terribly pale and probably dangerously anemic, and should really have some home-cooked meals and get some rest for himself.

He was living at the Knickerbocker Hotel at the time, and the next morning found a package, with a note from Marie, in his mail box. The box contained seven kinds of vitamin pills, and the letter full instructions for their use.

So he asked her to go dancing at Ciro's.

Very soon he was asking her with bulldog persistence to marry him and she was saying that she would love to but she couldn't because she was engaged to Nick Grinde and she wouldn't want to hurt his feelings.

Nick Grinde made the mistake of leaving town on a fishing trip, and Allen pinned Marie down. They would go to Las Vegas, and right now, he insisted, and be married.

Marie agreed, but only if Allen would help her keep the whole thing a deep secret. She went to Max Factor's and rented a black wig, borrowed some dark glasses, and further insisted that they make the trip by bus so that they would go unnoticed.

Marie couldn't see very well through the borrowed glasses, so she assumed nobody could see her.

They hurried from the bus station to the registrar's office, where Marie carefully spelled out her legal name, Marie White, on the license application.

"Thank you, Miss Wilson," the clerk said, giggling. "I hope you'll both be very happy."

Her dilemma didn't register with Marie until she and Allen were half way down the hall.

"Oh, dear, Allen," she cried, "hurry back and ask her please not to tell Louella Parsons."

The clerk didn't tell—and neither did anybody else—for six months, because Marie couldn't bear to upset Nick. She really adored him. Nick was upset, needless to say, when he finally found out, and Marie was upset because Nick was upset.

Why did she have to hurt him? He was such a wonderful man.

"Why did you marry Allen," one of her pals asked her, "if you feel that way about Nick?"

"Oh, he was so lonesome . . . and about to go into the service and all. He wanted somebody to write letters to, and I decided I should marry him."

Which isn't quite true, for she is really deeply in love with Allen. Their one-week separation last spring, when Marie filed for divorce —and then withdrew the suit—






proved that, to Marie and most of their friends. Her trouble is that she loves everybody who loves her, and that can lead to complications, for everyone who knows Marie loves her without reservation.

Marie possibly could stop being married to Allen, but she could never stop mothering him.

She mothers him, sometimes, to the point of smothering him.

When he was appearing in a play at the Biltmore in downtown Los Angeles recently, Marie insisted on putting on his makeup herself at home every night. Allen had to drive all the way down to the theater in full grease paint.

When he got out of the army in 1946 and planned to resume his acting career, Marie insisted that he go to her masseuse at Westmore's for a series of facials.

"You'll never make the grade in Hollywood," she said, "if your face sags." Allen was in top physical condition, without a sag in sight—but he took the facials, and hated every minute of it. He couldn't say no to Marie.

Marie and Allen would have never disagreed to the point of separation, they both say now, if Marie hadn't been so tired. She was doing her usual ten shows a week in "Blackouts," her broadcast every week, and keeping six A.M. to six P.M. schedule at Paramount where she was shooting in "My Friend Irma."

Allen, to make things really nervy around the house, was out of work.

"You haven't a job, and you have nothing to do, so you get discouraged and that makes things worse," he said.

Allen got arrested once during this period—he was only jaywalking, but Marie and Hobbs had to bail him out in the middle of the night, and Marie needed her sleep.

Things got so bad that she called a lawyer, and Allen moved out. Or tried to.

"We mustn't be seen together," Marie told (*Continued on page* 105)

Mrs. O'Reilly (Gloria Gordon) finds good things in the cards for Irma and her boyfriend, Al—they hope. (John Brown plays Al.)



THEIR Favorites— AND YOURS

These are the specialties of the stars—the kind of food they not only enjoy eating, but making as well

Almost everyone has a recipe which he or she thinks is unbeatable—one that is tried and true and prepared with loving care each time it's made. Radio people are no exception and these favorite recipes from some of the top CBS stars prove that their taste in food is distinguished. From Gertrude Berg's gefillte fish with egg sauce to Ma Perkins' rolled oats cookies, you'll find them all an adventure in good eating.



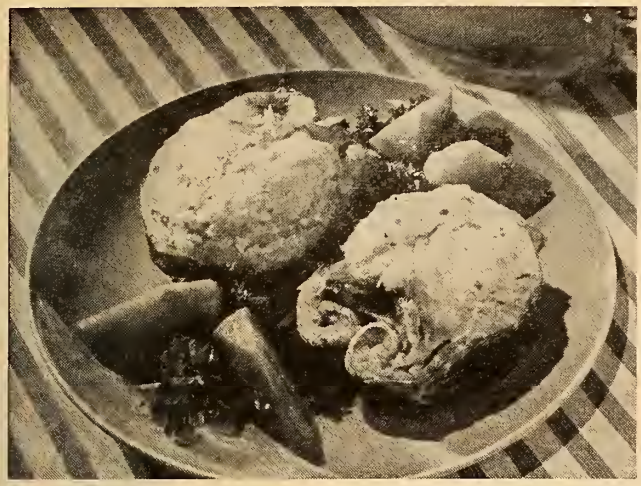
VAUGHN MONROE'S CURRIED PINEAPPLE-SAUSAGE

Place 1 pound pork sausages in pan with ¼ cup water. Cook over low heat, covered for 5 minutes. Remove cover and drain. Cook until brown, about 10 minutes. Remove sausages and strain fat. Brown 8 canned pineapple slices in ½ cup of the sausage fat. Mix 1 teaspoon corn starch with ½ teaspoon curry powder. Add syrup from canned pineapple. Stir into the sausage fat left from sauteing pineapple. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Place 4 cups hot cooked rice (1 cup uncooked) in center of the serving platter. Arrange pineapple and sausages around rice. Pour sauce over the rice.



BETTY WINKLER'S TOMATO AND TARRAGON SOUP

Chop contents of one No. 1 can tomatoes very fine. In the top of a double boiler, blend together one 10-ounce can condensed tomato soup with ½ cup heavy cream. Add chopped tomatoes and 2 teaspoons sugar. Heat thoroughly over boiling water. Just before serving, blend in ⅓ cup sherry wine and 1½ teaspoons powdered tarragon. Fresh minced herbs may be used if available. Serve with croutons. Makes 4 to 6 servings. As a pleasant variation, use ½ can condensed green pea soup with ½ can condensed tomato soup. Then proceed as above.
Note: This soup is delicious chilled, served with whipped cream.



GERTRUDE BERG'S GEFILLTE FISH WITH EGG SAUCE

Wash a 5-pound haddock; dry. Remove head, tail and fins. Cut into 4-inch slices. Remove flesh, leaving backbone and skin. Mince flesh with 4 large onions and 1 sprig parsley. Add 2 beaten eggs, dash of pepper and cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Add ¾ cup cracker meal. Refill fish slices. Tie into shape with string. Put in saucepan with 1 sliced onion, a sprig of parsley, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 small carrot. Cover with water; simmer 1 hour. Remove fish. Gradually stir 2 cups of the fish liquid into 2 beaten egg yolks. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring. Do not boil. Pour over fish. Makes 8 servings.



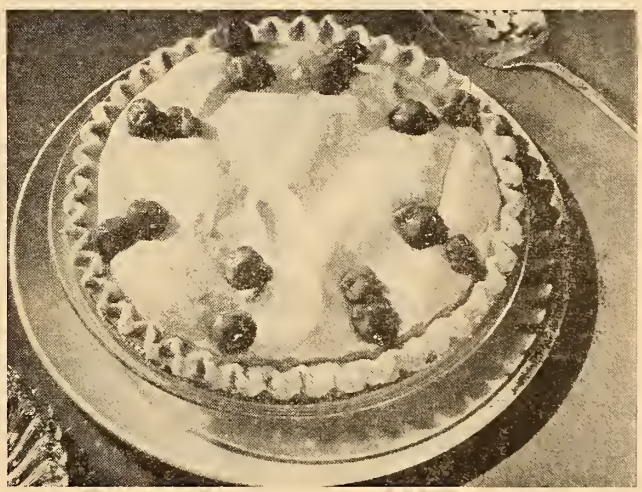
FREEMAN GOSDEN'S (AMOS) CHICKEN CASSEROLE

Heat 3 quarts water to boiling. Add 1 tablespoon salt, 1 8-ounce package of noodles. Stir. Let cook, covered, 15 minutes or until tender. Drain, and rinse with hot water. Combine 1 can condensed tomato soup with ¾ cup milk. Heat; add 4 ounces grated American cheese. Cook over low heat until cheese melts. Remove from heat and add 1½ cups diced cooked chicken, 2 tablespoons diced pimento, 2 tablespoons diced green pepper and noodles. Mix lightly and pour into buttered casseroles. Sprinkle ¾ cup crumbled potato chips over the top. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Makes six servings.



MA PERKINS' ROLLED OATS COOKIES

Mix and sift 2 cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon baking soda. Cream 1 cup shortening until light and fluffy. Gradually add 1 cup granulated sugar and ¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed, creaming until light. Stir in 2 eggs, slightly beaten. Add 2 cups of rolled oats, then the flour mixture. Stir in ⅓ cup of chopped dates, ⅓ cup of chopped nuts, ⅓ cup of raisins. Drop the batter by teaspoonfuls about two inches apart on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly brown. Makes about 50 cookies.



CHARLES J. CORRELL'S (ANDY) CHERRY TORTE

Drain one No. 2 can pitted sour cherries, reserve juice. Blend ½ cup sugar, 1½ tablespoons cornstarch and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and juice from cherries. Cook slowly, stirring until thickened (3-5 minutes). Add cherries, saving a few for top and cook 1 minute more. Pour into baked 9 inch pastry shell. Beat 2 tablespoons sugar with 2 egg yolks until thick. Stir in 2 tablespoons water. Add 2 tablespoons flour and a pinch of salt. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Fold into flour mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 10 minutes, or until brown. Decorate with cherries.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are Eastern Daylight Time
For Correct Central Daylight Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
8:45				Memo From Lake Success
9:00		Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News
9:15	Story to Order			E. Power Biggs
9:30	Cameos of Music	Wings Over Jordan		
9:45			Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Children's Hour	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00		Christian Reform Church	The Fitzgeralds	Allan Jackson News
11:15				Newsmakers
11:30	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11.45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Living 1949	Chamber Music		Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	News		Meaning of the News
1:15		Organ Music		Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	Michael O'Duffy	National Vespers	Syncopation Piece
1:45		Mutual Music Box		
2:00	U. S. in World Affairs	Dr Simon's Band	This Week Around The World	Longine Symphonette
2:15				
2:30	NBC University Theater	Bill Dunningham	Mr. President	You Are There
2:45		Veteran's Information	Drama	
3:00		Ernie Lee Show	Harrison Wood	CBS Symphony
3:15				
3:30	One Man's Family	Juvenile Jury	Dance Music	
3:45				
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Ted Malone	
4:15			Dick Todd	
4:30	News	True Detective	Milton Cross Opera Album	Skyway to the Stars
4:45	Jane Pickens Show			
5:00		Under Arrest	U. S. Navy Band	Choraliers
5:15				
5:30	James Melton	Quick As A Flash	Curt Massey Show	"Broadway's My Beat"
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Martin and Lewis	Nick Carter	Betty Clark Sings	Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet
6:45				
7:00		Adv. of the Falcon	Think Fast	The Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30	Guy Lombardo	Mayor of the Town	Carnegie Hall Musicale	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	NBC Symphony Orch.	Smoke Rings		Lum and Abner
8:45				
9:00	NBC Theater	Under Arrest	Walter Winchell	Earn Your Vacation
9:15			Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Jimmie Fidler	Go For The House	Our Miss Brooks
9:45		Twin Views of News		
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions		Life With Luigi
10:30	Horace Heidt	Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	It Pays to be Ignorant



EILEEN O'CONNELL—is the pert, alert production assistant on County Fair, heard Sat. at 2 P.M., EST, CBS.



PAUL FREES—has so many voices he has no single identity. Described as one of the greatest impersonators, he has simulated the voices of virtually every celebrity you can think of, from the late F. D. R. to Sydney Greenstreet. As narrator on Suspense, Frees, with his deep, ominous voice, introduces a "tale well calculated to keep you in suspense." He also played the lead in CBS's The Green Lama.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Margaret Arlen
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		This is New York
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In Our Time		This is Bing Crosby
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Hits and Misses
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30				Herb Shriner Time
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30		Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cavalcade of America	Straight Arrow	The Railroad Hour	Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Sherlock Holmes		Talent Scouts
8:45			Henry Taylor	
9:00	Telephone Hour	Affairs of Peter Salem	Kate Smith's Music Room	Lux Radio Theatre
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Dr. I. Q.	Fishing and Hunting Club		
9:45				
10:00	Contented Program	American Forum of the Air		My Friend Irma
10:15			Kate Smith's Music Room	
10:30	Radio Playhouse	Mutual Newsreel		The Bob Hawk Show



GERTRUDE WARNER—who plays the role of Susan in CBS's David Harum daytime series, originally planned to be a school teacher in hometown Hartford, Conn. That ambition was cancelled when, one summer, she played a role on WTIC. In a few months she was playing leads, reading commercials and handling her own show on WTIC. Two years later she came to New York and CBS.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45	Newa			Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandairee	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry	Club Time	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love And Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	Betty Harris Show	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics	Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster		Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
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2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today'a Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
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3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
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4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Sky King	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco Newa			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The Smoothiea	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	This Is Your Life	Gregory Hood	Little Herman	Mystery Theatre
8:15	Ralph Edwards			
8:30	Alan Young Show	Official Detective	America'a Town	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:55		Bill Henry	Meeting of the Air	
9:00	Bob Hope Show	John Steele Adventure		We, The People
9:15				
9:30	Fibber McGee and	Mysterious Traveler	Erwin D. Canham	Strike It Rich
9:45	Molly		Rex Maupin Entertains	
10:00	Big Town	Korn's-A-Krackin'		Hit The Jackpot
10:15				
10:30	People Are Funny	Mutual Newsreel		Mr. Ace and Jane

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15	Faith In Our Time			
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love And Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaka	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	The Play Boya	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics	Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez			Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today'e Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi'a		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallae			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Dardanelle Trio	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00		Can You Top Thist	Original Amateur Hour Ted Mack, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon
8:15				
8:30	Adventures of	International Airport		Dr. Christian
8:45	Archie Andrews			
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	Scattergood Baines		County Fair
9:15				
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	Family Theater	Lawrence Welk	
10:00	The Big Story	Comedy Playhouse	It's Time For Music	Beat The Clock
10:15				
10:30	Curtain Time	Mutual Newsreel	On Trial	Capitol Cloak Room



DON HOLLENBECK—who is heard on CBS News of America, M-S., 9 A.M. EST., is Nebraska-born-and-educated, got his first reporting job in Omaha, was picture editor for the Associated Press, and the national affairs editor of the newspaper *PM*. During the war, Hollenbeck worked for the OWI, broadcasting from France, Italy, England, and Germany. He returned to New York and in 1946, joined CBS.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry	Dorothy Kilgallen	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	Betty Harris Show	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the Tropics	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty		Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Sky King	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Lionel Ricau			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs	Local Programs	
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Echoes From the Tropics	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Aldrich Family	Air Force Hour		The F.B.I. In Peace and War
8:15				
8:30	Burns and Allen	True or False	Local Programs	Mr. Keen
8:45				
9:00	Nelson Eddy and Dorothy Kirsten	Meet Your Match	Play It Again	Suspense
9:15				
9:30	Dorothy Lamour	Sing For Your Supper	Name the Movie	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Screen Guild Theatre	This ie Paris	Pereonal Autograph	Hallmark Playhouse
10:15				
10:30	Fred Waring Show	Mutual Newsreel		First Nighter



JANET WALDO—is a Bing Crosby discovery. Born in Washington, the Groaner's home state, she attended the University of Washington where her work was so outstanding that she was presented with a special award. Bing made the presentation. Later she was signed by Paramount. Bit parts in movies followed before she entered radio. Janet is on the Ozzie and Harriet Show and Meet Corliss Archer.



ABE BURROWS—the wit's wit, heard on CBS's This is Broadway, Fridays, and on his own program, is a radio writer turned comedian. He has written for Ed Gardner, Colonel Stoopnagle, Rudy Vallee, Joan Davis, and Dinah Shore. Born and raised in New York, Burrows tried everything —accounting, wall papering, and entertaining on the Borscht Circuit—before he got his first job as script writer.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Tom, Dick and Harry		
11:00		Passing Parade		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	The Hometowners	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	U. S. Marine Band	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty		Dorothy Dix	
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas			
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30				Herb Shriner Time
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The UN is My Beat	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cities Service Band Of America	Experience Speaks	The Fat Man	Jack Carson Show
8:15				
8:30	Jimmy Durante	Yours For A Song	This Ie Your FBI	My Favorite Husband
8:45	Show			
9:00	Eddie Cantor Show	Opera Concert	Break the Bank	Ford Theatre
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30		Enchanted Hour	The Sheriff	
9:45				
10:00		Meet the Press		Philip Morris Playhouse
10:15				
10:30	Sports	Mutual Newsreel	Treasury Band	Youre Truly, Johnny Dollar

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Follies
9:30	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News		
9:45		Misc. Programs		Garden Gate
10:00		Magic Rhythm	Johnny Olsen's Get Together	Music For You
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Jerry and Skye		Tell It Again
10:45		Albert Warner		
11:00	Frank Merriwell	Coast Guard on Parade	Modern Romances	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Music	The Jay Stewart Fun Fair	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Girls' Corps	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	News	What's My Name	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute	Concert of American Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15				
1:30	R.F.D. America	Dance Orch.	American Farmer	Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Musicana	Dance Orch.	101 Ranch Boys	Handyman
2:15				Get More Out of Life
2:30	Edward Tomlinson	Music	Junior Junction	Columbia's Country Journal
2:45	Report From Europe			
3:00		Poole's Paradise	Treasury Band Show	Report From Overseas
3:15	Local Programs			Adventures in Science
3:30		Sports Parade	Fascinating Rhythm	Cross Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00	Your Health Today	Bill Harrington	Tom Glazer's Ballad Box	
4:15	Horse Racing	Horse Racing	Horse Racing	
4:30		Jerry and Skye		Saturday at the Chase
4:45	Contrasts Musical	First Church of Christ Science		
5:00		Russ Hodges Quiz		
5:15	Wormwood Forest		Dance Music	Local Programs
5:30		Organ Music		
5:45		News		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Honey Dreamers	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		Saturday Session	Memo From Lake Success
6:30		Bands For Bonds		Saturday Sports Review
6:45				Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls		Spike Jones
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Vic Damone, Kay Armen	Robert Hurliegh	The Eye-Drama	Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45		Mel Allen		
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Pat Novak For Hire	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Famous Jury Trials	Adventures of Philip Marlowe
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80		Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova Show	Guy Lombardo	Musical Etchings	Tales of Fatima
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air	Record Show	Sing It Again
10:15			Irving Fields	
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



JOAN DAVIS—has played comedy roles ever since her debut at the age of seven on the Pantages Circuit. She entered radio after establishing herself as a first-rate comedienne in motion pictures. Her program Leave It To Joan is heard Mondays at 9:00 P.M. EST, CBS. Sixteen-year-old daughter Beverly seems to be following in her mother's footsteps; she's Fluffy Adams in CBS's Junior Miss.

QUIZ CATALOGUE

Notes to keep your Radio Mirror Quiz Catalogue up to date

From the time you present your ticket at the door for Give and Take to the time you leave the CBS Playhouse, you are in for a riotous afternoon. Genial emcee of the show, John Reed King, is at the door to greet you, accept your ticket and send you to your seat primed for a half-hour of fun.

On stage are the valuable gifts which await a lucky contestant, but before the audience has a chance to look over all the prizes, Give and Take's featured personality and announcer Bill Cullen steps on stage with a fish bowl full of the admittance tickets which have been collected by John Reed King. Bill chooses four individuals from the audience. Then John Reed King takes over and selects four more contestants from the audience by number. These contestants are invited to bring their families or companions with them on stage.

As each contestant goes up on stage he is briefly interviewed by King, aided and abetted by Bill Cullen. By this time the hands on the clock have moved around and Give and Take is on the air.

The first four contestants are brought to the microphone to participate in the "Free-for-All," an elimination contest in which all four contestants are asked a series of questions. One mistake will eliminate a contestant. However he is awarded a prize for his efforts. The last person eliminated gets the biggest prize by being titled "Second Guesser." This entitles him to a chance at every question asked on the show which is answered incorrectly by other contestants and an opportunity at their prizes.

The program also has a "Secret Sound." It is a sound played by a recording and when identified entitles the winner to what amounts to Give and Take's jackpot. The largest jackpot came to $11,200. Several "Secret Sound" recordings are kept on hand in case the first sound is guessed and a new contest must be begun. Every week the jackpot is enlarged with the addition of another prize.

The program continues when the next contestant comes to the microphone with his son, daughter, or friend. If the "Secret Sound" remains unidentified after the second guesser has taken a crack at it, the show continues with the next contestant selecting his prize from those on display. This is another unique feature, because Give and Take is the only program where the contestant is allowed to choose his gift beforehand. The question is asked and the contestant or those accompanying him try to answer correctly. If they succeed, the selected gift is the contestant's. If not, the bell rings and the second guesser has a chance to answer and win a prize. Each contestant is asked two questions—whether he answers correctly or not—and has a chance at the "Secret Sound." After all the contestants have been interviewed and the "Secret Sound" has still not been identified, Bill Cullen goes down into the audience with a roving mike and gives people picked at random a chance to identify the sound. If it remains secret, another prize is added and the sound is carried over to the next program.

One of the charming aspects of this show is the relaxed atmosphere inspired by John Reed King and Bill Cullen with their ad lib banter and clever handling of guest interviews. Prize boner pulled by a contestant was when King asked a girl to name different cloths, beginning with the letters, C-L-O-T-H. The entire house was broken up when she started with C, for silk.

Give and Take, on the air for the past four years, is currently heard on Saturday, at 1:30 EDT.

Give and Take has toured anywhere from Texas to New England, so there is a good chance that you, too, may be welcomed at the door of Give and Take by master ad libber, John Reed King.

FAMILY COUNSELOR



Pat Coffin (left) told Terry that entertaining is an art which—with a little practice—almost anyone can learn.

By
TERRY
BURTON

ENTERTAINING ECONOMICALLY

"Entertaining is an art. Some people are born with the knack, but those who aren't can learn it." That's what Patricia Coffin, party and personalities editor of *Look* magazine, told me when we were having tea at her apartment recently.

Pat went on to say that at partytime, imagination is more important than money. I agreed with her wholeheartedly because I know how many times I've been stumped as to what kind of party to give. I was so interested in listening to Pat's party-giving experiences that I asked her to visit the Burtons as Family Counselor and tell us how to give a successful party without overtaxing our pocketbook.

"I've been at many extravagant and lavish affairs that weren't half as much fun as the Animal Party given by designer Harold Schwartz," said Pat. "It wasn't a big party—just twenty-five people—and Mr. Schwartz didn't have to spend a fortune."

As to the reason for its success Pat said: "You can sum it up in one word—*imagination*. Harold sent out invitations announcing that the party was in honor of Rockie, his French Poodle, who had just given birth to a litter of pups. Rockie was there wearing a rock crystal necklace and looking bewildered and cute as a bug. All the guests were asked to come as the animal they most resembled. Gerald Kersh, the author, came as a literary lion. Most of the women slinked around as panthers. Everyone there had a world of fun."

I asked Pat if she knew any basic rules for giving a successful party. "A 'must' for a successful hostess is to be enthusiastic," she emphasized. "Make your guests feel that you're genuinely happy to have them in your house. This creates an atmosphere of true hospitality. Secondly, be relaxed. If you can't, at least seem so. A tense hostess makes everyone else ill-at-ease. Also if anything goes wrong, don't be disconcerted. If the roast is burnt or someone spills coffee on your best tablecloth, laugh it off."

"Have you ever been faced with the challenge of entertaining on a shoestring?" I asked Pat. She told us that recently she had been in Hollywood and was royally entertained by movie stars and studio heads. "I wanted to return their hospitality before I left," she said, "but didn't have their incomes. I put my imagination to work and gave a party in an ice cream parlor that belonged to some friends. They gave me the place for the afternoon. Champagne sodas were served—domestic champagne and peach ice cream. The stars sat around on the iron fountain chairs and exclaimed what an original party it was. It was one of my least expensive."

After hearing Pat, I'm sure our listeners were convinced that the list of different parties one can give is endless. I know I was. Pat mentioned come-as-you-are parties, scavenger hunts, bring-your-own-picnics, little dinner parties, back yard buffets and charade parties. She ended her talk by saying, "There are more than a million different ways you can entertain without crippling your budget."

Deep within you is a Very Special Self
. . . that can create a New You

Don't stay fenced in behind the thought that you are *not* the way you'd like to be.

Within you, is a wonderful power that can make lovely *changes* happen to you.

This power grows out of the interrelation of your *Inner Self* and *Outer Self* and the power of each to change the other. It quickens the happiness you radiate when you *know* you *look* charming. But—when you haven't lived up to your best, it depresses you with discontent. It is the reason you should never skip those pleasant daily rites that do so much to make you *look* lovelier, *feel* happier.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Keep your face always a delightful picture of you. This Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment has a way of bringing special help to faces. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) cream your face, *like this:*

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This fluffy, light cream will soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second soft Pond's creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin *immaculate.* Tissue off again.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment works on *both sides* of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away dirt, make-up, as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you *look lovely* you give out a magic spark. It kindles a glow of pleasure in everyone you meet, it brings the *Inner You* closer to others.



Her face comes out to meet you like a lovely flower. It is only natural she is delighting both New York and Paris society.

Agnès de Saint-Phalle

—captivating young daughter of The Count and Countess André de Saint-Phalle

The minute you see her you are drawn by her magnetism. For her face sends you a fascinating preview of the Inner Magic that is herself. This young French-American has an individuality that is tremendously appealing. Ask her how she keeps her skin looking so perfect, she'll tell you—"I use Pond's. It is the *very best cream* I know to get your skin really clean and soft."



YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—get yourself this *big size* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today!

R M

Smoke all you want, but... why take TOBACCO MOUTH [OFF-COLOR BREATH OFF-COLOR TEETH] with you?



The most unfortunate thing about "tobacco mouth" is that it becomes part of you so gradually. The only people it gives a "start" to are your friends!

Your friends, your neighbors, your dentist—they all recognize "tobacco mouth" at the drop of a smile. But you, you're *never* quite sure . . . unless, of course, you are a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. There's a good reason why you *can* be sure—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!

TOBACCO MOUTH ...give it the "brush-off" with LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

"If I Did Teach School"

(*Continued from page* 35)

Liza chortled. She had no idea what I was talking about, of course, but the mad explanation not only satisfied her at the moment, but gave her something to mull over long enough for me to escape from the witness stand.

At such times I am faintly appalled to consider the extent of knowledge owned and operated thoughtlessly by an adult, which one is totally incapable of explaining to a child. At least, *I* feel incapable of explaining.

Along with this admission comes the frightening memory that, at thirteen, I had decided to become a school teacher. I was considered very good with children. On one occasion I actually substituted as first and second grade teacher during the illness of the regular teacher. I remember that I had no trouble giving the youngsters their lessons, no trouble with keeping them busy, no trouble with discipline.

I wonder what I had in those days? Whatever it was, it went away before Liza and Connie (now two) came into my life. I never knew what it was to be baffled until I became the pre-school teacher of my own small daughters.

I must admit that when I was invited to be Our Miss Brooks and was given my first script to study, I viewed the project with doubt. It struck me that a program about a school teacher couldn't possibly hold an audience for more than two or three episodes.

This analysis of mine proves that I had better develop an ambition to be President, because I can't be right. Not only did Our Miss Brooks make an instant hit, it has grown in popularity (according to Mr. Hooper, bless him) from week to week. It seems that practically everyone is interested in the everyday problems of a school teacher. Certainly, we expected teachers to be amused, but we were delighted to discover that we could entertain two additional groups of citizens: (1) everyone in school at present; (2) everyone who had ever gone to school, with or without protests.

From the very first, there was one thing I desired for the program. I wanted it to be believable. Naturally, to hold an audience, one must employ a certain amount of high drama; however, there is drama in the lives of each of us—daily adventures of the mind and the spirit—which, thank heaven, seldom appears in the headlines. It would have been simple to have placed our school teacher on an Indian Reservation for vivid local color, or in a settlement school for propaganda purposes, or in one of the large cities where anything can happen, but we didn't want that. We wanted a small town, an ordinary school system, and logical incidents.

This attitude paid off handsomely. We began to get letters (spelling—A; punctuation—A) from school teachers everywhere in America. Most of the letters indicated a warm appreciation of what we were trying to do.

From Milwaukee came a note saying: "Thank heaven, you've humanized us. One of the problems a teacher has always faced has been the 'setting apart' which has made us seem almost on a par with members of the clergy. However, we are nothing more or less than professional people in the sense that an interior decorator, a lawyer, a clothing designer, a writer, or an actress is a professional person. We should be accorded the same human privileges which they enjoy as a matter of course. To secure these privileges, we must be humanized. You are doing that for us."

From hundreds of cities have come letters breathing sighs of thankfulness because we have pointed out, whenever possible on the program, that school teachers are frequently underpaid and overworked. To complicate the financial situation, there are always a dozen hungry hands in a school teacher's pocket, because a teacher is expected to be among the first to contribute generously to the Red Cross, the Community Chest, the Guide Dog Fund, at least one Church Fund, the Buy An Indian a Blanket Fund, the Community Auditorium Fund, the Plant an Elm Week Fund, and to any other community undertaking which needs money—as community enterprises are inclined to do, king-size.

Teachers, like actresses, are always broke, because both are sensitive to the plight of others; both realize that when financial aid is sought, it is usually for a worthy cause. To maintain self-respect, a teacher should be well-paid.

From Chicago came a letter asking Our Miss Brooks to point out in some dramatic manner the fact that it is unfair to expect a teacher to teach Sunday School (*Continued on page* 76)



"It helped me 'get my man'!"

—This is what a listener to "MY TRUE STORY" writes—both in fun *and in earnest.* "These real-life stories solve problems every woman must face."

Listen to this greatest of morning radio shows taken from the pages of True Story magazine, and you'll see for yourself why so many women never miss a single drama, Monday thru Friday.

Tune in "MY TRUE STORY"
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Great News! A Complete Hair Beauty Routine ...yet All you do is use New Drene Shampoo!



- NO SPECIAL RINSES—*yet your hair is naturally shining and soft!*
- NO SPECIAL LOTIONS—*yet hair is so easy to set!*
- NO SPECIAL POMADES—*yet waves stay put—hair beauty lasts and lasts!*

Just treat yourself to *one* shampoo with wonderful New Drene! See how wonderfully simple hair beauty can be

With New Drene, all you do is shampoo . . . and your hair has glorious natural sheen and softness. You don't have to use a special rinse because New Drene leaves no dulling film. Your hair takes the set like a charm . . . and holds it. And you don't have to mess with waving lotions or pomades. Just use New Drene —that's the whole routine.

What's the secret? There's beauty magic in New Drene . . . an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid. That's the reason why New Drene cleans your hair so thoroughly, so gently . . . rinses out so completely. That's why New Drene leaves your hair so springy, curls last and last. Try this wonderful New Drene Shampoo today!

For Complete Hair Beauty...

Get NEW *Drene* Shampoo

NEW! *Different!*



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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED HEREIN

A Procter & Gamble Exclusive

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WIVES TELL EXTRA ADVANTAGES

in using this suppository for

INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Easier, Daintier . . . yet one of the MOST EFFECTIVE METHODS!



Assures Hours of Continuous Action!

Zonitors have made a sweeping change in the whole idea of intimate feminine cleanliness—made it simpler, less embarrassing and more convenient, yet Zonitors are one of the most effective methods —*so powerfully germicidal* yet so *absolutely safe* to tissues.

What Zonitors Are . . .

Zonitors are greaseless, dainty, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they release powerful germicidal and deodorizing properties *for hours*. Yet Zonitors are *positively* non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. All you need is this dainty suppository — no extra equipment.

Easy to Carry if Away From Home

Zonitors remove offensive odor, help guard against infection—kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to *immediately kill* every reachable germ without the slightest risk of injury to delicate tissues. Any drug counter.



FREE

Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-109, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*Continued from page* 74) after she has spent five days each week teaching secular subjects. School teaching is an exhausting business and every teacher needs at least two days to recharge the batteries.

Some of our correspondents have suggested themes for programs as well as anecdotes with which to embellish them. Remember when our principal tore his trousers, sent them to the domestic science department for quick repairs, and was caught in this negligée condition? That was the true experience of a teacher with enough sense of humor to want to share a real life absurdity with Miss Brooks' radio audience.

Not all of our mail is friendly We get our share of bigoted mail from, for instance, people who find Miss Brooks' interest in Mr. Boynton slightly sinful. Other people find Miss Brooks' normal feminine interest in pretty clothes too frivolous, and yet a third group finds something sinister in Miss Brooks' camaraderie with her boy students.

All I can answer to such criticism is that it must be comfortable to be a bigot. A bigot's answers are ready-made, and they never change. Social usage today, to a bigot, is exactly the same as it was thirty years ago, dyna flow transmission, nylon, and jet-propulsion be hanged.

Thinking, as every honest school teacher will tell you, is a hard process, requiring time, honest investigation, comparison, and the drawing of conclusions which are not weighted in any way by emotion, or the view one's grandfather held. As I have said, it is easy to be a bigot and live in a mental cement block, yet it is just one more luxury which a true teacher, an actress, or any sincere person cannot afford.

Occasionally, the mail contains a red-hot poker. One teacher, from a New England state, sent us ten pages of criticism which could have been bottled and sold as prussic acid. First of all, she wrote, no teacher in her right mind would address her principal in the tone Miss Brooks uses. "The relationship between these two individuals," intoned Miss Blue Stocking, "should be similar to that between an army private and a general: distant, formal, crisply respectful."

I had an answer for that one, and I quote: "WHY?"

The relationship between a PFC and a General has to be somewhat distant. Army discipline must be maintained. But a school principal is nothing but a teacher with executive talent added. He should be sympathizer, counsellor, aide and friend to the classroom teacher. He won't need discipline under fire from his ranks, because the only battle he is likely to fight is one of wits, and if I know anything about the current crop of youngsters, he is licked before he starts with that old army game. Nowadays a child is backward if he can't out-strategy his parents and teachers from the age of six months onward.

Another complaint was that Miss Brooks seemed entirely too chummy with her students. "A teacher should rigidly maintain her position of superiority," she wrote. "She should represent an intellectual ideal, a concept of classical scholarship."

I wanted to stamp my foot and shout at her.

Instead, I could only comfort myself by re-reading a letter received from a high school sophomore, and I quote: "Dear Miss Brooks: We have a Brooks Club which meets every Sunday to hear your program. We get an e.l.c. (extra large charge) out of Miss Brooks, because she has taken the sting out of the superstition that teachers are monsters. We used to go to school with a feeling that we were entering an iron curtain country: anything might happen. Suffering from jangled nerves, we couldn't think of an answer to a question, even when we knew it.

"Now that we're Brooks fans, things are different. We look at our teachers in the morning and wonder if they have been hitting the bicarbonate after a breakfast like one of those Miss Brooks has to eat, and we feel *real* friendly toward them. We smile, and they smile back. We think we're getting twice as much out of school as we used to in the bitten-fingernail days."

That sort of thing sets me up for days.

Quite often radio fans ask whether Miss Brooks is patterned after a favorite teacher of my own. Not exactly. Yet I am quick to admit that my life has been influenced by one of my teachers, so it is inevitable that some of her philosophy should color my radio performance.

Miss Lizzie Kaiser was my English teacher during my entire four years of high school. My ambition then, as it has remained to this day, was to write solid, worthwhile fiction some day, an ambition which Miss Kaiser encouraged. Instead of requiring that I, or any other member of her class, turn in a theme at some specified interval, she told us at the beginning of the term how much written work she expected us to accomplish by the end of the term. She pointed out the folly of waiting until the last to do the work, and suggested that whenever we were impelled to strong feeling about a situation, we turn that into (*Continued on page* 78)

WOMAN'S FIRST RIGHT . . .

"THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS"



Listen to Carolyn Kramer's courageous struggle for security and peace of mind on **"The Right To Happiness,"** one woman's search for a richer, more meaningful life.

TUNE IN every afternoon Monday to Friday (3:45 ET) on NBC stations.

If *you* have overcome obstacles to your own happiness, write Carolyn Kramer about it and you may win $50 For details see the current issue of **TRUE EXPERIENCES** magazine. Now at newsstands.



DALLAS! "My doctor suggested Noxzema for my dry skin," says attractive Mrs. Marjory Ryan! "Now Noxzema is the only beauty cream I ever use—I couldn't do without it. I always use it as a powder base to help keep my skin soft and supple."



KANSAS CITY! "I used to have occasional blemishes," says popular Judy Hadas, "but since using Noxzema as my regular night cream, my skin is soft and smooth. Now it seems as though I'm always getting compliments on my complexion."

WHO ELSE WANTS A LOVELIER-LOOKING COMPLEXION?



NEW YORK! Charming Arlene Anderson first used Noxzema for an annoying skin rash. "It helped improve my skin so much," she says, "it's now my regular morning powder base and night cream as well. I'm never without Noxzema."

Doctor's new home beauty treatment helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

● Pictured here are six women who solved one important skin problem almost every woman occasionally faces. At one time each was bothered with minor skin troubles like blemishes from external causes, rough dry skin or similar skin disorders. But they found a way to softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin.

New Beauty Routine

For now a noted skin specialist has developed a home beauty routine for just such skin problems. It really gets results. You need only one cream—medicated Noxzema. There are only 4 simple steps. Here's all you do:

1. **Morning**—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. **Evening**—repeat morning cleansing with Noxzema.
4. Massage cream lightly into face. Pat on extra Noxzema over any blemishes.

Follow this routine faithfully for only two weeks. See the results! Note how refreshed your face feels—how Noxzema's medicated formula helps heal blemishes that come from dust and dirt. And if your skin gets rough and dry, smooth on Noxzema and watch for amazingly quick improvement.

You'll enjoy using Noxzema, too. This snow-white *greaseless* cream doesn't stain bed linen... never looks messy. Use it every night before retiring... every morning as a base for make-up. See if your complexion doesn't look softer, smoother, lovelier.

Helped 4 out of 5 Women Tested

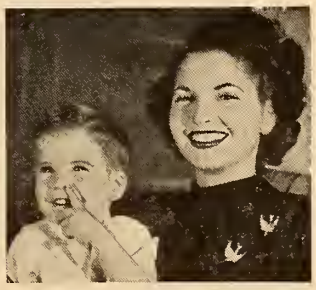
Noxzema's new 4-Step Beauty Routine has been thoroughly tested under careful supervision of skin specialists. Scores of women tried it—and 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in only two weeks. Try it yourself—see if you aren't amazed at the difference in your skin. **At all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax.**



CHICAGO! Vivacious Marion McEvoy had a dry skin condition. "Then I started using Noxzema every night," she says. "I soon noticed my complexion was smoother ... and I've used it ever since."



BALTIMORE! "A skin irritation almost ruined a Company party," says Mrs. Erma Boone. "But I used Noxzema in time ... and the party was a complete success. Now it's my night cream and powder base, too."



BOSTON! Mrs. Suzanne Lipsett likes to hunt and fish with her husband. "Noxzema keeps my skin soft and smooth in spite of long exposure. I also use it on the children for minor skin irritations."



Jane's husband upsets ashes...

and Jane sets up a howl! Then stalks off for her vacuum, or a dust pan and broom. Meanwhile . . .



So does Jill's...

But she whisks up those ashes in jig time, with her handy Bissell Sweeper.

Only Bissells® have "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action which adjusts automatically to any rug, thick or thin. No need to bear down, ever!

FASTER, EASIER CLEAN-UPS WITH

BISSELL SWEEPERS

This amazing "Bisco-matic" Brush Action even picks up perfectly under beds and chairs, with the handle held *low*.

For quick daily clean-ups, get a new Bissell. And save your vacuum for periodic cleaning.

New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as $6.45. Illustrated: the "Flight" at $9.45. Prices a little more in far West.



Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

(*Continued from page* 76) a theme. If we felt that the basketball team was unfairly overshadowed by the football team, we might deal with that in an essay. If we were moved by something that happened at Christmas, or if we were annoyed by a pestiferous younger brother or sister, that would make good source material.

This was so startling a departure from the assigned topics with which we were familiar, the "My Vacation," "My Favorite Pet" sort of thing, that every one of us reacted. I'm sure we turned in work the course required.

Furthermore, we were freed from the pressure which inhibits the performance of some students. We weren't in competition with anyone because we were to write about what interested us, and each of us was convinced that he was unique. Fear of failure was eliminated, because we knew instinctively that we do well what fascinates us. Personally, I can't think of a healthier mental climate in which to learn the rudiments of English composition, or the basis for lifelong self-expression.

Miss Kaiser showed us that teaching should add up to one thing: giving children the incentive to acquire as much learning as possible during school years, and to continue the student attitude throughout their lives.

Quite often someone wants to know whether my portrayal of Our Miss Brooks carries over into my private life as a mother of two alert daughters.

All I can say is that the girls are patient with me. They train me slowly.

And vice versa. As nearly as I have been able to discover, children are little star fish. First they stretch an exploring tentacle in one direction, then they relax and set out on an expedition in quite the opposite direction.

Liza, who, as I have said, is four and a half, has delighted me by giving signs of having musical talent. When she was scarcely high enough to wiggle herself onto the piano bench, she could pick out tunes with one finger.

Once she had memorized a song, it was hers permanently. She would progress to the next song without forgetting the previous one. By last summer she could play "Oh, Susanna," "Frère Jacques," "The First Noel," "Rockabye Baby," and "America."

I let her alone. Whenever she went to the piano of her own accord, I complimented her, and whenever I heard her humming a simple melody around the house, I asked if she could play it. I made it a point, however, never to suggest that she "practice." I wanted her to keep this exercise as part of her natural expression.

Suddenly I realized that Liza hadn't been near the piano for days. I began to check back, and to record each day which went by without a song. Over three weeks passed before Liza strolled casually to the piano one morning and played her entire repertoire, plus the melody of Brahms' Lullaby which she had picked up in the meantime.

During her non-musical weeks, Liza's personality had not been lying dormant. She had taken up painting. She has always loved to do the finger-daubing in which kindergarten inmates indulge, but lately her painting has taken a "serious" turn. One effort was entirely surrounded by a wide, black border.

"There's one for a child psychologist," I thought, feeling more than my customary bewilderment.

Just as Liza has expanded in nursery school, she has also picked up a few bits of information which, in my opinion, we could have skipped. We have never had a boogie man in our household. I don't believe in teaching children fear.

However, some of the little boys in Liza's class had been disciplined, apparently, by threats of having some sooty horror show up at the foot of their beds by night; the first time Liza, in dealing with these boys, showed a certain feminine independence about who was going to be "it," the boys told Liza who would get her if she didn't watch out.

Liza is an imaginative child, so she accepted the suggestion and parlayed it into something that would have scared the tar out of General Douglas MacArthur.

If I hadn't played Miss Brooks on the radio and read her fan mail, I might have blamed Liza's school system for her fright. Yet in this instance, as well as in others, Miss Brooks gave me understanding.

I simply explained to Liza why the boys had tried to scare her, and suggested that all during her life she would meet people who would boo at her out of dark corners simply to force her to do their will instead of her own. This philosophy is probably beyond her at present, of course, but as I grow older and remember the things that have stuck with me since childhood, I'm not sure where retention begins. I'm not taking any chances. The philosophy might stick. If it does, Liza will be equipped from now on for some of the nasty shocks which come to us all through courtesy of destiny.

I gave Liza more than philosophical aid; I began to burn a night light in the hall outside Liza's room, and to burn a small merry-go-round lamp at her bedside. I don't believe in forcing a child to fight her own imagination.

One thing in which I do believe, Miss Brooks notwithstanding, is an occasional spanking. It has been my experience as a teacher-mother that children build up tensions within themselves in a deliberate effort to drive an adult to some sort of drastic action. Children don't understand the curious frictions which exist in everyone. Adults do mad, incomprehensible things for which they could kick themselves afterward; children do noncharacteristic, infuriating things for which they should be spanked.

Being a radio school teacher has persuaded me of one additional conviction of importance: children must be taught according to capacity. When a need arises within a child, the alert parent should grasp that need and satisfy it.

I have an example of what I mean. We live on a hill high above Hollywood. Furthermore, Sunday is my busy day (when I was working on my latest movie, "The Lady Takes a Sailor," *every*day was busy) because I have to report to the radio station early in order to start rehearsal. I don't return home until late. And I hadn't been able to enroll Liza in Sunday School.

Not long ago Liza looked up from a story book in which there was a picture of a baby. Staring thoughtfully into the middle distance, she asked, "Who is Jesus? Do I know Him?"

I made arrangements for Liza to start Sunday School the next week. The time had come for a new phase of my daughter's mental and emotional development, and I was grateful to be alert enough to catch that moment.

I suppose you might say that I regard myself as Miss Brooks' most willing (but sometimes backward) student

The Face Is Familiar

(*Continued from page* 33)

moment and talks about Arachnida as glibly as you and I discuss Crosby.

Badness, a special pet in spite of the name, is a huge black cat. Linoleum is a cat that looks like the covering on the kitchen floor. Nana's dog, Merry Christmas, has a litter of pups every year, all named for special days and then presented to friends. Two of Merry Christmas's children, Admission Day and April Fool, live nearby and sometimes come home to visit.

In the dining-room, windows look out to the ocean; the carpet is green, the walls cream, and the furniture bleached modern. Chairs are covered with a cream linen splashed with huge pink and green and lavender hibiscus, the same design being enlarged to make a handsomely painted mural on one wall.

Rosemary is the artist who planned and executed the mural, but before it was finished the whole family had their brushes in it. "I wanted to be an artist," she says, "but just didn't cut the swath I hoped to during my first year at college. So I threw it over for dramatics. That hasn't kept me from painting everything in sight ever since, from still life to furniture."

Upstairs there are three bedrooms and three baths. Nurse and baby share a room that Rosemary decorated herself— "It's rather amazing, but quite pleasant to live in," says she.

It has deep chocolate walls, bright red carpeting, cream white furniture and mirrors, hand-blocked red and white curtains. The girls' room is made to seem like two, with a partition dividing it, and the door in the partition has "Nana" lettered on her side, "Martha" on hers. There's a different color scheme for each—Nana's half has brightly painted peasant furniture and red, yellow and black Mexican curtains. Martha's side is decorated in squares of rose, with little colored lambs pasted on the squares. Her curtains are blue.

Before Nana settles down at night, her mother has to read at least two chapters of "Oz" to her. "She'd like ten or twelve," says Rosemary, "but I'm only good for two. It's fine for the voice and diction—and for 'playing' all the characters—but sometimes it's a little difficult when you're supposed to be doing six other things!"

The big bedroom is about eighteen by twenty-three feet, opens on a small balcony, and has windows that go two-thirds of the way around the room. Because there's so much light, the walls are painted a dark Wedgwood blue. Ceiling's white, carpet silver-blue.

The seven and a half foot bed was specially built. At both sides and the foot are white woven oval carpets. The big electric clock built into the wall, which can be illuminated at night by a switch, is for "two near-sighted people who think it's wonderful." They wanted it set in the ceiling, but an expert finally convinced them that oil from the works would be bound to drip at times.

On the ocean side of the property there's a home-made barbecue, set in a little grove of trees. "Not one of your fancy Hollywood jobs, but a crude affair where we do a lot of living," is the way the Shidlers' describe it. They built their own croquet court, and family tournaments go on for days.

The patio is practically an outdoor

THE NEW

'Gold' Rush of '49

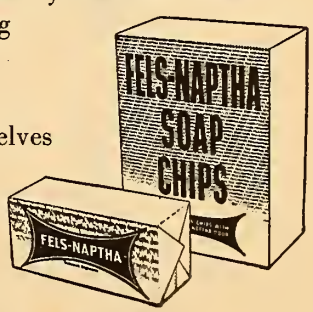


Maybe you've noticed it already—the way women are hurrying to buy Golden Fels-Naptha Soap and Soap Chips.

And no wonder! This 1949 Fels-Naptha brings them a brand-new washing experience. Every process in the Fels-Naptha formula has been tested and checked with the washing demands of today's smart, young housekeeper.

If you haven't tried the 1949 Fels-Naptha Soap or Soap Chips get some today. Get a big red and green box of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for your washing machine or automatic washer. You'll really get a thrill at the way this grand, golden soap gets things fragrantly clean and sweet and a bigger thrill when your dazzling white washes are hung on the line.

Join the 1949 Gold Rush today— to the Golden Fels-Naptha Soap shelves in any grocery store.



MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

How wonderful for YOU!
Stopette Deodorant
sprays away underarm odor



Stopette
SPRAY DEODORANT



No messy fingers! You never touch Stopette . . . hardly know it touches you!

Just squeeze the flexible bottle . . . Stopette envelops underarm in cool deodorant mist, banishes odor and perspiration worries.

You have never used a deodorant so delicate, yet so effective. Stopette is invisible, dries the instant you spray it on, leaves no trace on skin or clothes. Composed of kind-to-your-skin ingredients . . . assures the firm yet gentle protection you must have. The squeezable bottle is unbreakable—carry it anywhere. So economical, too—hundreds of sprays in each bottle.

Your favorite drug or cosmetic counter has Stopette. Try it once . . . you will never use another deodorant.

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JULES MONTENIER, INC.
CHICAGO

living room five months of the year and a wonderful place for picnic buffets. Regular daily meals in the Shidler household are simple. Waffles are a Sunday treat, popovers and spinach souffle are among Rosemary's specialties. She's the every-other-Sunday cook, when Jo is off.

Rosemary keeps her "city" clothes for days away from home, wears colorful slacks, shirts and jackets around the house. "John's even more addicted to casual clothes," she says. "Being a judge, he's often caught in informal garb on Sunday by some desiring-to-be-wed couple, but when enough notice is given he dresses with all the proper formality for the occasion."

John is interested in everything from community affairs to boys' Bible classes. Rosemary's radio and movie work, combined with home and children, keep her out of everything except the big annual bridge tournament that husbands and wives of the community play against the husbands and wives of a nearby hill town. "You never play with the same people twice, which makes it interesting—and the food is wonderful," is Rosemary's reason for always entering the tournaments.

How she got into radio and the movies is a story in itself, of course. It really started because Rosemary's mother is one of those always-finish-it girls, and consequently Rosemary can't quit anything she starts, whether it's a foolish book or a poor meal—and certainly not the quest for a movie or radio part. Mama taught her too well.

People are always asking Rosemary how they can get on the air. "*A*," she tells them, "make a list of jobs to be had. *B*, people who can give them out. And *C*, start sitting on benches and pestering *B* to give you *A*. If you work at it hard enough you'll win, and the more you work the more proficient you'll get."

She got to be "Judy Price" that way. *A*, she found there was a job to be had on the Dr. Christian airshow. *B*, she got the name of the job-giver. *C*, she auditioned for three days, brought her lunch every day and outstayed all comers.

Somewhere there must have been a *D* too; she had what it takes.

Rosemary's been Judy for twelve years, except for the three maternity leaves. "It always seems strange to be paid, when it's so much fun," she tells you, then adds, "Dear, dear, let's not be too naive about this!"

When River's End and its folks go on television she wants to go along, because she thinks Dr. Jean Hersholt-Christian is the kindest, most generous, most humorous person she could work with—"and nobody's fool, in spite of these things," she adds.

Plenty of girls would have envied Rosemary's early life. She was born in Prescott, Arizona, but her father was a mining engineer and the only thing she could count on was change. Her formal schooling began much later than other girls', and when she did get started she changed schools every year. Either the family moved, or she had to be shipped off somewhere to get an education. She used to wonder what it was like to grow up in a house you were born in and see the same faces for at least twelve months at a stretch.

Now she knows that this nomadic life made her more understanding of differing customs and ways of living and left her in the permanent dilemma of being able to see the other fellow's point of view, even when completely contrary to her own. Therefore she can't be too tough on anyone—which is sometimes tough on Rosemary. It also made her more adept at meeting new people, although she insists that's a surface facility and that she's really still the shy ten-year-old who was brought up alone and suddenly sent out to face a world of strange schools and stranger grownups.

Shy she may have been at ten, but already she had seen mine tragedies, disastrous fires and even killings in the border towns and mining camps that were her early homes. Maybe it was seeing all this pain and sickness that made her want to be a doctor—and even now makes her read every medical treatise she can make head or tail of. She can't bear to see anything, human or animal, suffer and tortures herself with theories about ways to help. Doctor Christian has competition in his own office!

Oddly enough, she flunked her first screen test, which was for the role of Judy Price in a film based on the radio show. Persistence didn't pay off in that case. "You're not the type," they told her.

Some Hollywood agents had warned her she'd lose by a nose. Like Rosemary, her nose has individuality—but while not as photogenic as, say, Bergman's, it has led her into twenty-six movie roles to date, the latest being Ma Miller in Warners' "Look for the Silver Lining," based on the life of dancer Marilyn Miller. She's just started a movie version of the Bill Bendix radio show, The Life of Riley. She's played screen mother to such diverse children as June Haver, who portrays Marilyn; to Sabu, Jimmy Cagney, Bobby Driscoll, Ronald Reagan, Ann Blyth and Robert Alda. On the air she has done something like four hundred different characters, from the Columbia Workshop to Gangbusters.

Character roles started for her at fourteen, when she played in stock. Smaller parts were usually older women and she got used to padding and gray wigs. Once she did Mercutio and lost half her mustache in the vehemence of her performance.

She majored in drama and psychology at Mills College, in Oakland, California, got her Master's Degree after a year of post-graduate teaching there. She acted on radio, screen and stage, once did reviews for the New York *Morning Telegraph*, was fired for telling the editor not to cut her stuff. "It took me some time to get over the notion that I was sent from heaven to aid the arts," she confesses.

Rosemary had been fired from her first radio job, on One Man's Family in 1934, because she couldn't resist telling the boss how to run the show. They hadn't been enthusiastic over her audition, but next day someone broke a leg—a break for Rosemary, because she was the substitute. Six weeks later she was bossing the boss. So she had to move on—this time to the Pasadena Playhouse. But the role she liked best was Mad Agnes in "The Drunkard," in a mad tour that took her all over the country and landed her in New York and a part in "Merrily We Roll Along." She worked her way up to a small speaking role—and the show closed. Not cause and effect, she insists.

She got into the movies because actress Martha Scott fought for her until it was easier to put up with Rosemary than it was with Martha. Martha looked upon her as a com-

bination of Bernhardt and Bergman, so Rosemary got her foot in the motion picture door by playing the immigrant girl in "Cheers for Miss Bishop," in which Martha starred.

When you ask Rosemary if she wants her three daughters to be actresses you get an emphatic answer, "Only if they want to act more than anything else. Whatever they do, I want them to be *good* at it." Looks as if they're in for a little hard plugging along the traditional DeCamp always-finish-it formula. Nana takes her mother's goings-on as a matter of course. "She thinks all mommies act on the radio and make 'pitchers,'" Rosemary says.

Rosemary and John met when she was at Mills and he was a student at nearby Stanford University, in Palo Alto. College over, and the nomadic life in full swing again for Rosemary, they didn't see each other again for eight years. They were married in 1941.

"When I married, everything good began to come my way," she tells you earnestly. "Children, good picture roles, more radio opportunities—and so much else. There are always a dozen projects afoot in our household at any moment, but it's my theory that no human works up to his potential and that by organization of time it's possible to accomplish seeming miracles. John is a highly organized character, who gets far more work done than I. But we live simply and try to take frequent vacations—fishing trips, for instance.

"When I drive home from Hollywood I go into another world, that of a small town, where my husband's friends and mine are our neighbors—businessmen, doctors, lawyers, people who work in various fields. Right now I'm up to my elbows in a fairly tricky undertaking, etching patterns on glass with a grinding machine, because I couldn't find the right lighting fixtures for the house."

Asked what she thinks are the most important qualities in a man, Rosemary answers, "An interest in people who may be quite different from himself, and in other ideas as well as his own. The most dangerous man is one who will *listen*. He can accomplish anything by being of such a rare species."

And the most important qualities in a woman? "Kindness, understanding, a sense of humor—plus the necessary 'wheels' to meet life intelligently." Judy Price has those qualities, as every Dr. Christian listener knows. And why not—since she learned them from Rosemary!

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Advertisement

All Three of Us

(*Continued from page* 54)

New Year's Day of that same year. One of Court's assignments at the time was announcing on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's daytime serial, The Story of Dr. Susan. Grace Matthews came in to audition for the title role. She not only got the part—she walked into a lifetime assignment.

At the time they met, Grace and Court were both busy and successful people. Court, in fact, was working on something like twenty-two free-lance assignments, while Grace, a graduate of the Royal Academy in London, was fast making a reputation for herself as one of Canada's best-liked radio actresses. Court was doing some work in the legitimate theater, and Grace was planning to resume her career in the theater. All this meant eventually coming to New York, the center of all things theatrical.

It meant a lot of disciplined, concentrated work. Yet at no time since their marriage—for all that two careers can be so time-consuming—has it occurred to either Grace or Court to think of themselves as anything but a family in the fullest, deepest sense of the word. They are so very much a unit, husband and wife. Perhaps, Court will tell you, that's because Grace is such a warm, sympathetic person—she has so much to give. Even the radio personalities she portrays reflects this quality of hers: As Ruth Wayne on the Big Sister program she has time for everyone's troubles; as Julie Paterno in Hilltop House, she is assistant supervisor of an orphanage—and the kids love her.

Wherever she is, Grace just naturally makes a home. Although most of the places they lived in have been small city apartments, each one has had "Home" stamped all over it. Court, who plays suave villains on Counterspy and can be heard on Gangbusters as any one of a series of good, solid homespun characters—kindly doctors, lawyers, businessmen—loves to come home from his adventures as either the hunter or the hunted. He especially appreciates the peace and quiet of their smoothly-running attractive household at the end of his winter weekends: that's when he runs up to Canada for his international commuting chore, commentating on our northern neighbor's biggest sports broadcast, the Imperial Oil Hockey Show. It's a bit hectic.

When they were first married, Grace and Court furnished their Toronto flat mostly in Chinese Chippendale, using some lovely old Chinese rugs which Court's family had brought from Peking. This same furniture and rugs decorate their newest apartment. The rugs, however, have had quite an odyssey of their own. At one point Court had to put them in storage, and the man with whom he stored them subsequently went to jail. The family rugs vanished. Court had to do a super-sleuth act to recover them. They finally turned up in the moth-ridden cellar where the jailed man's landlady had stowed them away—for her own future use!

Today the rugs, minus moths and mildew, harmonize effectively with the turquoise broadloom which covers the rest of the floor of their home. But there is no point talking about the newest Matthews-Benson home without talking a lot more about the baby.

As soon as they knew Small Brother was under way, Grace and Court began apartment-hunting in earnest. They hunted seven months. Grace was able not only to hunt houses with her husband whenever his schedule permitted, but to go on with all her radio shows. And they finally found the place that suited them. It was in the East Seventies, a fine solid apartment house that stood tall and serene in a block of remodeled brownstones.

In spite of the sweltering heat of July in New York, Grace, who still had some energy left over, decorated it herself. She and Court both like gray, so she chose gray paint for the walls, contrasting with silver paper decorated with Chinese figures for the foyer and the wall over the fireplace. She had the baby's room done all in blue—a color she had always disliked but now—probably in anticipation of "Andrew"—began to use even for her new clothes. As it turned out, blue actually suits Little Sister's red-gold and brown coloring better than pink might have done!

There is plenty of space to move around in the new apartment: There's a large living room, a dinette and kitchen, two bedrooms, and two baths. All this still seems pretty luxurious to a pair of space-hungry Manhattanites.

Grace and Court both like to reminisce about the time the baby made her appearance, and also about the time of waiting. Andrea—or Andrew as they kept calling her then—was due the first week in September. Grace's grip, packed weeks in advance, stood ready in the hall closet. Court promised the baby to Grace as a birthday present, to arrive on September 3rd.

But the baby was late. Grace, who had stopped work two weeks earlier, grew restless. Court bought his wife a substitute birthday present but that didn't really help. Grace's mother, who had come down from Canada, had to go home again. Babies, the Bensons were discovering, can be extremely unpredictable.

One night, they decided to "do" Chinatown with Paul McGrath, Grace's "husband" on Big Sister, and his wife Lu, one of Grace's best friends. They had dinner which consisted of all kinds of exotic dishes, then shopped around for knick-knacks. They said goodnight to the McGraths at midnight, and went home—then suddenly it was time to get the bag out of the closet and head for the hospital.

At nine o'clock the following morning, Paul was at the hospital pacing the floor with the baby's real-life father. At 11:30 he had to leave for rehearsal. At one o'clock Big Sister went on the air. Then, immediately following the commercial, Little Sister gave her first vocal performance. Her father and mother think the baby showed a real flare for show business in the matter of timing, and displayed wonderful professional courtesy toward the sponsors in waiting until after the commercial.

Andrea was born September 6th, Labor Day. The simple change in name was her father's idea—but it wasn't just a change in gender. During the war, Court had spent some pleasant months in the beautiful town of Andrea in southern Italy. He likes to explain that the golden-haired child was named for the sun-kissed town because both are beautiful in the same sunny way.

But Grace, smiling a little, will remind him that the story really doesn't

go like that. When Court had his first quick glimpse of his daughter through the hospital nursery window he was not nearly so poetic. Later during the day everyone around radio started asking who the baby looked like. Court's prompt answer was, "She looks like Johnny Mize." But then, Court claims Andrea stopped resembling the first baseman for the New York Giants as soon as they got her home. And anyway, he'll add irrevelantly and proudly, she's so unusual—all babies are born with blue eyes and Andrea never did have blue eyes, not even for one day!

Grace's "other husband," Paul, kept coming to the hospital with his wife. The whole cast of Big Sister came or sent gifts. Collectively, they sent a set of gold safety pins. Individually they brought flowers, books, small gifts. Producer Jack Rubin of Hilltop House sent a tremendous basket of flowers. When the flowers began to wilt, the nurse discovered toys hidden under them—a rattle for the baby, a high chair with a doll in it . . . Andrea still plays with the doll which only recently has acquired a rival—a big plushy teddy bear.

It was the hospital staff which first began to call the baby Little Sister, although the nickname was a natural. Andrea couldn't have escaped it.

The nurses and doctors felt very pleased with the tiny celebrity and her mother. They got a kick out of taking care of Big Sister. Besides, they enjoyed meeting all the other celebrities—practically every character in half a dozen daytime serials came in to visit Grace.

Since, as is usual for September, the weather was pretty sticky, all the doors at the hospital were constantly left ajar. A woman across the hall heard Grace's voice and kept insisting an acquaintance of hers must be having a baby right on the same floor. Grace's voice was so familiar to this woman she couldn't stop worrying until she was finally told that the Mrs. Benson whose name meant nothing to her was the Grace Matthews she listened to regularly in her own home.

Grace was touched and pleased with the realization this incident brought her of how much a part of the lives of her radio audience she has really become. She understood better than ever why it is always a matter of so much importance to the writers of a serial script what to do with a major character who temporarily must leave a show. Writers solve this problem in different ways. For instance, when Grace and Court got married and left on their honeymoon, the writers of Dr. Susan announced that the young doctor had mysteriously disappeared—and fans all over Canada worried about her for a couple of weeks!

Julian Funt and Robert Newman, who write the Big Sister script, kept Ruth Wayne in the conversation of other people—for instance, she was talked to on the telephone—or called to in another room—and the audience never realized she was away. But Addy Richton and Lynne Stone, writers of Hilltop House, decided to give Julie Paterno a Bermuda vacation. This worked out fine too—so much so that on the day Grace returned to work, Hilltop House acquired a sponsor.

After mother and baby came home, Grace's problem was how to get back to a work schedule as soon as possible without doing damage to either herself or Andrea. The simplest and best answer was a competent nurse. Grace got one immediately—a trained woman



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You insert Tampax by means of individual patented applicators; your hands need not touch the Tampax.

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You can forget any fear of bulges or ridges under your clothing, for Tampax cannot show through. (Also, disposal is easy.)

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You will welcome the downright comfort of Tampax—the sense of physical and mental relaxation it brings on "those discouraging days."

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who specialized in the care of brand-new babies. At the end of six weeks, when there was no more need for that kind of specialist, this nurse recommended another—a motherly German woman, in this country for twenty years, who would be able to take over completely.

It has worked out beautifully. Nurse not only has charge of Andrea, she has adopted the whole family. Since there is no sleep-in maid, it is she who fixes Grace and Court their coffee in the morning (and what can be greater luxury?). The Bensons have coffee early enough to give them an hour of play with Andrea before they go to the studio and she goes to the park. They don't see each other again, except on the nurse's day off, until the baby's bath and dinner.

Grace's schedule is pretty full during the day. Rehearsal for Big Sister starts at 11:30. The show itself is over at 1:15. She has half an hour for lunch, for which she generally rushes downstairs in the CBS building to Colbee's. At 1:45 she's back at the studio to begin rehearsal for Hilltop House, and is kept busy until 3:30.

A lot of Court's work keeps *him* busy during other people's dinnertime. So husband and wife often have to operate on a stagger schedule, which, on Wednesday, the nurse's day off, works like this. Mornings are as usual, except that Nurse leaves right after breakfast. When Grace leaves, Court takes the baby over, giving her lunch and taking her for an airing in Central Park. There he is greeted by all the other nurses, who know Andrea, and love to come over and talk to him about her. He is rather proud to play the role, not of a well-known radio character, but simply of Andrea's old man.

Grace meets them at the Zoo as soon as her work is over, and it's her turn to take the baby. While Court goes to the studio, Grace gives Andrea her bath and her dinner, which she thoroughly enjoys doing. Court frankly admits he prefers not to have to feed his daughter. He hasn't the patience for a baby's thousand delays and the endless resourcefulness it can show about not swallowing food. . . . Anyway, he claims Andrea is always half-starved by the time Nurse gets back for breakfast on Thursday morning.

The Bensons' social life is fairly limited, since working as hard as they do doesn't leave much time for staying up late. They read a lot, see many plays (they still plan to do some legitimate theater work in the fairly near future) and see their friends. Once a week, Court has a poker session, using an octagonal table Grace gave him last year as a Christmas present.

During the summer the routine of the Benson household changes considerably. For several months out of the year they become commuters. And they love it.

Their house in Darien, Connecticut, is so surrounded by water it looks like a houseboat . . . almost. Not quite, though. It isn't that isolated. The Bensons would hardly like a real houseboat—they enjoy moving about too much, walking along country roads. Out at Darien they sleep better than in the city, and even the food tastes better to them. They claim the same steaks and chops develop a different flavor. It isn't just the result of cooking sometimes on an open grill—it's eating after the long walks, the swimming. The evenings and early mornings in the country are so invigorating they don't half-mind the commuting.

Andrea, who spent her first long summer there, thrives on the country. After a few weeks she became one of those lovely honey-colored babies. She smiled and gurgled all day long, showing off her four brand-new teeth—two of them eye-teeth which, her parents say, make her look as if she were growing fangs.

She is growing up fast. Court and Grace have some very definite ideas—which don't always coincide—on the way Little Sister should be brought up. They argue a good deal about the importance of environment in raising a child. Grace believes that the most important thing is the psychological effect of good home atmosphere, a feeling of security and being loved. Court tends to feel that though these factors are important there is too much stress today being placed on the psychological side of upbringing and is more fatalistic about human character. He feels that the fundamentals of a person's character are inborn.

Luckily, both know how to listen in an argument, and they respect each other's judgment and ideas. By the time Andrea is old enough to need it, they will undoubtedly have arrived at a pretty sensible approach for all of them. In the meantime, they are wondering just how much musical talent their daughter will have. They think probably a lot. At ten months, Little Sister has taken to tuning both Court and Grace off the air unceremoniously. She prefers to listen to music.

listen to singing star

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My Boss, Arthur Godfrey

(*Continued from page 29*)

you might call it a sense of timing. I got so I knew just which piece of material to hand him next.

That's the way we've always worked except now of course, with all our network shows and our television programs, we have a staff of five writers who work under my direction. They gather together anything and everything they think might fit into a show, then I sift it and show it to him just before we go on the air. Of course sometimes, or I should say many times, we don't get a chance to go over a thing before the theme starts, and Arthur doesn't know what he's going to say until I start pulling stuff out of my folder. It's certainly not the orthodox, "everything-timed" way of putting on a broadcast, but then Arthur is anything but orthodox, to say the least. There are always those days when he uses nothing I've planned or outlined. He'll get started on some subject or another and just talk on and on, "ad libbing in my 'imimitable' fashion," as he laughingly mispronounces it, and first thing we know, the program is over.

Arthur actually has no sense of organization at all. He prefers leaving that department strictly up to me. But he's one of those people who somehow manages to always get everything done, regardless of mountainous confusion. With so many shows and the pressure of sponsors, advertising agencies, personal appearances, making records and everything else that goes with our round-and-round routine, you'd expect him to fall on his face at least once a month. I honestly don't know how he can go as fast or as hard as he does continually. Maybe it's because he has learned the art of relaxing completely for short periods at a time. He can put his head down on his desk, fall sound asleep for fifteen minutes and wake up feeling like a new man. It's probably a lucky thing for him inasmuch as he's the keyed-up, excitable type.

As unpredictable and impetuous as Arthur is, his wife, Mary, is just the opposite. She's calm and even-tempered as can be. The rush and tension of radio doesn't bother her in the least. Of course Mary used to work at NBC in Washington before she and Arthur were married so she has a thorough understanding of his work.

When someone asks Arthur just exactly what my job consists of, he'll usually answer, "Mug is my production chief-plus-plus-plus," and Mary would be the first to know what he means. Like the time a few years ago when he broke his foot chopping wood and was done up in plaster cast for about a month. I immediately became a chauffeur without uniform, driving Arthur from the farm to the studio and back every day. That is, I sat behind the wheel while he screamed instructions, warnings and signals at me. Boy! he's the worst back-seat driver in the world. Was I ever glad when that cast came off and he could drive again.

Of course I have other duties, not so physical, which Arthur has always delegated to me. Like remembering everyone's name for him. He has a terrific memory for faces and will yell a big greeting to somebody he knows well and then turn to me a minute

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No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN . . . for *true* hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, *tonight*, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

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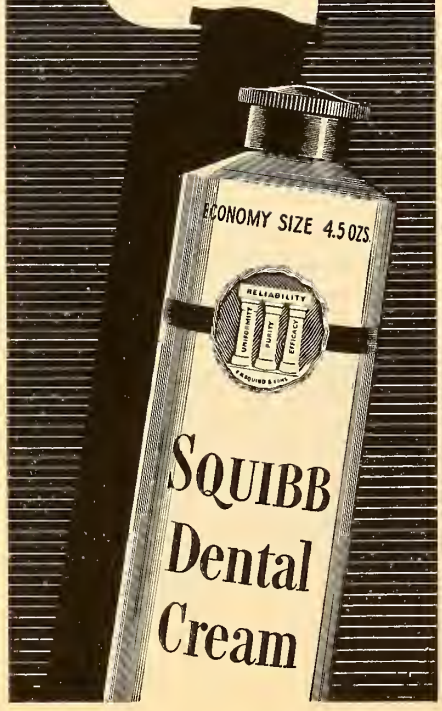
A Squibb-clean mouth has a mint-fresh breath



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Effective... made with antacid magnesium hydroxide.



later and say, "What in the heck is that guy's name?" Sometimes this habit of his can be a little embarrassing. A few months ago we got into an elevator at CBS and Arthur said, "Hi there, how are you?" to a fellow in the back of the car and chatted with him warmly until the man got off on his floor. Then Arthur said to me, "You know, I never *can* remember that fellow's name." I calmly reminded Arthur that "that fellow" had been our first engineer when we moved to New York and that he had been in service and a prisoner in a concentration camp for two years and had just returned to CBS.

Many times I'm asked, "What kind of a person is Arthur Godfrey when he's away from the microphone?" And people are usually surprised and say "Really?" when I tell them he has exactly the same personality off the air as on. But it's absolutely true. He is just as straightforward and outspoken and has just as keen a sense of humor. Incidentally, his great humor is one of the things that has made my job so enjoyable all these years. One of the funniest tricks he ever pulled, at least to me, was the time he gave away the washing machine on our morning show. Every day for a week we had found refrigerators, dishwashers, deep freezers, etc., in our studio which the Winner Take All program had left there from the afternoon before. Arthur kept threatening, "If I find one of those contraptions in here tomorrow morning I'm going to give it away."

Sure enough, the next day there stood a huge washing machine, so after we were on the air, Arthur told the audience how it happened to be on the stage, and he picked out a lady in the second row, asked her to stand up and tell him her name and spell it. She did just that and he said, "For answering my question correctly, the washing machine is yours!" As it turned out, the woman certainly had use for it because she had several small children.

Arthur is also quite a practical joker in his private life, and the victim can be anyone from a vice-president to a sponsor. For instance, Mr. Robert B. Smallwood, who happens to be the president of the Lipton Tea Company, invited some friends of his, including Arthur and me, to a party at his tower apartment in one of New York's residential hotels. At the end of the evening he was showing his guests the skyline view from his terrace, which was just off his bedroom.

We were on our way out to the terrace when Arthur noticed Mr. Smallwood's pajamas folded neatly on the turned-down bed. Arthur got a flash and when no one was looking he quickly tied each leg in double knots and folded them back so they wouldn't show. Then I took my little perfume atomizer from my bag and we sprayed the whole bottle all over the sheets and pillow. The next morning Arthur could hardly wait for Mr. Smallwood to call so he'd know his reaction to the gag. P. S.—He loved it. But who else but Arthur could get away with something like that?

But with all his joking and kidding, Arthur is the fairest man I've ever known and the most honest. He has never, even in the early days, plugged a product or worked for a client he didn't absolutely and completely believe in. On one or two occasions in the past, when he found out that a sponsor pulled a fast one on him with a phony commercial, he dropped the account right then and there and never would take it up again even though the clients tried to apologize in every way. If you once lie to Godfrey, he's through with you forever.

With Arthur as a boss, I don't have the usual social life of the average career girl. Because of our schedule, it's impossible ever to plan ahead.

But lack of a set routine in my private life doesn't bother me at all. If we broadcast from the farm on Friday I usually spend the weekend with friends in Washington, which is my permanent home. Several times a year I get down to Raleigh to see my folks. In the summer months I do a lot of sailing with Arthur, Mary and their kids at Larchmont, N. Y. And if I'm not sailing I indulge in my other pet pastimes, tennis, swimming and movies. During the work week Tuesday is actually our only free night and whenever possible Arthur will get a gang together from the program—Janette Davis, Archie Bleyer, Bill Lawrence, and we'll all see a Broadway show. Believe it or not, by some miracle Arthur even got tickets for "South Pacific." And of course he promptly gagged that the crowd at the box-office was so big there was one woman standing there with five children who wasn't even married when she got in line.

All in all my job is a fascinating one and I love it. It's full of hard work, late hours, surprises, and a million laughs. I can't imagine anything more interesting and I'm *never, never* bored! Last July the Junior Chamber of Commerce of North Carolina invited me to Raleigh as a special guest for the annual Miss North Carolina Beauty Pageant. As they crowned the winner I couldn't help thinking, "I only hope that girl will be as lucky as I was and winds up with a career that is as wonderful and exciting as mine."

The Life of a Glamorous Woman Reporter!



Listen to

"Wendy Warren and the News"

Monday through Friday CBS Stations

Check Paper for Time

Read the fascinating feature,

"Woman's World"

reported by Wendy Warren each month in **TRUE EXPERIENCES** magazine now at newsstands.

The Life and Times of CBS

(*Continued from page* 25)

the security of the press for the "uncertainty" of the still static-ridden air!

A thin, energetic, young man by the name of Ted Husing was lugging the heavy weight of a recent invention—the portable transmitter—around after Bobby Jones in the National Amateur Golf Finals. He was the first reporter to use a portable mike at a sports event.

And CBS was about to put Rudy Vallee on the air and change the singing style of the nation.

It happened by accident. One of the most popular of early CBS programs was called Night Club Romances. It featured the lively jazz of the day. One night there was wild alarm in the studio a few minutes before the program was scheduled to go on the air. The orchestra was in place, the conductor was there, the engineers were ready. But there was no music score in the studio.

The producer burned up the telephone wires, and made a deal with a young bandleader to go on the air from his recently opened Heigh Ho Club in Greenwich Village. "As a great novelty, we are leaving the studio and taking you directly to a night club to hear Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees," said the announcer. With that a brand-new sound went out over the airways—a band with no brasses—a singer who murmured to the mike.

The era of the crooner had come.

In 1929, CBS signed Paul Whiteman, the greatest name in jazz, and, as a result, scored several more "firsts." When Whiteman and his band went to Hollywood to make "The King of Jazz," his was the first program troupe to travel, broadcasting as it went. It moved as a unit in ten railway cars and made seventeen broadcasts.

In Whiteman's troupe was a big-eared boy who already was beginning to hum "boo-boo-ba-boo-boo" into the mike—Bing Crosby, who also won his first big radio chance by accident . . . accident and President Paley's ceaseless search for new talent.

Paley was relaxing on the deck of a ship bound for Europe. Technically, he was on a vacation. But when he heard a new, dulcet sound pouring out of a stateroom window, he went to work. He rushed to the door of the unknown traveler while "To you my love, my life, my all—I surrender, dear," was still floating out of the Victrola, demanded the name of the singer who had made the recording, hurried to the wireless room. The result was Bing Crosby's first engagement on the big time.

But was this an accident? How often is "good luck" no more than a combination of good thinking and quick action? The scores of famous personalities first introduced to the airways by CBS cannot all be the result of happy accident.

Look at the record:

1930—CBS brought the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra to the air and has kept it on ever since. The expense was staggering but hundreds of thousands of people who never had heard of symphonies before were able to enjoy it, free for the turn of a dial. Today, it is estimated that nearly forty-four million people hear CBS concerts in one season.

Kate Smith was first heard regularly

(*Continued on the next page*)



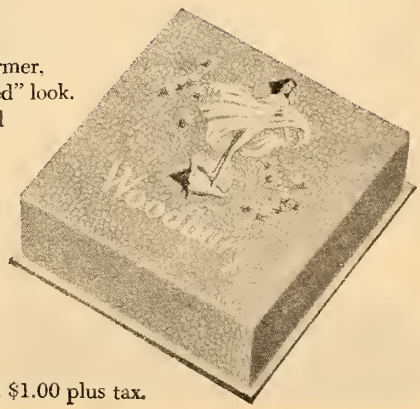
"Something Wonderful in New Woodbury Powder makes my Skin look Satin Smooth!"

says **GLORIA DE HAVEN**
co-starring in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"SCENE OF THE CRIME"

There *is* something wonderful in New Woodbury Powder—a new ingredient that gives your skin a smooth-as-Satin look.

And Woodbury shades are just a glow of Satiny color on your skin—richer, warmer, they give none of that obvious "powdered" look. New Woodbury Powder is finer-blended than was ever before possible. And the subtle, exciting fragrance clings as long as the powder.

See for yourself why women from Coast to Coast voted New Woodbury the four-to-one favorite over all leading face powders!



7 glow-of-color shades, 15¢, 30¢ and $1.00 plus tax.



Nestle
COLORINSE
with LURIUM

GIVES YOUR HAIR
MORE COLOR

- Absolutely harmless
- Washes out easily

Now, from the famous Nestle Hair Laboratories comes LURIUM—an amazing new ingredient added to Nestle Colorinse to give your hair more glorious COLOR-BEAUTY, sparkling highlights and silken lustre than ever before.

And — *Nestle Colorinse with Lurium* eliminates tangles — makes hair easier to comb, easier to manage—comes in 10 flattering shades.

FREE! Full size package of Nestle Colorinse. Just write the color of your hair on a postcard and mail it to The Nestle Co., 100 Baker Ave., South Meriden, Conn.

So Economical to Use!
2 rinses 10¢
6 rinses 25¢



NESTLE—originators of permanent waving — Meriden, Conn.

in 1931 on a national network and became "Everybody's Sweetheart"—through CBS.

A decade later, CBS brought to the air for his first regular broadcasts still another singer who was to become a national rage—a skinny, frail boy from Hoboken. Overnight, strange new words entered the language, such as "Bobby-soxer," and "Swoonatra," and high-pitched shrieks of the teenage fans echoed through the CBS studios.

Famous are the names and colorful are the personalities that streamed past the CBS microphones. First heard over CBS were Jack Benny, Morton Downey, Ed Gardner, The Mills Brothers, Fred Allen, Easy Aces, Fred Waring, Raymond Scott, Burns and Allen, Horace Heidt, Raymond Paige, Perry Como, Ozzie and Harriet, Edward R. Murrow, Elmer Davis, Bob Trout, William L. Shirer, The Cavalcade of America—great shows and performers, each adding to the increasingly great tradition of show business on the air.

Alexander Woollcott will be remembered as long as there is radio for an outstanding example of devotion to the unseen audience. In January, 1943, he was stricken by heart attack during a CBS broadcast—a roundtable discussion of the War Writers' Board. Unable to talk, he scribbled "I Am Sick," lay back in his chair and signalled to the others to go on without him. Helped to an anteroom by one of the speakers, he gasped "Go back in there—never mind me," faithful even in his last moments to the trouper's credo, "The show must go on."

Norman Corwin, noted for his exploration of new forms of radio writing, came to the air through CBS sustaining programs such as Columbia Workshop. This experimental dramatic feature was maintained at considerable cost to encourage new air technics.

Other CBS dramatic programs were attracting rising talent and winning wide audiences. How vast was this following CBS discovered with a jolt when Orson Welles' War of the Worlds, on the Mercury Theatre series, sent thousands of listeners fleeing for their lives. And all because they thought they were hearing a real newscast!

From the start, CBS poured money, brains and ambition into its news coverage. An early news beat was scored when disaster struck the Ohio State Penitentiary in 1930. A CBS crew was inside the walls broadcasting a concert given by the prison band. Fire broke out. When it got beyond control, the CBS men flashed word to their stations to stand by for a report. Until the fire burned through their cables, the CBS men stayed at their microphones.

CBS, in 1933, set up its own independent news-gathering service. Its success led to an exchange of services between radio and press that helps make us today a better informed people.

CBS claims again to have taken the lead with the first television to go out from New York on regular schedule in 1931, and in 1939 constructed the largest television studio in the country when it set up telecast headquarters in the Grand Central Building in New York. These studios, recently rebuilt, are today the most modern and complete in the country.

And so the story continues, each year boasting new achievements in radio and television.

Now, in 1949, the company that started only twenty-two years ago with sixteen stations is a giant—still young—still growing. Look at a partial roster of the talent and the shows.

Amos 'n' Andy, Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen, Bing Crosby, Horace Heidt, Lum and Abner, Groucho Marx, The Lux Radio Theatre, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Edward R. Murrow and Arthur Godfrey.

Godfrey was a hard-working announcer on a local Washington station when he became so bored that he turned critic, smashed phonograph records that displeased him and gave his own caustic "book review" of the commercials, heckled his sponsors. He expected to be fired. Instead fan letters poured in and so did orders to his sponsors. That one broadcast set the style that makes him one of the most popular of CBS stars today . . . great stars that include Gene Autry, Abe Burrows, Helen Hayes on the Electric Theatre, Quincy Howe, The Andrews Sisters on Bob Crosby's Show, Eve Arden, Lucille Ball, Jean Hersholt, Jack Smith, Marie Wilson, Red Barber, George S. Kaufman and Clifton Fadiman on "This is Broadway," Joan Davis, Vaughn Monroe, Basil Rathbone, Herb Shriner and dozens more.

And on CBS Television: Fred Waring, The Goldbergs, The Ford Theatre, Ed Sullivan, Lucky Pup, Peggy Wood, Jack Benny, Ed Wynn, Dione Lucas, We, the People, Suspense, Arthur Godfrey—among the many.

1950!—future unlimited for all of radio! Future unlimited for the pleasure and enlightenment of the public served by all of the networks through the free air that makes possible the service given by CBS to whom the issue of RADIO MIRROR is dedicated.

NOW... at a new time
Tune in True Detective Mysteries

Every Sunday Afternoon On 490 Mutual Stations

A dangerous criminal is on the loose! Listen, as police track him down. You are there for every exciting moment of the chase when you tune in True Detective Mysteries. Every broadcast is based on actual cases taken from police files, by the editors of True Detective Magazine. Your favorite mystery program is still on every Sunday afternoon . . . but it is now one hour later. Beginning September 4th, True Detective Mysteries will be broadcast at:

5:30 P.M., EDT 4:30 P.M., CDT 3:30 P.M., MDT 2:30 P.M., PDT

Remember, $1,000 is offered every Sunday afternoon for information leading to the capture of a fugitive criminal.

$1,000 Every Sunday

GET THE DETAILS . . . LISTEN TO TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

We, the People

(*Continued from page 41*)

Kenney, and he was just nine years old when he visited us on We, the People.

One winter day Dickie and thirty of his Salisbury, Connecticut, schoolmates were jam-packed into a bus, on their way to school. It was a day just like any other—the girls were giggling and whispering together over those wonderful secrets that only little girls have, and the boys were talking about skating, and trying, some of them, to horn in on the girls' conversation and at the same time making it perfectly clear that they weren't the least bit interested in girls. And they were all having a fine time as only youngsters can.

Then it happened.

The bus jolted, lurched, then plunged on, down the slippery, winding road—without a driver. He had fallen out of his seat, lay in a faint on the floor while the vehicle, with his charges, careened along without guidance.

The laughter stopped, as if it had been turned off. The singing died away. A tiny silence, and then someone screamed. And then everyone screamed.

Everyone, that is, but Dickie Kenney. Dickie jumped up, fought his way through the mass of children, now milling helplessly in the aisle, and got to the steering wheel just in time to give it a sharp jerk, and avoid hitting a telephone pole.

But Dickie didn't know anything about the mechanics of the bus, didn't know what all those gadgets on the dashboard meant. "Then how did you stop the bus?" I asked him.

He looked at me as if I ought to know better, and told me calmly, "Why, I just steered down the middle of the road. And it began to slow down. So then I steered it into a snow bank, because that was soft, and it stopped. Then Tommy Booth opened up the emergency door at the back, and we all climbed out. Nobody was hurt. One of the girls went home crying, but just because she was so scared."

I suppose I like stories like Dickie's—stories about children—so much because we—my wife, Louise, and I—have three very active youngsters of our own: Steven, who's seven; Judith, ten; and Nancy, thirteen. To parents, at least to Louise and me, it's heartening to think that these kids of ours, and yours, are We, the People, to whom you and I are going to hand over the future. I'm not worried. They'll do all right, the Dickie Kenneys of the world, and all the rest of the youngsters. Maybe they'll never be in the public eye, or, like Dickie, they may have their one moment of acclaim, and then go their quiet—but important—ways, never again to do anything that will make headlines. But just the same, they'll keep the world pasted together, and show us what a good job of running it can really be.

But there's still that question—what story, of all of them, on We, the People, do I remember best? The more I think about it, the more I wonder whether I can answer it. My wife would say, "Of course you can!" But then Louise thinks I can do anything.

Without Louise I'm afraid I wouldn't have gotten very far—I'm one man who admits what he owes to his wife. And in my case, it's a big admission! Louise has been the power behind my throne ever since school days.

We met, Louise and I, while I was

Warm Kisses! L-O-N-G Kisses
You can capture them tonight-with Tangee

TANGEE KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—What a pink! And what doesn't happen to the girl who wears it!

TANGEE RED MAJESTY—Brunettes—you'll love what it does for your lips. And so will HE!

TANGEE RED-RED—Reddest red imaginable. Lucky number for girls who want to be *lucky in love!*

TANGEE MEDIUM RED—The happy-medium color—when you want a man to stop...look...and love.



Lips he can't wait to kiss... in a thrill-filled love scene starring
JUDITH TRAFFORD
AND
JAMES BROWN
APPEARING IN
"YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY"
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Tangee **KISSABLE TEXTURE**

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
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4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

R
M

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R
M

attending Amherst and she was at Mount Holyoke. We married on the q.t. during my senior year—it had to be kept quiet, because Amherst took a dim view of under-graduate marriages. I wanted to become an actor, but at the same time I wanted to eat . . . to say nothing of Louise, who has always had a very normal appetite.

A friend suggested that I look into radio, which medium seemed to combine theatre and eating . . . a most attractive prospect. I knew my voice was not my greatest asset, and since I thought radio was all voice and nothing else, I was in favor of turning down my friend's offer of an introduction to an executive of a Boston radio station. However, my astute wife, who had great faith in my ability to read a script intelligently, shipped me off to Boston, and the day after I graduated I went to work as an announcer.

That was quite a year, 1935! In twelve short months I acquired a wife, a college degree, and a job. Then the next year Louise again was the one to persuade me that I now had enough training to come to New York and make a go of it. Her timing was perfect. Just as I was ready to leave Boston, I received an offer from CBS to come to New York. I have never since questioned Louise's reasoning or intuition.

And so perhaps I'll tell you *Louise's* favorite We, the People story, because the more I think of it, the more I believe it's my favorite, too.

It is the story of a courageous woman that left an indelible impression on us—the story of a woman who made a pledge to God: "Dear God, I pledge myself to do everything in my power to help other parents in the same tragic situation . . . if You will just spare my son's life until I can get to the hospital."

The woman who made that promise is Mrs. Richard Bennett of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. And she is keeping that pledge, for her wish was granted.

A few years ago her son, Jerry, came home after a stint with the Navy in the Pacific. It was a happy family reunion for a month. Then her little daughter, Betsy, contracted polio. It crippled both of her legs. A month after Betsy became ill, Jerry was stricken. One night Mr. and Mrs. Bennett received a call from the hospital . . . Jerry had taken a turn for the worse. While they were driving to the hospital, Mrs. Bennett made her pledge. Jerry pulled through, and it was then Mrs. Bennett's turn to keep her part of the bargain.

After much thought and observance of her own two afflicted children, she came to the conclusion that, next to the disease itself, the most tragic thing about its victims was the lonely lives they were forced to live. So she called on other parents whose children were polio victims. In a short time one hundred and seventy Polio Parents had banded together in an effort to help polio sufferers adjust to their new world.

"You see," Mrs. Bennett assured me, "polio victims don't need charity. They mostly need help in making the adjustment." Club members entertain them in their own homes. Volunteers conduct classes in typing and shorthand, so they can support themselves and regain a certain amount of independence. Other volunteers teach sewing and ceramics.

News of the Polio Parents Club spread and it wasn't long before they were being flooded with requests from families in neighboring towns who wanted to join the club. But Mrs. Bennett and her club members felt the work they were doing should remain a "local job." They didn't want to raise funds . . . theirs was solely a service organization. So, instead of enlarging their own group, they helped the people from other towns and cities form clubs of their own.

On the same program on which we heard Mrs. Bennett's story, a twenty-five-year-old polio victim, Virginia Difabio, appeared to tell how the Polio Parents had given her a new lease on life. Virginia was stricken with polio when she was a baby, and had spent the greater part of her life a prisoner within the four walls of her bedroom.

"Then somehow," explained Virginia, "the Polio Parents discovered me. Mrs. Bennett got me a typewriter, and after they taught me to use the machine, I started a business of addressing envelopes for small firms. My business grew so fast that I recently bought an addressograph out of my profits."

With the aid of Polio Parents Virginia also studied braille, and now spends much of her spare time transcribing stories and books for the blind. Her life at last has a purpose. To you and me it might seem paradoxical, but not so to Virginia who has now found that "there are other people who need help more than I do."

Mrs. Bennett's current ambition is to see someone interested in *every* polio victim in the United States. And she knows she will live to see that day. Just before she decided to form the club, she tacked the following verse above her desk: "Bite off more than you can chew—then chew it! Plan for more than you can do—then do it!"

"That's been my motto since I began this work," explained Mrs. Bennett, "and it always will be."

The more I think of it, the more I think this is my favorite We, the People story. While helping herself, Mrs. Bennett set out to do what she could for others. That is the part of her story that, to me, makes it so impressive.

But I seem to have discussed only the sombre stories that have been told over the air. I don't want to leave the impression that nothing amusing ever happens on We, the People.

There was the day, for example, when both bubbling Mary Margaret McBride and dignified Sir Cedric Hardwicke appeared on the same program. At the last minute I got Sir Cedric to promise to sing "Busy Doing Nothing"—although he drove a hard bargain by insisting that I sing along with him. Since neither one of us has a vocal range of more than three notes, I decided we needed at least one person who could carry a tune. So without giving her enough warning to allow her to gracefully say "no," I thrust a copy of the music into Mary Margaret's hands, and escorted her to the mike. I don't believe a rehearsal would have added much to our rendition. What we lacked in quality we made up for in volume. Which may account for the competition we encountered from the audience. In any event, a fine time was had by all.

As you can readily see, We, the People collects all types—little, great, people from the past, and those of the moment. And each and every one of them has something to offer all of us . . . comfort, inspiration, understanding, or a hearty laugh. To me it is inspiring to know that of such stuff are made "We, the People of the United States of America. . . ."

My Favorite Actress

(*Continued from page* 61)

We were especially proud of the family orchestra which we organized a little later on, when Fred and Cleo were old enough to play. It was the nucleus around which we built our productions. Lucille played the saxophone and drums, Fred played the cello, and little Cleo—she's four years younger than Fred—sawed away on the violin.

"And Mother played the piano and Grandpa gnashed his teeth," is the way Lucille always finishes the description of our family circle in those days.

Besides her work in the orchestra, Lucille also did specialties during intermission—dances, songs, imitations—in the entrance hall we made believe was a stage. The hall had a staircase that was grand for making dramatic entrances, and the red and green velvet portieres that divided the hall from the parlor were perfect for the curtain.

The family parlor wasn't the only scene of our activities, though. In those days I directed school plays in the village—PTA projects, they were. Very often Lucille played the lead.

We put everything we had into those plays—including most of our furniture. Father would come home in the evening and find the parlor stripped bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The parlor furniture was made of wicker, and it was just right for use in stage settings. We saw no harm in it, but the poor family had to use the living room, supposed to be kept for special occasions. No wonder Grandpa gnashed his teeth!

It was in her first operetta (during her freshman year in high school) that Lucille wore the red wig that was her big discovery. She brought the wig home and showed it to the family.

"Isn't it beautiful? This is *it*," she raved, dancing around the dining-room table. And *it* it became as soon as she could wangle it. (Lucille's hair is really a dark brown. I know she doesn't mind my telling, even though her red hair is practically a trademark.)

I was working as an assistant buyer in a local department store then, and by the time she was eleven Lucille had assumed the responsibility of looking after the younger children and cooking for the family. She was a good cook, even at that age, although I will admit that nothing ever tasted exactly the same twice. She couldn't seem to resist ad libbing with the ingredients. But we all liked it better that way, so it was just as well.

Nowadays, whenever Lucille flies off somewhere to be with her husband, Desi Arnaz, while he's doing personal appearances, she always tries to find an apartment instead of going to a hotel, so she can cook.

The only fault I ever found with her cooking in those starting days—if you could call it a fault—were the guests who came to dinner.

Lucille also loves to give things away. I'll never forget the time her best pussy-willow brown taffeta dress disappeared. We had a good dressmaker come to the house twice a year to sew for us and that taffeta dress (trimmed around the bottom with beaver fur) was the last word. I hung it in the closet (I thought) waiting for a special occasion. But when the special occasion, a school dance, arrived, Lucille said she didn't feel like going. A strange attitude

Richard Hudnut



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SHAMPOO
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Gives your hair new beauty...makes it more manageable...easier to set! Home Permanents take better!

It's the egg that does it! By actual scientific test, the real egg contained in powdered form in Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo makes your hair easier to comb, easier to set. You'll make pin curls . . . so much smoother, they're bound to last longer! And see how much better your Richard Hudnut Home Permanent "takes" after this shampoo! Gentler, kinder, too! No wonder your hair is left shimmering with "lovelights"!

Richard Hudnut **Shampoo is better because:**

1. Contains egg (powder, 1%)—proved to make hair more manageable.
2. Not a wax or paste—but a smooth *liquid* creme!
3. Easy to apply; rinses out readily.
4. Removes loose dandruff.
5. Same shampoo Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon uses for luxury treatments!





Love just "happens" to the girl who Kares

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Soothes tender underarm skin
Stops odor . . . Dries instantly
Stops perspiration safely
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Economical! A few drops are effective. 35¢ & 60¢ (*plus tax*), at drug and department stores.

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for her to take, I thought. After a little probing she finally confessed.

"I lent the dress to Aggie," she told me. Aggie was a schoolmate.

"Why in the world did you do that?" I demanded.

"She asked for it," was her simple explanation.

I sent her after the brown dress, pronto. It turned out, however, that Lucille's "loan" had really been an out-and-out gift. When she tried to get it back, Aggie only cried "Indian giver" and slammed the door in her face. She never did get the dress back, and I refused to get her another party dress that winter. It hurt me terribly to see her go without, but I thought she needed to be taught a lesson.

The discipline didn't take too well, I'm afraid. To this day she's generous to a fault. All you have to do is admire something and it's yours. Even if she needs it and uses it all the time. The other day she called me, in a dither. "Mom, I can't find my electric mixer."

"You gave it to me," I told her, acting surprised. I wasn't really surprised. I've learned to put "gifts" like that away for safekeeping, knowing she'll need them back.

Of course, I'm writing now about the things she parts with when she gets carried away and acts on impulse. Her talent for unusual and surprising gifts is another story.

For example, we're still talking about the wedding she gave not so long ago at the ranch for her brother Fred and his bride, Phyllis Brier, a girl from Jamestown. Lucille had converted her ivy-covered tea house into a wedding chapel, and in one corner she banked white flowers, stocks and gladioli, four feet high all along the wall. She had white altar candles there to shed a glow over the place and rolled out a white carpet for the kids to say their vows on. Afterwards the birds in the trees joined in with the organ music. (Lucille had even thought to bring in an organ.)

Another high in gift-giving was the time she opened in "Dream Girl," her hit play, in Detroit. She called me long-distance (I was here in Hollywood) and said, "Mom, I want you here for my opening. I've already bought your plane ticket and you've got to come. Don't disappoint me, darling."

I assured her that I was packed and had been packed for a week.

"Don't let me down, Mom," she insisted.

As though all the king's horses could keep me away!

Lucille knew very well that I wasn't likely to miss her opening.

All that fuss about not disappointing her turned out to be just a smoke screen for the surprise she had up her sleeve. When I arrived in Detroit and checked into my hotel, who should be there too but Grace Munson, an old friend from Jamestown. Lucille had asked Grace to come out, so I wouldn't get lonesome in Detroit while she was busy with interviews and rehearsals and such. That was one of the loveliest surprises I have ever received from anyone.

Lucille started up a little theater group in Jamestown when she was fifteen. In one of the plays, "Within the Law," she played a tough girl part that made a big hit with the local drama critic. He went overboard in his column.

"Lucille Ball is a potential Jeanne Eagels," he wrote.

That did it.

My heart did nip-ups at the thought of my little girl all alone in New York, naturally. But I wasn't surprised when Lucille came to me and said that she'd like to go to New York to study at the John Murray Anderson Dramatic School.

"We'll see," I said, and we began figuring ways and means.

It wasn't very long before we made the trip to New York. I saw that she got safely settled in a conservative second-class hotel and briefed her on the perils of life in the Big City. Then I returned to Jamestown.

I had the feeling from the beginning that she wasn't doing too well at dramatic school. She was always crying into the phone that she was homesick and wanted to come home. But I kept encouraging her to stick it out. Frankly, I couldn't understand why she wasn't making the grade. She'd shown promise back home and gotten enough recognition to make us think she had what it took to make good.

It wasn't until I visited her in New York that I saw what was happening. Lucille, left to her own devices, had fallen into a rut of hamburgers and Cokes, a diet that told on her badly. She was terribly run down. Besides that, she was going through a stage where she thought she was getting too tall (she's five-six), and no matter how I insisted that she'd be glad someday she was tall, she went in for slouching. That didn't fool anybody about her height and only hid her natural poise.

Those things, plus the fact that she couldn't lose her Western twang, got her off to a bad start. At the end of her first year Robert Milton, director of the school, told her, as gently as he could, "Your mother is wasting her money." She took the hint and left.

More long-distance calls. "Mom, I'm homesick," she'd cry, and "Keep trying," I'd tell her.

We were especially glad she stuck to



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it, the night that Robert Milton called backstage to congratulate her after seeing "Dream Girl," some years later.

"I'm the one you told to quit acting, remember?" Lucille let him have it. The director was happy to admit his mistake. But not half as happy as we were, you can be sure.

When Lucille landed a chorus job in the third road company of "Rio Rita" it looked as though the tide was beginning to turn for her. But after five weeks of rehearsal—for free—she was out. In those days the performers didn't get paid for rehearsals and it wasn't unheard of for a show to fold up after weeks and weeks of rehearsing without pay. It was terribly hard on the actors.

After four such ill-fated attempts to arrive on Broadway, it dawned on her that she could probably get there faster some other way. So she became a model in one of New York's wholesale dress houses.

By that time long-distance telephone tolls had gotten me down. I packed up and took the other children to New York so we could all be together. I got a job at Stern's on 42nd Street and we took up where we'd left off in Jamestown.

The cloak-and-suit job brought Lucille to the attention of Hattie Carnegie. Soon she went to work in the Carnegie Salon on Fifth Avenue as a model, and shortly after that she became the "Chesterfield Girl" on billboards. Next thing we knew she was "discovered" by Hollywood.

Were we ever excited the day Lucille took off for Hollywood! As we said good-bye she promised to send for us as soon as she made good and before long I received a call, long-distance.

Lucille was thrilled to pieces. "I've just signed a contract! Columbia Pictures! Come right away!" The words poured out breathlessly.

We packed that very night, but before we had a chance to buy the tickets we had further word from Lucille. Columbia Pictures had decided just that moment to dissolve its stock company.

Her contract was just a pretty piece of paper.

She said, "Come anyway." When we arrived, Lucille was working as an extra.

Thank goodness, that was the end of the setbacks. From then on Lucille went right up. RKO. MGM Technicolor musicals. Co-starring with Bob Hope at Paramount. And now her own radio show (and very soon television).

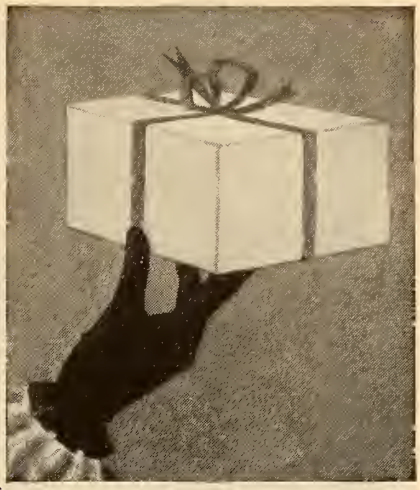
Am I proud of Lucille's success? You bet I am. I visit her occasionally at the studios when she's making a picture, and I've only missed one broadcast since the program's been on the air.

The show's a lot of fun to watch. Instead of just reading the script, Lucille and the other actors try to make it visual. Sometimes she uses props, like eating real crackers the time the script called for eating crackers in bed. Or she'll munch on toast or dress up as an old lady and wear a shawl.

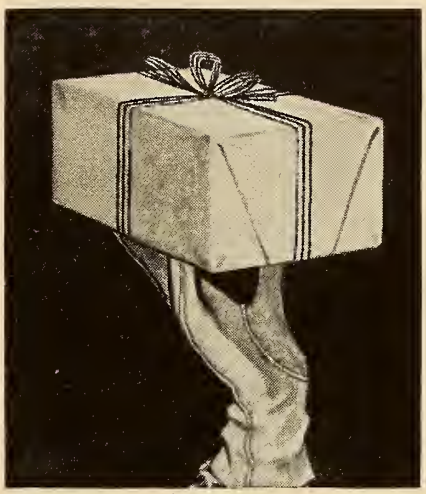
Sometimes her realism bounces back at her. For example, the time when Liz was supposed to be getting back at George for growing a mustache. Lucille went out and had the make-up people glue a gray mustache and goatee on her face, for laughs. The laugh was on her when she couldn't get them off. She struggled for hours.

She thinks that radio sound men know their business and that they contribute a lot to a show. But when it comes to things like kisses, she believes in the

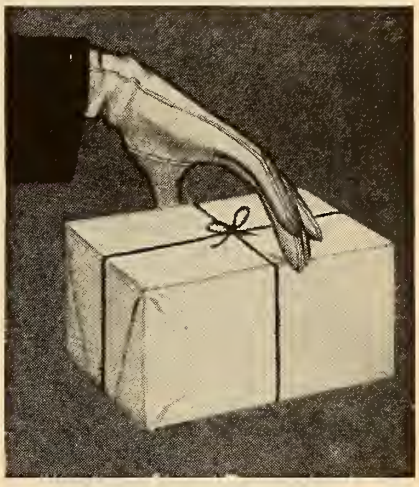
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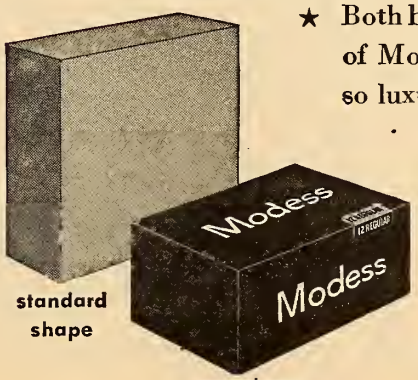
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real thing. So if the script starts out with a kiss between Lucille and her Favorite Husband, Richard Denning, it's a real kiss that you hear, and not a sound effect!

My Favorite Husband has some of the longest rehearsals in radio, simply because Lucille likes to spend half her time clowning for the orchestra and cast. (Shades of Jamestown!)

She brings some of her personal life into her radio characterization. When she and Desi were married they made it a rule never to go to bed on a quarrel. You'll notice that neither do Liz and George on the radio.

The reason why My Favorite Husband is a successful show, if you want my opinion, is that the people in it are real people. There are no melodramatic situations. She has budget troubles and does foolish things that any woman might do. George is always the stronger (people seem to like that), but in the end she's the one who straightens things out.

Lucille made a lot of radio appearances before she got the show, as many movie personalities do. But this is the first time in her career that she's been starred in a series like this. The break wasn't anything she sought. As a matter of fact, it came to her quite by happenstance.

Lucille's agent, Don Sharpe, owned the My Favorite Husband idea (package, they call it). Don needed a good record to play for the radio people and he asked Lucille to cut a record for him, to put the character over. CBS heard the record and liked it. They decided to put it on the air one time, to test the audience reaction. They liked that first try so well they decided to make it a steady thing and it's been on the air now ever since a year ago last July.

It's wonderful being the mother of a radio star like Lucille. Most any day you'll find me weeding my garden in Canoga Park, a tiny country town six miles away from where Lucille and Desi have their ranch in Chatsworth.

Fred built the house when he started up in the construction business. It was originally supposed to be sold in the usual manner, to whoever showed up first with the necessary down payment. Lucille decided that Fred had put too much of himself into this first venture for it to go to a stranger, so she bought it for me and here I am in Canoga Park, growing radishes, planting trees and square dancing. I'm having the time of my life.

Lucille planted most of the trees on her own place herself and wants me to have the fun of watching mine grow, too. Whenever I get impatient I take a run over to her house and look at their home movies. She and Desi have kept a movie record of the ranch from the time they bought it eight years ago.

"It's good luck," she says.

Like most people in show business she's superstitious. She was thrilled when she discovered a cricket on the hearth one day. Desi was all for getting rid of the noisy creature but she wouldn't hear of it.

"Don't spoil our good luck," she warned.

The next thing they knew they were knocking on my door and asking if they could spend the night. All of a sudden their house had turned thick with crickets and they were forced to call in a fumigating crew who sealed the place up while the poor crickets were being purged!

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He's Made His Marx

(*Continued from page 39*)

my pants at the time.

Q: Married?

A: Yes, to Kay Gorcey . . . blonde, lovely and a lousy strudel maker. Do you know where I can find a good strudel maker?

Q: Sorry, I can't help you there.

A: It's my wife needs help. If I need your help, I'll ask for it.

Q: Children?

A: Yes—three. Arthur, twenty-eight, is a film writer and tournament tennis player, two nice rackets. Miriam, twenty-two, is a senior at Bennington College, in Vermont; a handy girl with a typewriter, she assures me that some day she is going to be a great writer. She's doing all right so far—has taken in one hundred dollars a word for some of her writing.

Q: That is terrific pay for writing. What was the literary effort, article, short story, or a novel?

A: A five-word telegram to me reading, "Please rush five hundred dollars."

Q: Tell me about your third child.

A: Melinda is three; at present she is specializing in being a little girl.

Q: How did you meet your wife?

A: The first time my wife saw me, I was on the screen. So she opened the door and let me in. The next time was on a ferry boat, when she gave me the slip. But if you're still interested in how I met my wife, it was while we were making "Copacabana." This proves the adage, "Movies are dangerous weapons in the hands of a pretty blonde."

Q: Mr. Marx, what do you consider your biggest mistake to date?

A: On a sunny Thursday afternoon in October of 1929, Max Gordon, the Broadway producer, and I were playing golf at a swanky Long Island country club. We were smoking five dollar cigars and rolling in wealth, all gained from our Wall Street speculations. We were making around twenty-five hundred dollars per day. We spent some time that sunny afternoon plotting ways to boost the take to three thousand per day. The next morning the telephone rang and Gordon's voice moaned, "The jig's up. Wall Street has crashed and we're on the bottom layer."

Q: So that was your biggest mistake—dabbling in the stock market?

A: Six hundred thousand dollars is not dabbling; that's swimming in deep water. That was bad enough, but the biggest mistake was playing golf with Gordon. He beat me out of three bucks and a tomato surprise.

Q: For thirty years, Mr. Marx, you've been one of the world's favorite comedians. Tell me, how did you get started in show business?

A: I was a boy soprano until my voice changed in Denver and I got fired. That's one story. Actually it goes back farther than that. My mother, Minnie, was the daughter of a German magician who toured Europe for fifty years. I think my mother was thoroughly indoctrinated in show business long before I was born. She came to New York and married an East Side tailor, Sam Marx, but she never got used to the idea of being a housewife. Her vigorous interest in show business was given the jet treatment when her brother became a star; he was Al Shean, of the team of Gallagher and Shean. Mother decided that if Al could do it, so could her boys. She hornswoggled Chico into learning

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piano; Harpo she introduced to her mother's ancient instrument; me, she trained as a singer and dancer. At the age of thirteen, I went to work with the LeRoy Trio as a female impersonator. This ended when my soprano became a baritone in Denver.

Q: How did the Marx Brothers become an act?

A: Mother again. As fast as we boys grew up, she shoved us onto the stage. When Gummo finally reached his teens, Mother tied the two of us together, added a girl singer and dubbed us "The Three Nightingales." We earned twenty dollars a week.

Q: What was Harpo doing?

A: He was a bellhop at the Hotel Plaza. On the spur of the moment one night, Mother decided that it was time for Harpo to make his debut. She took a cab to the Plaza, collared Harpo, and dragged him to the theater where Gummo and I were appearing. He had no lines to speak, no song to sing, no dance to do and no harp to play, but Mother shoved him out onto the stage with us. Since he had nothing to do or say, he just stood there looking dumb. He's been a success at it ever since. To this day he's never said a word in public, and he still looks dumb.

Q: That accounts for three of the Marx Brothers. How about the fourth?

A: After World War I, Gummo left our act and went into business, so Mother kidnapped Chico and pushed him into the duo of Harpo and Groucho to make us a trio. Zeppo was old enough to graduate from high school by this time, so he was added to the act. That made four of us.

Q: The Four Marx Brothers on the stage made theatrical history. What brought you to Hollywood?

A: The Union Pacific railroad.

Q: I mean, why did you come to Hollywood?

A: To make money, same as everybody else.

Q: You're making this very difficult, Mr. Marx.

A: Making money *is* very difficult.

Q: Well, then—what particular reason did you have for coming to Hollywood?

A: To make a film version of our stage hit, "Cocoanuts." A satisfactory number of people paid their money and swallowed "Cocoanuts" so we stayed on to make "Animal Crackers," "Monkey Business," "Horse Feathers," "Duck Soup," "A Night at the Opera," "A Day at the Races," "A Day at the Circus," "A Night in Casablanca"—so we should have made one called "Time Stood Still," but we worked in "The Big Store," and "Go West," instead. I did a solo in "Copacabana" (during which I met Kay), and in my new picture for RKO, "It's Only Money." In this one I'm a different Groucho: kindly, warm and bumbling. It proves that I'm an actor.

Q: Are the Marx Brothers going to make any more pictures together?

A: "Love Happy," out this year, is our last as far as I know. Of course, if someone should come along with a good story, we would do another picture together; there's no hard and fast rule about it, like who's going to make the next six passes at Las Vegas.

Q: Millions of fans all over the world will go into deep mourning if the Marx Brothers should stop making movies together. Remember what Alva Johnston once wrote about you: "The Marx Brothers are engaged in a war to free the mind from the domination of reason and judgment, to overthrow sanity, logic and common sense, and to



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A: 'Raw! Old-fashioned!' That's me—Groucho Marx.

Q: So now we come to your radio career, Mr. Marx.

A: You're pretty late. I came to it years ago, but maybe we can still find you a seat.

Q: Let's settle one point immediately: do you agree with many of your critics that you're wasting your talents on a quiz program?

A: I certainly don't agree. My current show, You Bet Your Life, has caused more favorable talk and has been far more successful than anything I've ever done on the air. Last season we won the Radio Editors' poll as the best quiz show on the air. Even more gratifying than that, we won the coveted Peabody Award for presenting the best comedy show on the air. That sort of thing has never happened to me in the past, but I feel we've only begun to win honors and acclaim.

Q: To what do you attribute this success? After all, the air is cluttered with quiz shows.

A: Let's face it. You Bet Your Life is a good program. I like it because it has provided my first opportunity to be myself. I walk out on stage and patter with my contestants, say what I want, do what I want, and have a wonderful time. The listener absorbs some of that feeling of genuine fun and has a good time, too.

Q: The natural, spontaneous humor on your program is quite apparent, Mr. Marx. I suppose you appreciate the fact that you're producing a change in radio comedy.

A: Yes, we're well aware of the new field of humor we've developed. There's nothing artificial about the jokes on our show; they are authentic, homespun comedy.

Q: I don't quite understand. What do you mean by "artificial?"

A: Well, on the usual comedy show, the straight man creates an artificial situation and the comedian makes a joke. We'll say, for instance, that the comedy situation is built around a plumber. The comedian pretends he's the plumber and makes a lot of jokes about plumbing. The listener knows the whole thing is a frame-up because the actor is not a plumber; he may not even smoke a pipe.

On our show, when we make jokes about a plumber, the comedy has the ring of truth because I'm actually talking to a plumber . . . or to a tree surgeon . . . or to a dentist, or a cowboy, or a department-store Santa Claus.

We don't have to create situations in order to make jokes; the situations are already there. When we had a shoe salesman who was married to a lady chiropodist on our program, it was obvious for me to ask, "How did you meet—did your arches fall for each other?"

Q: Do you attempt to have some sort of pattern for every broadcast?

A: Yes. We always look for particular types of individuals in our audiences before we go on the air. You'll notice that we always have a romantic couple as contestants; newlyweds, older people who've just been married, a pair of youngsters who'd like to get married, or a bachelor teamed with an old maid.

(*Continued on the next page*)

THIS MONTH

FALL CLEANING
Must Fight Germ Threat



MRS. FRANCIS BARR and son Gregory in their attractive Dallas, Texas home. Mr. Barr, executive for a theater chain, is active in the Dallas Junior Chamber of Commerce.

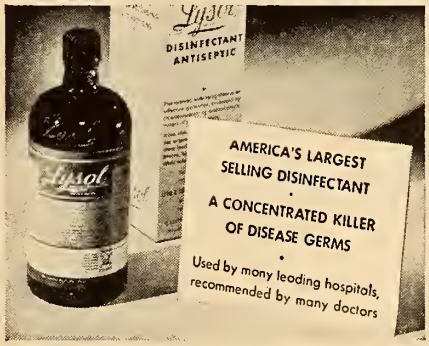
Alert Mother Uses Potent Anti-Germ Weapon

"TO GUARD AGAINST GERMS in house dust, I use 'Lysol' brand disinfectant when cleaning our bathroom and kitchen, the children's room, and all our floors." That's smart Mrs. Barr's *daily rule* for fighting infection and thus guarding her family's health.

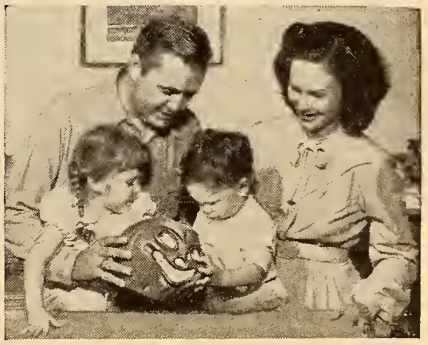
"AND RIGHT NOW fall cleaning calls for extra vigilance, with germicidal 'Lysol' on every cleaning job all through our house. That includes all cracks and corners where disease germs may have gathered, along with dust. I just add 2½ tablespoons of 'Lysol' to each gallon of water."



"QUICK, EFFECTIVE, potent 'Lysol' always goes in the cleaning water . . . for *hygienic* cleanliness . . . when I wash our woodwork, walls, closets, cabinets and shelves!"



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Super-Soft

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

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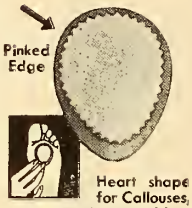


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Q: Apparently you also attempt to secure people with interesting occupations as contestants.

A: Yes, but only if the occupations are familiar to everyone. We've discovered a peculiar point; if a contestant's occupation is too interesting, the audience won't laugh. They become too engrossed in what the contestant has to say. On one broadcast we had a chemist who prattled merrily on about the atomic age. It was fascinating stuff, but nobody laughed. After all, we're running a comedy show, so we have to get guffaws. We tried a fashion designer and the same thing happened. Nowadays we try to stick with everyday occupations which have a solid basis for potential humor, such as the butcher, the grocer, the insurance man, the home demonstrator, the bank clerk.

Q: I've noticed that you usually manage to have a gabby housewife. . . .

A: Is there any other kind?

Q: . . . Is this by design, Mr. Marx?

A: Yes, it is. Before the show, we ask for housewives in the audience to volunteer. The volunteers are sent to the back of the house and their stories are heard by members of our staff. If they have something interesting to say, and insist on saying it, we put them on the show. A timid, shy, or boring contestant would be disastrous. The whole thing is like a party: the good eggs have fun and the wall flowers sit it out.

Q: As a quizmaster, what would you say was the most unusual thing that ever happened to you?

A: We had a nervous young fellow on the show, picked from the audience because he was very close to initial fatherhood. His wife was in the hospital at the time and he was momentarily expecting the big news. Naturally, his mind wasn't on what he was doing up there with me. I had some by-play planned to try on him.

I was going to ask if he'd like to win a new refrigerator, a new car, and a new home. He was supposed, of course, to say, "Yes." Then I was supposed to say, "All right, just answer one question correctly and you will win all those prizes." Whereupon I was going to inquire, "Who is the President of the United States." When he answered, "Truman," I was going to be very funny and say, "That's right. Now here is the question: What is his social security number?"

At that, the audience was supposed to go into gales of laughter.

Well, here's what happened: the young fellow, sweating profusely. said, "Yes, I'd like to win all of those prizes."

"Just one question," I began, "and you get them. Who's the President of the United States?"

At this point the boy's mind went completely blank. He stammered and fidgeted and wiped his forehead and laughed nervously and gibbered. But, for the life of him, he couldn't recall the name of the President of the U. S.

Q: You couldn't have cooked that one up with a prepared script.

A: I'll say you couldn't. I'm not going to try. Incidentally, who *is* the President of the United States?

Q: How about guest stars? Do you ever have them on your show?

A: Art Linkletter is the only guest star we have ever had. Aside from Art, we established a policy about guest stars; the best way to explain that is to cite an example. Last spring one of the most famous and best comedians on the air telephoned me at home and volunteered to serve as a contestant—for nothing, except the fun of it.

It was with genuine regret that I

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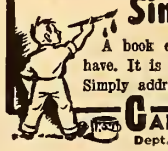


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had to inform him that the regular people from our audience were better comedians than he is. It broke his heart, but he agreed.

Q. What is the most embarrassing experience you ever had before the microphone?

A: Me? Embarrassed?

Q: Forgive me. Mr. Marx, I know you have a staff working for you. If the entire show is spontaneous, what does your staff do?

A: You'd be surprised at the complicated mass of detail connected with a simple show like ours. There's the quiz, for instance. All those quiz questions have to be gleaned from research books, checked and doubled-checked. We have a complicated bookkeeping system which provides for the payoff to our winners. We have a lot of herding to do for the contestants after they're picked, and, of course, the normal production problems associated with any broadcast must be handled. My partner and producer, John Guedel, is the guiding genius behind the whole show. It was he, by the way, who first decided that I could handle a quiz show like this one, and he's guided me expertly ever since. Please note that the old, brash, impudent Groucho is no more. Now I'm a kindly, warm old character, sympathetic and understanding. Just an old shoe, that's me. But don't be misled, there's still a little kick in the old boot!

Q: In reviewing your two years as a quizmaster, which contestants would you describe as your most interesting?

A: To me, every contestant is interesting. However, I'd say Harry MacDermott, an Irishman with a brogue as thick as a mattress, was outstanding. He said he was a good Irish Catholic, but that didn't stop him from being head of the maintenance department of a Jewish Synagogue, and proud of it. He was an admirable old man, the kind of a contestant you run across every seventy-five years.

I also enjoyed an ex-Wac who had married a French bathing suit salesman from Paris. They made a wonderful team.

Last spring we had a Hungarian Baroness and a Baron on the show. They were outstanding.

Another contestant I won't forget was Etta Rue, an old maid who topped everything I said.

Q: What are your present plans for television?

A: What are yours?

Q: Not to be completely satisfied with it, Mr. Marx, until I can see You Bet Your Life.

A: I'll say this: many people have been fooled by television, and I don't want to be one of them. I know it is an extremely sensitive and intimate medium. It requires tremendous thought and preparation to do a thirty-minute show. Basically, I believe we could use the same format for television as we're using now: just me talking to people from the audience, but we'll need some careful planning to give the show the extra kick that is so necessary in this field. We are making plans to try television sometime within the year, but as yet we have no definite starting date.

Q: Will you be smoking that same big black cigar on your television show, Mr. Marx?

A: Nope. By then I hope to be able to afford a new one.

Q: Thanks, I imagine, to your fine new time and network time on CBS on Wednesday night, just ahead of Crosby?

A: Lady, You Bet Your Life.

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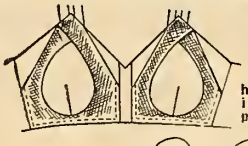
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Ed Murrow

(Continued from page 45)

with heading the National Student Federation of America, soared to success with his celebrated wartime This Is London Calling broadcasts, made him vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System and today is winning distinction with his spine-tingling "I Can Hear It Now" record album.

"Janet and I met on a train bound for New Orleans," recalls Ed. "Her name was Janet Brewster in those days —a cute, little, blue-eyed girl on her way South to represent Mount Holyoke. I was going to New Orleans to give a lecture. It was the real thing from the start," admits Ed with a warm gleam in his dark eyes. "We were married in Janet's home town, Middletown, Connecticut, October 1934."

The Murrows went traveling on their honeymoon—the West Coast, Mexico and then back to New York, where they fully expected to settle down to a peaceful existence. But in 1935, CBS hired Ed as director of Talks and Education. Suddenly one day, while in a New Orleans conference, Ed was interrupted by New York's request that he go to Europe—permanently—and New York gave him a half-hour to decide. With the idea that maybe New Orleans brought them good luck, Janet and Ed agreed on the rapid change and crossed the Atlantic in time to get mixed up with Der Fuehrer's sudden entries into neighboring countries.

Ed was on his way to Poland in 1938 to set up a children's broadcast when the Nazis marched into Austria. He chartered a twenty-three passenger plane and, as its sole occupant, flew to Vienna to describe the goose-stepping of the German troops up the Ringstrasse. Getting to Vienna was only half the battle. Murrow had a tough time getting the air cleared, but eventually succeeded, only to discover there wasn't an announcer within shelling distance. He broke a company rule that bosses never broadcast and started talking. He's been talking ever since.

Back in London, Ed Murrow set up a historical roster of crack correspondents and began covering events that shook the world. He flew twenty combat missions with the British and American Air Forces, lost four offices in six months of heavy blitzing and caused Janet a good deal of nail chewing. During this hectic period, Janet kept herself occupied by preparing coffee and sandwiches for radio and newspaper friends after her husband's midnight broadcasts. She was also British Director of Bundles For Britain and did educational broadcasts for BBC.

"I used to worry about Ed's dangerous activities," Janet smiles, "but now I only worry about his getting in the way of slices on the golf course."

In 1946 the Murrows returned to the U. S. and Ed purchased what he calls "Murrow's Folly." It's a huge house in midtown Manhattan, expensive and quite unsaleable. "Murrow's Folly" is presently classified as a winter home and a place to accommodate guests, friends of friends—anybody who happens to be stranded in New York. The house on Quaker Hill is the real home of the Murrow clan. Casey, in particular, enjoys life on the knoll.

Although he's azure-eyed and fair-haired like his mother, young Casey, (his true name is Charles) seems to possess all the other characteristics of

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At the age of two, Casey Murrow interviewed Santa Claus on his Dad's broadcast and told listeners what to expect for Christmas. At the more mature age of three, Casey took over the analysis portion of the Edward R. Murrow With The News program and discussed the latest developments on the Christmas gift front. When the mail poured in, Casey decided to get back to his toys, leaving Daddy to answer the letters.

But that doesn't mean Casey isn't adept any place except before a microphone. A year ago, Ed planned to take his offspring to the zoo, but had to postpone the trip for a party celebrating his winning the Alfred I. du Pont Radio Commentator Award. Casey attended the party, enjoyed every bit of it and concluded enthusiastically, "This is better than the zoo!"

Besides the Alfred I. du Pont Award, Murrow has received the Overseas Press Club 1947 Award and the National Headliners' Club Award, which he was given for "the best foreign on-the-spot radio reporting coverage of Princess Elizabeth and Philip in England last Fall."

When they went to London in 1947, the Murrows found a shocking change. "Things improve badly," explained Mrs. Murrow, and Ed found much the same situation. The country where they had lived for nine years seemed not to have come back to its own and it's no wonder that when the Murrows returned to America, they were quick to decide on the purchase of the cedar log cabin.

"I saw the place a couple of times when I went golfing up here with pals of mine," Ed explains. "It always intrigued me—a throwback to my early lumber days, I guess. When I heard it was for sale, I asked Jan to look at it with me. We took one tour inside the house and bought it."

Pawling is the hideaway of a good many celebrities. Governor of New York Thomas Dewey lives only a few miles from Janet and Ed, and Lowell Thomas is within yelling distance. Yet you must be supplied with a carefully marked map to find the Murrow home.

Three winding dirt roads have to be pursued and one false turn can lead you into Lowell Thomas' cabbage patch.

Nevertheless there's usually a friend or two sitting on the porch, for the people make it a point to find their way up the hill for one of the Murrows' dinner parties. Janet and Ed enjoy having two or sometimes four join them at dinner—but never any more than that. It gets too formal, they contend.

"My greatest disappointment in my marriage," admits Janet Murrow candidly, "is that Ed never raved over my cooking. It was most exasperating at first because I knew I was a good cook and couldn't understand his apathy. I discovered, after a few months of worry and angry tears, that Ed just doesn't care much for food."

Ed will tell you, "The best meals I ate were those devoured during the London blitz. I felt at that time maybe those particular dinners would be my last and for some reason or another I really enjoyed them."

The Murrows are simple people. Their home has its plain log walls, its rustic furniture, the good clean smell of cedar.

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☐ *The one on the left*
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The garden is small—through necessity. Ed had several carloads of soil hauled up Quaker Hill because of the lack of top soil in the vicinity and then he discovered that most of the moved soil had a tendency to slide down the incline. Janet solved the horticulture problem by installing boxed flowers and planting trees around the house.

In dress, also, the Murrows have simple tastes. It's a wardrobe of semi-tailored frocks for Janet when she's in town and Ed takes to dark, double-breasted suits and sports a black Homburg in the winter. But up on Quaker Hill, casual costumes are their choice. Ed's wildest garment is a Bing Crosby-type shirt with flower petals running wild over it—a Father's Day gift from Casey.

In the spring, Ed shoots golf; in the fall, he shoots pheasant. In the summer he tries to loaf, but without much success. This summer he was occupied planning another album similar to the "I Can Hear It Now" selection of records, the new album to incorporate historic utterances from the end of World War II to the present time.

Ed Murrow has some latent ambitions, too. Although he's a fair carpenter, he's had a deep-rooted desire to work in metal, perhaps hammer brass, and for this he intends to build a workshop-barn. The other ambition is to become a gourmand of fine wines and cheeses. Janet agrees this latter ambition is a noble one because if Ed develops a taste for wines and cheeses, he'll eventually appreciate her cooking.

There's never much free time up on Quaker Hill. Week-end guests, cocktail and dinner invitations, Saturday night dances at the Community Center and children's parties. Two or three evenings a week, however, Janet and Ed manage to get caught up on some of their sewing and reading, respectively . . . that's after Casey's gone to bed. For as long as the young fry is up, he's determined to stay in the thick of things—whether it's patching the eaves of the house or making the beds. In either case, Casey's a willing helper.

The Murrows are a well-balanced team. Everybody cooperates—even in activities about which they're not too enthusiastic. Ed, for example, doesn't like to go swimming. Janet and Casey do. So in the summer the three of them frequently trek down to the lake, Janet and Casey splash around and have a wonderful time. Ed?—He just sits on the beach and reads the newspapers.

Then, there are the wire recording sessions. Not long ago, Papa Murrow brought home a recording gadget. Casey was fascinated by the sound of his own voice and every night, father and son make a record. Janet? She sits on the sidelines and applauds in all the right places.

Janet and Ed both enjoy a brisk round of golf, and both swing left-handed clubs. Casey, the right-handed member of the family, doesn't see much sense in batting a little white ball around the greens, but he insists on tagging after his parents. He carefully watches Daddy get into position for a tee-off and when the ball is hit, only to swing sadly off into the bushes, Casey grins and loyally shouts, "Nice shot, Daddy!"

Yes, the Murrows are a great team—for wherever the sidelines, and whether it's work or play, they always root for each other. And their kind of team usually wins.















The Marie Wilson Story

(*Continued from page 65*)

him, "because we're getting a divorce. But you must come here for dinner—you'll get sick on hotel cooking."

And he must bring his laundry to the house every week. The maid did such a lovely job with his shirts.

Allen pined for the week of their separation, homecooking or not, but the thing that did it was Hobbs. Hobbs is legally Allen's dog—a birthday present from Marie—so he went with Allen when the household broke up. But he refused to eat, away from his beloved mistress. Decided, in fact, if things were going to be this way, just to lie down and die. Before he sickened hopelessly, Allen wrote Marie a letter over Hobbs' signature and asked her to take them back. She did.

Marie doesn't confine her mothering to the immediate family. She has lots more to spread around.

Joan Banks, who played Irma's pal Jane Stacey all last season, will never forget her first day on the show.

She was at her doctor's office when an emergency call came from CBS. Cathy Lewis, the original Jane, had collapsed during rehearsal, and Joan was to go on in her place.

"I had to be there," she recalls, "twenty minutes ago."

She rushed home, dressed, started for the studio and ran out of gas. She arrived in a state of nerves with a half-hour to go over a strange script before the program went on the air.

Cy Howard and the company were all in a dither, too—all except Marie.

"She turned those fascinating eyes at me and calmly said, 'Why are you worried, Joan? You can do this.'"

And just as calmly she ran through the script with Joan with little helpful hints: "In this spot, we've been doing it this way."

The show went off without a hitch. After Joan spoke to Marie gratefully.

"You saved my life," she said, adding, "You're wonderful, you know. How do you always know just the right comedy reading of a line?"

Marie pooh-poohed the idea that she could do anything unusual.

"You're the one who's wonderful," she said. "I'd give anything to be able to play those big, weepy dramatic roles you do so well on the air."

They had known one another two hours now, and they were pals. And Marie put Joannie—as she was calling her already—on her list of people to worry about.

"You shouldn't sit in the sun too much. It will ruin your skin. You're a blonde . . . an actress . . . you'll burn your skin up and that won't be good.

"I have the nicest little woman over at Westmore's who could give you facials. You should have a course of them . . . I'll pay."

Joan insisted that she didn't need facials, she *liked* looking sunburned, but Marie didn't listen.

Two days later she called up and announced that Joan's first appointment was all set, for Saturday at one.

"You're too thin," she told her another time. (Joan also likes being slim.) "You must come with me to my little doctor's."

Marie is always buying something, Joan says, for herself or somebody else—something nine times out of ten she doesn't need.

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stage at CBS with handbags for sale. Marie buys them by the dozen and distributes them among the cast.

"The nicest little man" made her a pair of gold kid platform shoes with hand crocheted tops—Marie didn't need them and Joan wasn't mad about them, but Marie insisted upon buying a second pair for her friend.

Joan admired a white sweater of Marie's one time and for Christmas, six months later, she received its duplicate, a present from Marie.

She bought Hans Conreid, who plays Kropotkin, two rare and wonderful Japanese figurines, which he collects. Hans says they were specimens that he couldn't have afforded even if he could have found them. He didn't even know Marie was aware of his hobby.

The cast breaks after rehearsal every Monday, and repairs to a shop across the street for tea and crumpets.

"We run and pay our checks before Marie gets there — otherwise she'd never let anyone pay," they report.

Her friends try hard, but they think they haven't a chance of stopping Marie's determined march to the poorhouse. Eleanor Corrigan, who publicizes My Friend Irma, for CBS is still talking about the battle of the planted lamp.

Marie dropped into the publicity staff's new streamlined offices after rehearsal one day and was aghast at the lack of decoration.

"I'm going to write to Mr. Paley," she said. "If Cy Howard can have pictures and drapes, you can too."

Eleanor insisted that a publicity office was much too busy, and too messy, for any such dressing up.

Marie, who was picking up the telephone, went right on decrying the hard-hearted bosses who expected the hired help to work in this dungeon atmosphere.

"I want to order a planted lamp," she said into the phone, and to Eleanor she called out "What color do you want, red, green, blue or yellow?"

"I don't want *any* planted lamp," Eleanor protested. "We aren't even here in the evenings."

"What color?" Marie insisted.

"Red," Eleanor finally said, in self-defense. The lamp arrived the next day, a good fifty dollars worth of copper, ivy and huge red shade. It's never been lighted, but it looks mighty pretty in the press department's "dungeon."

A girl from the Federal Income Tax bureau came to call on Marie one day on business. Most Hollywood stars would hide under the bed to avoid such a visit, but Marie not only welcomed the young woman, but in ten minutes had her talking about *her* troubles.

She had been jilted by her boy friend, and she was broken-hearted.

"Now honey," Marie told her, "you're just tired and upset. You just lie down on my bed for a while, and then we'll run over to Westmore's to fix you up. Your hair's all wrong . . . we'll have Marian fix it. And you really should have a series of facials . . . I have the nicest little woman. . . ."

There are no records available to reveal whether Marie's income tax was adjusted upwards or downwards, but her friends are optimistic.

When Marie was working in "Broadway" several years ago at Universal—this was during the inexplicable career slump which hit Marie after her "Boy Meets Girl" triumph; she was just one of six chorus girls in the picture—she met Gus Schilling, an ex-burlesque comedian and now a character actor of

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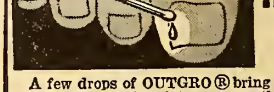
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rare talent in the glamor town.

Gus took Marie home to dinner one night to meet his wife, Betty Rowland, whose "Ball of Fire" strip act is one of the classics of present-day burlesque.

Marie fell in love with Betty because, she said, "we look so much alike we could be sisters." Betty has red hair and green eyes, and is 5-1; Marie has blonde hair and hazel eyes and is 5-6, but anyhow they both have beautiful figures.

They *could* be sisters in their mutual relaxed love of life, and good fun, and they became fast friends. Inevitably, Marie took the Schillings, too, under her protective wing.

When Gus went to the hospital recently for a serious operation to remove stomach ulcers, Marie sent him a pie that she had baked herself and five pounds of salted nuts.

"If I had had a stomach," Gus recalls, "it would have turned."

When he got home and was convalescing, Marie telephoned every day. One day she was bubbling. She had agreed to "adopt" a European war orphan. It would cost only $185 a year, and Marie had never had such a bargain.

"And what's new with you?" she asked Gus.

"Oh, nothing much," he replied. "I've just had half my stomach out, Betty closed last night at Zucca's and Republic cancelled my contract."

"Oh, dear," said Marie. "Maybe I shouldn't have adopted that orphan. I may have to take care of you."

There is no limit, the Schillings say, to Marie's solicitude. Hobbs, the dog, goes regularly to a canine hairdresser, and Marie insisted—until Betty put her foot down—that their mongrel pup should be beautified too.

"Our dog would have got pneumonia," Gus insists.

Marie doesn't limit her flow of human kindness just to her family and friends.

The day the Bob Mitchum story broke with headlines announcing Bob's sins in every newspaper, a magazine writer went to interview Marie and opened up with a flip, "What do you do that's interesting, say like Robert Mitchum smokes marijuana?"

"Don't say that," cried Marie, aghast. "Why, if a rumor like that got started that boy could get in a lot of trouble."

Cy Howard is still shaking his head over his first meeting with Marie. He had gone to see "Blackouts" and met Marie backstage afterward.

He hadn't thought of her as Irma when he saw her on the stage, but afterwards she was "so sweet and cute" that he asked her if she'd like to do a radio program.

"Yes," she replied, "but I can't read."

What she meant was that she had tried radio a couple of times and flopped. Reading from a script was an insurmountable problem for her.

But Howard insisted that she could "read," that he would teach her.

"Oh, Mr. Howard," she said, "it's so nice of you, but I couldn't really. You'll get fired, you know, and that would be terrible. You look like a nice guy."

Cy's directing technique is authoritative, to say the least, and Marie quit after the first show. She was simply terrified. A script—and Cy Howard too.

Cy had to coax her all over again, and he won—but to this day she turns her back on the control room when she works, and if she makes a blunder hides her head in her coat collar and whispers agonizedly to whomever is



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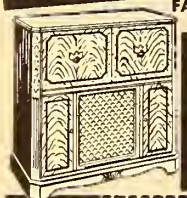


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nearby, "What is he doing now?"

Cy had to stop yelling at Marie after a while, he confesses.

"If I yelled at her everybody else would yell at me. John Brown would say it was all his fault. Joan Banks would insist it was all her fault. My secretary, Pat Burton, would jump in with a thousand excuses for Marie."

After a few minutes of this Marie, who had forgotten by now what started the beef, would start scolding all the others for screaming at Cy.

"He can't help it," she'd say. "He's so nervous. It's glandular."

He can't win, Howard has decided. "If Marie makes a bloop the audience loves it, and I'm the heavy."

He isn't too unhappy. In two years he has built Marie's radio salary from $250 to $2000 a week, and his own has thrived along with it.

Marie is going to be a great star, in spite of herself, he feels, even if she does insist on being the little mother of all the world.

He leaves her to her mothering, most of the time. There was only once when he felt he had to interfere.

It was the time "Irma" first landed a sponsor. Cy telephoned Marie in triumph to announce that they were to go in henceforth for Swan soap. "Replacing Joan Davis," he explained.

Marie wasn't a bit happy.

"Poor Joan," she said. "This must be a blow for her. Maybe she could come on the show with us."

Marie will be a star, all right, for her unbelievably sweet and generous nature is matched by a great natural ability. With a combination like that, both of her directors say, the girl can't lose.

She is completely unaware, apparently, of her effect on other people. It has never occurred to her that she is an Important Person.

When Louella Parsons rave-reviewed Marie's new film, and headlined the piece *Irma Smash: Marie Wilson Zingo* Marie remarked that "Louella is just trying to be nice."

When her radio options are picked up with monotonous regularity, each one with a boost in Marie's paycheck, she can't understand it.

"People are so sweet," she says. People are so sweet, and the toothpaste is selling like crazy.

Marie gives others lavish credit for her success, while belittling her own amazing energies which have made that success possible. She rocked cynical Hollywood back on its heels when—exhausted from a routine of weekly radio shows, films, and the ten-performances-a-week in "Blackouts"—she gave Ken Murray a year's notice that she planned to leave the show.

"I owed it to him," she says simply. "He has helped me so much with my timing. I used to stammer and stutter around—it was impossible to be funny. Ken taught me about the economy of words . . . how if you put in any extra words before you come to the punch line you're dead.

"When I started in 'Blackouts,' I was scared to death. Now I am so sure of myself. Ken did that."

Cy Howard, too, has her devotion and loyalty.

"I never did make good on radio until Cy got hold of me. He not only created a great character, he created a great show. The whole show is alive . . . all the other characters are just as well written as Irma. Jane has her own viewpoint. Al has his. Everyone gets laughs, or drama, or something.

"Cy knew that a show can be pretty

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sad if only one character is great. Cy is a great director."

Cy Howard is great and Ken Murray is great. And if they have anything else in common—but Marie never says this—it is a reputation for being tough, and tyrannical. It is interesting to note that no love is lost between them. She ignores this fact, and loves and admires them both unreservedly.

To Marie, they're both spoiled little boys. "It's glandular."

But then Marie was never one to knuckle under to the high brass. Her husband fondly tells the story of the two-star general who came backstage at "Blackouts" during the early months of the war. The general was loaded with medals, and feeling his power.

Marie happened to have a guest that night, Private Salvadore Gonzales.

Between acts she approached the general, whom she'd met a few moments before, and said, "General, what's your first name?"

"Tom," said the General, taken aback.

"Tom," Marie commanded, "say hello to Salvadore. I want you two to buddy up. I see you're in the same outfit."

Her unconscious humor is probably the largest factor in the Marie Wilson legend. Allen Nixon tells another story of the war days when Van Heflin came backstage during a "Blackouts" performance. Van had spent three months in a marine bootcamp. And he was very articulate about it.

"I feel so sorry for all you poor boys," Marie told him. "My husband is having a terrible time too. He calls me up sometimes, and he's just miserable."

"Where is he?" Heflin wanted to know.

"Ft. MacArthur," Marie replied, naming the local induction center.

"How long has he been there?" Van asked, bewildered."

"Since yesterday," Marie told him.

Another time, Allen telephoned Marie from New Jersey where he was playing in summer stock. He had just landed the lead opposite Helen Hayes in a little theater engagement of "Happy Birthday," and he was very pleased about it.

"But," he complained, "Helen Hayes is getting $3,000 a week and I am getting $100."

"Oh," said Marie, "that's about right."

Gus Schilling vouches for the truth of a current Wilson quote regarding her plans to redecorate the den at her home. The decorator had suggested a pair of love seats, which Marie resisted because she thought they might "be embarrassing to some people who just want to sit and talk."

And Allen heard it with his own ears when a peddler came to the door with fur coats for sale.

"This genuine ranch mink," he said, holding up a dyed rabbit number, "you can have for $80. Believe me, lady, you'd never get it for this price if it weren't 'hot'." Marie replied that she'd really rather have something cool for summer. But she bought it anyway, and sent it to Allen's mother for a present.

A neighbor of the Nixons has a huge mongrel dog named Mike, and Marie thought it would be so nice if they had pups. "Only," she said, "we can't because your dog doesn't have a pedigree." The fact that Hobbs weighed three pounds to the mongrel's eighteen, and the further fact that both dogs were males, hadn't occurred to her.

Sometimes Marie is *consciously* funny—just slightly less funny than in her normal zany state.

Cy Howard has a reputation for talking a lot and never listening. One day,

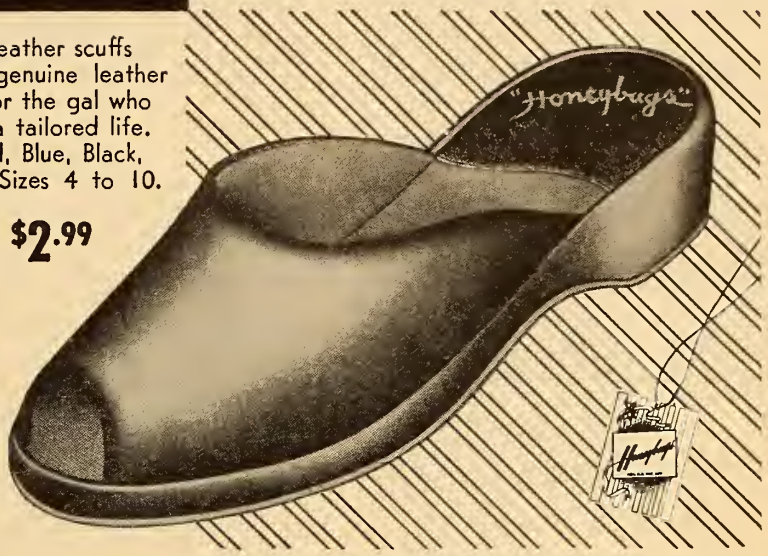


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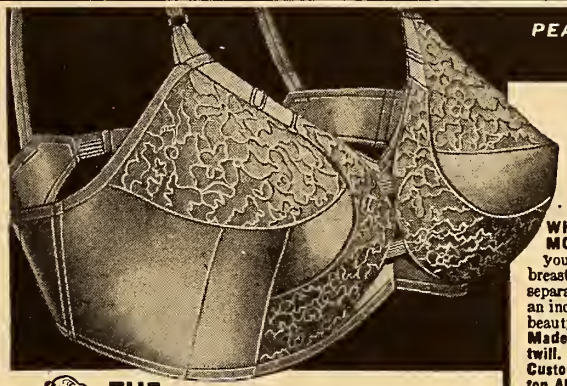


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when Marie made some gentle joke, Cy laughed.

"Oh, were you listening, Cy?" she said, "I'm so glad."

But Allen's favorite among Marie's conscious jokes came out of a visit, when Marie tagged along, to his agent's.

The walls of the agent's offices were lined with photographs of the dozen or so big-time stars who are his clients, and Marie was irked that Allen's picture was not among them. The agent explained that Allen was a talented boy, and had a great future but that so far he "hadn't arrived."

"Couldn't you," Marie asked him beguilingly, "put him up on spec?"

The picture of Marie as a naïve pixie with all the appeal of a wide-eyed little girl is only half revealing. Naïve she is, and at the same time, those closest to her insist, one of the shrewdest business minds in her business.

For nearly eight years Marie has driven the management of "Blackouts" crazy. Their box-office has operated as Marie's branch bank.

Little people who need ten dollars appear regularly with notes from Marie. Magnin's sends over a dress, C.O.D. forty dollars. Schwab's sends out a lipstick, C.O.D. $1.50. Marie's relatives come by on their way to market with more authorizations for I.O.U.'s.

Sometimes, by the end of the week, Marie's sizable check has shrunk to something around thirty-eight cents.

The business brains up front are aghast at Marie's obvious intention of giving all her money away. But they don't see the other side. On stage, and backstage, Marie has worked seriously and steadily at improving herself. She came into "Blackouts" as a fallen star. She goes out of the show as a bigger star even than in her earlier heyday.

She set an all-time record with 2,332 consecutive performances in "Blackouts." The show runs seven days a week, with two shows on Saturday and three on Sunday, and Marie didn't miss a single one in over four years.

In the entire run she has missed about forty performances, three weeks of which were on authorized vacations.

She worked sometimes with a temperature of 103, when she should have been in bed. She worked—during the recent filming of "Irma" at Paramount—when she was so exhausted that she could scarcely stand. But she worked. She is a trouper.

She may have been a dimwit girl when she first hit pay dirt with "Boy Meets Girl," but even then—in so far as her work was concerned—she was a serious actress, working hard at her development.

When Marie first came to Hollywood from the family home in Anaheim, California, one of her stepsisters paid for six months' training for Marie with Sandy Saunders, a voice coach.

"Sandy taught me how to speak," Marie says. "How to talk, that is, like you're talking to somebody."

She also rubbed the corners off Marie's western accent. When she was through with Sandy, Marie was not extra material. She was ready for parts.

At Warners, where she was under contract for several years, she continued her high school education in the studio school and did more coaching, this time with Sybil Harris. It is Sybil whom Marie credits with teaching her the essentials of acting.

Many a young girl, with a face and figure as good as Marie's, would be content to let it go at that, to let tech-



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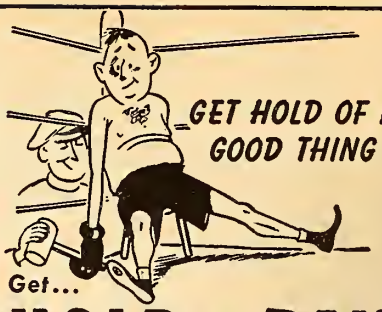
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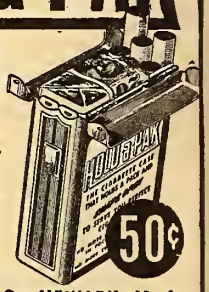


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nique take care of itself. Marie never was satisfied with her work, and she still isn't. As a result her native talent will continue to develop and grow.

On one of her vacations from "Blackouts" Marie visited New York and saw "Born Yesterday."

She was enchanted with the Judy Holliday role. "She was so wonderful," Marie says, "that I cried all the way home in the taxicab."

The next day she sat down at the desk in her hotel suite to write one of her rare letters—to Garson Kanin, the author of the play.

"I have just seen Billie Holliday," the note began. (Marie is terrible about names. She's always introducing her friend Gertrude Niesen as Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Dick as Douglas Fairbanks.)

But here was the letter:

Dear Mr. Kanin:

I have just seen Billie Holliday in "Born Yesterday" and she's so great. She's so great. But maybe she doesn't want to be in pictures, and maybe if she does she wants nine million dollars, and Mr. Kanin if you make "Born Yesterday" into a picture I will play the part for nothing.

Marie Wilson

Mr. Kanin replied that when they were considering people for the "Billie Holliday" part, Marie would not be forgotten.

Meanwhile, of course, Columbia has bought the screen rights to "Born Yesterday" and Harry Cohn, who invested half a million in the play, wants to protect his investment with a big star name like Rita Hayworth or Lana Turner.

Like Betty Hutton with "Annie, Get Your Gun," Marie has been eating her heart out for that plum role in "Born Yesterday." Maybe, like Betty, she'll get it. The part is right for her, as no part has been right since "Boy Meets Girl," and she knows it.

She doesn't waste time envying the Misses Hayworth and Turner—but she does hint that maybe "they're such ladies that the public wouldn't believe that they'd take that from a man."

Her chances of coming in as a long shot when "Born Yesterday" finally goes into production are very slim, she admits. But she is hoping against hope.

"Maybe, if they wait long enough—and maybe if Rita and Lana are busy on something else and maybe if 'Irma' really is a hit, well maybe."

One of her friends suggested that *maybe* the time had come to start her fans writing letters again. It worked with "Boy Meets Girl."

At this Marie shuddered. Her fans tried that once with Harry Cohn, when Marie was in the running for "Tillie the Toiler." After a few days of mail had piled up, Mr. Cohn called Marie's agent and yelled at him. Loud.

"Come and get these blankety-blank letters off my desk," he screamed. "I wouldn't hire that girl even if she were good."

Marie says he was right. She had seen her test for "Tillie" and she admits that she was awful.

"I wore a black wig, and tried to talk fast, and oh, dear."

But she wishes Mr. Cohn would burn up that old test film, and take another look. Now she's good, and she knows it.

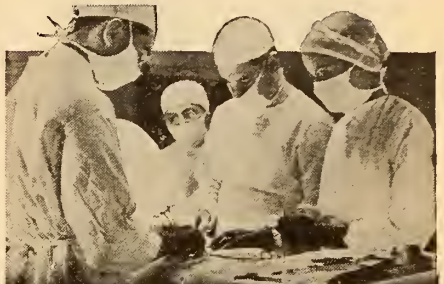
She's good and despite her otherwise angelic disposition, when her work is involved she's tough.

In the nearly eight years' run of "Blackouts" the members of the cast remember seeing Marie angry only

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once. That was the time soon after she had given Ken Murray notice when he sent Pat Williams, an understudy he was grooming for Marie's spot in the show, out in front to watch her work.

"Let Pat work up her own stuff," Marie said. Pat came back to the wings.

Cy Howard still bursts a blood vessel when he recalls the time Marie tracked him down at Sun Valley to announce over the phone that she had just read his script for "My Friend Irma" and she felt it wasn't right.

"I feel you just haven't captured my character, Cy," she said. "Nothing personal against you, of course. But I must refuse the picture." And she hung up.

Cy's choler at this point is fairly understandable. He had to fight CBS's objections when he wanted Marie on the air as Irma; he had fought the good fight all over again when the story was sold to pictures, and Paramount wanted a "big star" for the part.

And, while he may not have "captured" the character, he had created it.

His screams were audible in Hollywood. After a double dose of a barbiturate, however, he looked the script over himself and had to agree that it wasn't right. So he packed his skiis, came back to Hollywood and rewrote it.

Marie had been maddening, but right.

These rare instances of self-assertion cost Marie something emotionally. Her drive to be better—"You can be good if you want to enough," she says, "but to want to enough you have to want to enough"—is exceeded only by her need for love and reassurance.

The deep, psychological reason for her generous dispersal of love in all directions is that she wants, and needs, to be loved back. She will risk a rebuff only if it's urgently necessary for her artistic survival.

One has to remember about this child-woman that her parents were divorced before she was two, that her beloved daddy died when she was five, and that at an age when she should by rights have been still sheltered and mothered she was supporting—and mothering—her whole family.

She mothers her own mother. Mrs. White is a completely charming—and fairly helpless—little woman whom Marie thinks is too frail to carry an extra bar of soap home from the market, but who, nevertheless, staggers in after a night of her favorite game of Keno loaded with fifty pounds in prizes she has won.

If Marie has any moments of frailty, she doesn't let them show. She handles her problems, her husband's, and her family's, and has enough emotional energy left over to fight with Ken Murray for the rights of whichever chorus girl is in the doghouse this week, and with Cy Howard for any writer or actor currently feeling the boss's ire.

Marie thinks, apparently, that it would be a sign of weakness for *her* to need anybody, and in the rare moments of great distress when she does reach out a hand for sympathy or help she is embarrassed.

Once during the week when Allen and Marie were separated, right after Marie had filed suit for divorce, she telephoned Joan Banks and poured out her heart to her friend.

The next time they met, Marie didn't mention the episode. She wanted to forget it. It had never happened.

Life would be easier for Marie if she realized that the people who need her would like sometimes to be needed too.

Allen, whose own career is at a stalemate at this moment, plans to go East in the fall to try to get a toe-hold in the theater.

"I don't want to leave Marie even for a week," he says, "but I have to if I am ever going to make good on my own and stand on my own two feet." (He tried to make such a break last spring, but fell ill with undulant fever and hurried home to Marie and her mothering.)

Allen is a handsome guy, and a good actor. He had a fat part in his most recent film, "Siren of Atlantis." but his friends say he can't claim to have made good on his own so long as Marie is in protecting distance.

Marie was on the set every day Allen was shooting, one of their friends recalls, fiddling with his make-up. And when Allen and Gus Schilling hit upon an idea for a revue and proposed to retreat to a mountain cabin to write it, Marie said Allen could go "if you take me to a movie every afternoon and get in every night by 10:30." Since the cabin was some hundred miles from Hollywood, the project was off.

Allen likes to play tennis and golf, but Marie insists that she's "lazy." Her only recreation is the movies—she goes every day when she isn't working, and loves the weepy ones, dramas with Joan Crawford or Bette Davis.

She never walks a block if she can drive, which she puts down to another sign of laziness, forgetting that she ran off three inches around her hips simply by tearing up and down stairs to her dressing room at "Blackouts" and melted away ten pounds during the arduous weeks when she was filming "My Friend Irma."

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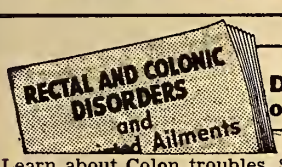
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enjoys on her rare vacations, Marie avoids exercise. Her beautiful figure just "grew that way."

But nobody—except Marie—would think of calling her lazy. She actually drives herself unmercifully. After seven brutal years in "Blackouts" she could be expected just to crawl into a corner somewhere and sleep and sleep and sleep. Instead, she has agreed to go on personal appearances in connection with the release of "My Friend Irma," a program which will require a great deal of energy-expenditure.

"But I'll be back two weeks before the program goes back on the air, and maybe three weeks before the new picture starts. Allen and I can have a real vacation. Won't that be nice?"

Allen is much more sanguine about the impending close of Marie's record-breaking run in "Blackouts" than she is.

"At last Marie can get a little rest," he says, "and then we can start working on a baby."

It would be interesting to see what would happen to the "little mother of them all" if she had a baby of her own.

Children adore her—and Marie, of course, loves them all passionately.

Joan Banks brought her five-year-old daughter, Judith, to see the broadcast one evening. Marie was a pink and gold dream that night in a salmon satin blouse, and a light wool skirt of the same color, her blond hair falling in thick waves to her shoulders.

Judith was enchanted.

"I know, Mommie," she told Joan, "that fairy princesses are just pretend, but Mommie, if there were fairy princesses they would look like Marie."

There are lots of grownups who know the Marie Wilson radiance who would agree.

You find yourself—after talking to her husband, and her friends, and her co-workers about Marie—that she is too good to be true, that somebody has to start protecting her from her own generosity of spirit.

Marie and a writer were to have lunch, as the last step in gathering the material for this life story, and when she telephoned to make the date she was already in a giving mood.

"Let's do something gay," she said. "Let's go to Romanoff's."

Now Romanoff's is very expensive and after days of hearing about Marie's compulsion to give all her money away, a protest seemed necessary.

"Wouldn't that be extravagant?"

"Oh, no, honey," Marie replied. "I have to go there tomorrow anyhow, so we might as well go today."

Lunch was wonderful. At Romanoff's.

You'll want to be sure to cast your vote in

THE RADIO MIRROR AWARDS for 1949

The big annual voting—the only poll in which you, the radio listener, may express your likes and dislikes concerning the programs and stars you hear on the air—will be coming up very soon.

BE SURE YOU HAVE YOUR SAY!

Program ballot will be in November Radio Mirror. Stars ballot will be in December Radio Mirror. Reserve your copies with your newsdealer now!



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The dramatic story of a young woman who accepted marriage . . . knowing she would be no more than her husband's mistress, his housekeeper, the bearer of his children!

FREE—THIS SENSATIONAL NEW BEST-SELLER

"LET LOVE COME LAST" *by Taylor Caldwell*

author of "This Side of Innocence"

HERE is the dramatic story of Ursula Wende, a spirited young beauty who vowed she would never marry. Peacefully secure on the small estate inherited from her aristocratic father, she knew life could not hurt her much—and no *man* could hurt her at all!

But because love had never thrilled her, Ursula found herself utterly helpless to cope with William Prescott. Hated and feared by the town's "best" people, Prescott was a man of violent ambitions which drove him with passionate urgency. It was no secret that love to him was but a *weakness*, a female demand!

Perhaps a stronger woman might have resisted this ruthless man; but suddenly, incredibly, Ursula accepted Prescott's fantastic offer of marriage . . . though she was *told* she would be no more than the mistress of his mansion—the bearer of his children and his "wife of convenience" only! Was it a sin to marry this man who offered her everything, yet nothing? What could she expect of a man who trampled love in the dust? Should she have risked the *chance* that her husband would *at last* fall in love with her?

Here is Taylor Caldwell's greatest novel—even more powerful than "This Side of Innocence." The publisher's edition of "Let Love Come Last" is $3.00, but you may have *your* copy FREE—*plus* your *free* copy of "Dinner at Antoine's," by joining the Literary Guild. Read, below, the details of this sensational offer!

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PHOTO OF HELEN NEUSHAEFER BY VICTOR KEPPLER

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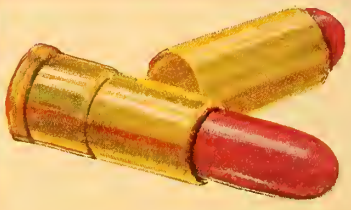


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Spreads smoothly, easily . . . *without* bubbles.

Brilliant porcelain finish stays perfect longer *without* chipping. Plasteen shockproofs nails!

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RADIO MIRROR AND TELEVISION

OVEMBER · 25¢



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Now! Toni is *twice as easy—twice as fast*



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New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips . . . spins . . . locks with a flick of the finger. *No rubber bands!* All plastic, patented! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! *Tiny teeth firmly grip* hair-tips so even the shortest ends become easy to manage! *Easy-spin action*—built right in—rolls each curl up in one quick motion! *Snaps shut!* Assures a better, longer-lasting curl. Winds more hair on each curler. Makes winding twice as easy—twice as fast! Now it's easier than ever before for any woman to wind perfect curls.

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New Photo directions show how Toni waves hair in as little as 30 minutes! No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. For the Toni Waving Lotion is the same gentle lotion that has given more than 67 million permanents. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly . . . how easily . . . you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you've ever had!

Which twin has the Toni? "Now we're both Toni Twins," says lovely Lila Wigren. "When I saw how easy it was for Ella to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni Home Permanent, too!"



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New Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give the most natural-looking wave ever—or money back! Waves hair in as little as 30 minutes! **$1.00**

Complete Set of new Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands! Makes every wave from now on twice as easy! Reg. Value **$2.00**

Included in this offer—Toni Creme Rinse to make your Toni wave even lovelier!

BOTH FOR $2.29

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NOVEMBER, 1949

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

VOL. 32, NO. 6

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Staff Photographers, HYMIE FINK, STERLING SMITH *Assistant,* BETTY JO RICE

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group



Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*Quick!*—When you reach home

Prompt germ killing action can head off trouble or lessen its severity.

When you sit through one of those cold, late-season football games, you may be letting yourself in for a nasty sore throat, a troublesome cold—or worse.

You see, excitement, fatigue, icy temperatures and cold feet may often lower body resistance so that threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" can stage a mass invasion of the tissue. They can set up an infection, or aggravate one that is already started.

Nature Can Use Help

Then, if ever, Nature can use a helping hand to go after such threatening germs . . . to help prevent such a mass invasion . . . to head off a cold before it gets started. That is why, when you get home, it is wise to gargle with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic repeatedly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" that many doctors hold responsible for so much of a cold's misery.

Actual tests have shown that the Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling, and up to 80% one hour after.

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Whenever you have sniffles, your throat is raw, or you feel chilly or under par, start the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may thus spare yourself a nasty siege of a cold or sore throat due to a cold.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



WOMEN TELL US That they make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of hair-washing as a precaution against **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**

RECORD-BREAKER

Brokenshire

Norman Brokenshire, who has made a habit of setting precedents in radio, began his career in 1924. During his first year in radio, the Canadian born announcer handled the coverage for the Democratic Presidential Convention—the first convention for the presidency to be carried by radio. That fall he was in the foreground giving listeners a description of the Coolidge inauguration. As his record now stands, "Broke" has covered every presidential inauguration from Coolidge's to Truman's.

From his earliest indoctrination to broadcasting, Brokenshire was a "special events" man. He broadcast the first program from a plane in flight when he covered the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin; he was the first to announce a horse race; he broadcast the Lindbergh reception, the dedication of the Wilson and Edison Memorials and the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant of 1927.

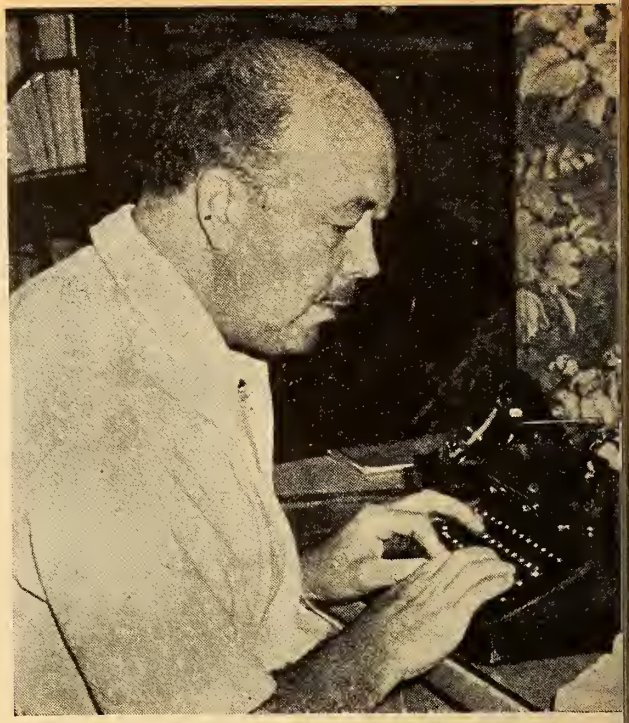
As was sometimes the case in radio's earlier days, entertainers were often rather casual about appearing on time for programs and it was because of this that Broke may lay claim—if that is the correct term—to broadcasting the first radio serial. In 1924 when, owing to inclement weather, the talent failed to appear at air time, announcer Brokenshire desperately grabbed a book of short stories and began to read to the audience. When the flustered entertainer finally arrived, Broke stopped reading and said: "Listen in tomorrow for the conclusion." Not only did the audience listen the next day, but Norman Brokenshire began a regular series of short story readings on a continued basis.

Another day, the absence of talent at broadcast time gave Broke the unenviable job of ad libbing for ten minutes. After making an opening announcement, the indomitable Brokenshire held his microphone out of the studio window and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the noises of the City of New York." A fire engine went by, the Sixth Avenue El rattled along its tracks, children yelled in the streets and the station received 2,000 letters saying it was the best ten-minute special event broadcast they ever heard.

But despite these "specials," Norman Brokenshire was also a commercial announcer of the highest order. A partial list of the top-flight programs which Broke handled include Eddie Cantor's Radio Follies, The Chesterfield Hour with Bing Crosby, the Street Singer, the Good Gulf Program with Will Rogers, the Boswell Sisters program and Major Bowes Amateur Hour.

Currently "Mr. Radio" is handling the announcing chores on the Theatre Guild On The Air series and is heard twice daily (Mon. through Fri.) on his own show of conversation and music titled Brokenshire Broadcasting. Brokenshire Broadcasting was first aired at 12:30 to 1:00 P.M. on June 23, 1947, and the listener mail included so many demands for "more Brokenshire" that the 9:15—9:45 A.M. program was added to his schedule of broadcasting.

Last June, Broke celebrated his Silver Anniversary in radio—over a quarter of a century of entertainment for listeners in every conceivable type of programming. There is very little doubt that his greeting and trademark, "How do you do, Ladies and Gentlemen, how do you do?" will be heard over the airwaves for many a year.



This year Norman celebrates 25 years in radio.



When radio covered the news "Broke" was there.



PINK-ICE BECOMES A LIVING PART OF YOU, TRIMS AWAY UNWANTED BULGES, ALLOWS COMPLETE FREEDOM OF ACTION

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PIERRE BALMAIN, brilliant fashion originator: "My 1950 silhouette will be my slenderest. And the PLAYTEX Girdle is the best way to a slender figure."



MME. SCHIAPARELLI, world-renowned Paris designer: "This season the silhouette is slenderer than ever—that's why you need the PLAYTEX Girdle."



OMAR KIAM, favorite designer of movie stars: "Today, a woman's figure is so important! PLAYTEX is the ideal way to look right in the new fashions."



PHILIP MANGONE, holder of "Golden Thimble" award: "I prefer to see my clothes on women with the slender figures PLAYTEX gives so effectively."



LILLY DACHE, noted American designer: "I've always said every dress looks better with PLAYTEX; for PLAYTEX slims inches off — and it's invisible!"





By MARTIN BLOCK

Martin Block conducts Make Believe Ballroom daily on New York's WNEW. He's also heard on NBC's Supper Club, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 7.00 P.M. EST.

FACING the



Dick Haymes is the singing emcee on CBS's Club 15, which features Jerry Gray's orchestra.

After all the years Ezio Pinza spent on the sta of the Metropolitan Opera House, it took Broadway musical stage to bring him to t attention of the Hollywood scouts. Now Ezio h been signed by MGM and is slated to co-star wi Greer Garson in a musical that will probably called "Mr. Imperirum."

* * *

Late September and all of October is time wh many of us disc jockeys get our "phizzes" on t screen of the neighborhood motion picture theate That's because of a film called "Spin That Platte Around Christmas time there'll be a sequel to th one. It'll be called, "Disc Jockeys, U. S. A."

Another movie item of interest is that you'll so be seeing a feature picture called "Down Memo Lane" in which Bing Crosby is the star. But, t film is actually made up of bits and pieces of sho that Bing made in the 1930's for Mack Sennett. You hear him sing such oldies as "When The Blue Of T Night Meets The Gold Of The Day," "Between T Devil And The Deep Blue Sea," and "Auf Wiedersehe My Dear." You'll also see Gloria Swanson, Ben Tu pin, Donald Novis, and Mabel Normand in the film and the Keystone Cops, too!

* * *

There's a strong possibility that by the time y read this, Frank Sinatra will be a disc jockey! I very possible that Frank will be spinning platters f the Mutual-Broadcasting System in addition to h regular five-time-a-week NBC show.

* * *

Despite all the trade-wise talk that the musical f created by such bands as Art Mooney and Prin

Basie or Ray Anthony what produced all this hilarity.



MUSIC

Scala would die quickly, the string-band sound has stayed with us for many months and will continue to be a favorite. True, the sound has been somewhat refined, but the nostalgic songs and the nostalgic instrumentation of the gay '90s doesn't seem to be losing any ground.

* * *

There's much of interest, too, in the rise to popularity of the lower-priced records. Such new names as Varsity, Hi Tone, Vocalion, Harmony and Bluebird are becoming more familiar as the record-buyers realize that you can get some mighty-fine platters for forty-nine cents. For what it may be worth, we'd like to remind you that Vocalion is Decca, Bluebird is Victor, Harmony is Columbia and Hi Tone is Signature. It appears to me that we'll be hearing lots more from the lower-priced record manufacturers as they get the time and opportunity to discover new recording names.

* * *

Vaughn Monroe isn't the only recording artist who flies his own plane on personal appearance dates. Larry Clinton, who's signed a new contract with RCA Victor, is also a pilot of note—having spent the war years on the India-to-China run. Jose Iturbi holds a commercial pilot's license and last year flew his own ship down to South America for his concert tour.

* * *

Now that London Records has taken to recording American artists it should be interesting to watch the changes that will take place in the artist rosters of some of the major disc manufacturers. As a tip, we suggest watching such names as Charlie Spivak, Vic Damone, Louis Jordan and Tex Beneke.







The Bop Hop gets a spirited and celebrated send-off from Benny Goodman and Martha Tilton. Benny has a Bop Cap, too.

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective ... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle ... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. *Doubly Safe!* Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!



Veto Lasts and Lasts From Bath to Bath

R M

HOME HAIR STYLING



Little Miss Conway and her mother, Julie (who frequently appears on CBS' Theater of Today) are of the oval face type.

Miss Conway, with the oval type face and features, is fortunate, for this type of face can wear a variety of hair styles. There is no broad brow or jaw line to minimize, no long jaw, no width in the eyes. Therefore, a more sophisticated fashion or the very demure style (above) is only a matter of choice. Fred, the Hair Stylist, selects this style for Miss Conway because of her professional career, its ease in handling and its smartness. It has great diversity for, informally, it can be held back by a bow which Miss Conway wears in her "mother and daughter" plan, but when she is dressed, it can be held back by combs concealed by the curls. Little Miss Conway has her mother's oval face, and Fred set the hair in exactly the same way.



For this style, set curls counter-clockwise. (When brushed to the side they fall over the brow in reverse, thus making professional-looking bangs.) Fred, the Hair Stylist, recommends a simple routine for keeping Miss Conway's strawberry blond hair in healthy condition, thereby obtaining a brilliant sheen. She gives it a daily brushing of sixty strokes every morning and evening when possible. Contrary to the feeling that brushing removes the set or the curl from the hair, Fred assures us that it enhances it. "Always," he says, "brush the hair away from the face and toward the crown. This stimulates the flow of blood which in turn encourages a healthy scalp and beautiful hair. When the hair has been briskly brushed, it responds to adjustment into waves and curls much more readily than if simply combed." One more "must" for the care of the hair . . . never brush or comb with a soiled brush or comb. Give each a regular cleaning and rinsing. If soap or dirt is allowed to remain in the brush or comb, it is transmitted in a film to the hair and the luster that results from proper use is defeated. Except in rare cases when your hairdresser recommends less frequent washing, wash the hair each week with a shampoo recommended for your type of hair. (Your hairdresser can analyze your scalp and hair and give you expert advice on the type of shampoo.)

By
MARY JANE FULTON

For the *long face,* care must be taken not to exaggerate facial length. A soft fullness must be kept at the sides, the top must be flat, and if possible the outline of the hair should be asymmetrical.

In the sketch below there is a side part from which the hair is brushed to a fullness at the side front. A



soft fullness falls around the side and back.

Setting—The hair is combed flat on the top of the head. Curls are set downward in a counter-clockwise fashion so that they can be brushed away from the face to a side fullness. Because fullness is desired at the sides the curls are set in a downward fashion. Brushing is done from the crown of the head



toward the face, thereby framing the face with a softness which minimizes length.

If you have a round face, as above, the problem with this type of face is hair styling that will minimize a broad brow, jaw and (in general) a short neck. Fred, the Hair Stylist, recommends an upward feeling with fullness on the top of the head and a sleek side. For extreme fullness that will minimize breadth of face, he uses tricks in the setting of the curls.

In order to achieve this most effectively, the top curls are set in alternating clockwise and counter-clockwise rows. When brushed and combed an extreme fullness is the result. Curls at the sides are set counter-clockwise with an upward curl that can be combed up to fall naturally high and away from the face.

SALON-SAFE FOR HAIR THAT TENDS TO "FRIZZ"

SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD

If your hair is so *extra dry* that ordinary home permanents tend to make it frizzy...or so wiry-textured that most home waves make it unmanageable...here's good news for you!

With the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you can be confident of silky-soft, easy-to-manage "salon-type" waves no matter what the texture of your hair. The secret? You use the same type preparations...even the same improved cold wave process...found best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, *cream* waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job. *If you can roll your hair on curlers, you'll manage beautifully!*

There isn't a more luxurious, softer, more natural-looking home wave for *any* head! Price, $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50. (Prices plus Tax.)



"HERE'S WHY USERS PREFER HUDNUT!*

1. Gives you the wave you wish you were born with—soft, luxurious, natural-looking.
2. Doesn't dry hair or split ends.
3. Fast and easier, too! Special Hudnut pre-softening makes winding easier; ends less difficult!
4. Exactly the type curl you desire—tight or loose—but never a frizz on the ends!
5. Lasts longer—gives weeks more pleasure and prettiness!
6. Includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do."
7. More manageable—greater coiffure variety.

*As expressed by a cross section of Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

New! Improved! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



Soft-Boiled BALLADEERS



Elaine Beverley and Buzz Aston get together for a duet on KDKA's Memory Time show.

The Memory Time Quartet, featured on KDKA's big half-hour Thursday night musical show, Memory Time, is digging into the files of other years to find the tunes grandma sang, listened to and loved.

The quartet is made up of Pittsburgh businessmen who have made "barbershop" harmony their hobby. The group consists of Dick Fisher and Bernie Markwell of Gulf Oil; Bob Hughes, who works for the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories, and Ray Griffin of Standard Sanitary and Manufacturing Company.

Not satisfied with "Sweet Adeline" or "Dear Old Girl," the Memory Timers usually come up with such soft-boiled ballads as "The Slug in the Gum Machines"; "Never Hit Your Grandma With a Shovel"; or "Don't Put Your Foot in My Face, Dear."

The quartet is featured on the appropriately named program which is famous throughout KDKA's listening area for its nostalgic songs and tunes. They are also heard on the Mildred Don and Men About Town Show. Singing emcee Buzz Aston and diminutive Elaine Beverley, the girl with the "Gay Nineties Voice," are the soloists and frequently get together in special duets.

Memory Time was concocted by Ronnie Taylor and his two radio aides, Tom MacWilliams and Les Stern of Smith, Taylor and Jenkins, for the Pittsburgh Brewing Company, but the whole gang joins in with them and the musical director, Al Marsico, when it comes to tracking down the words and music as they were written, "'way back when."



Memory Time's Quartet: L. to r., Bernie Markwell, Ray Griffin, seated; Dick Fisher, Bob Hughes.

3 piece Tea or Coffee Service $125. with Footed Waiter $147.50. *Inspired design perfectly executed for the ultimate in silverplate. Here is attention to small details (note the covered spout on the cream pitcher) and massive richness of ornamentation found usually on only the most expensive solid silver. "It looks like hand-chasing" experts say of the glorious Spring Garden decoration. Truly, a unique value!*





NOW! Spring Garden

has its own magnificent tea set and service pieces.

Spring Garden! This season's gayest, loveliest silverplate design, first captured for you in exquisite flatware, is now yours in the loveliest holloware imaginable.

There is a breathtakingly beautiful tea set . . . its wealth of detail, weight, richness of ornamentation, rivaling in appearance the finest examples of hand-worked silver. There are service pieces for your every dining need . . . each a triumph of designers' art and silversmiths' craft.

And here is the most delightful news of all. You will find these Spring Garden pieces priced within the reach of even the most modest budget.

Have you seen Spring Garden flatware? This latest and loveliest pattern in famous Sterling Inlaid silverplate, comes in a 52 piece service for 8 at only $68.50 with chest. There are three other enchanting Holmes & Edwards patterns, Youth, Danish Princess, Lovely Lady. All are made in the U. S. A.



Covered Vegetable Dish $17.50. *Something new in fine silverware design: instead of the conventional straight line, the lines of this lovely dish sweep up in a graceful curve. Oval serving dish (not illustrated) $10.00.*



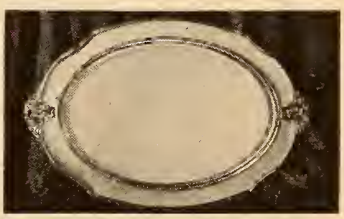
Bread Tray $10.00. *A remarkably lovely, truly versatile piece . . . can be used as fruit dish, sandwich tray, for flowers, and in many other ways.*



Well and Tree Dish $22.50. *Rich Spring Garden ornamentation, unusually graceful outline, make this essential piece a royal setting for all meats, poultry and fish.*



Gravy Boat & Tray $15.00. *A masterpiece of design. Distinctive, low silhouette sweeps up at the lip for perfect balance, perfect pouring. Tray has many uses.*



18" Meat Platter $17.50. *One of the most useful service pieces of all...and the handsomest. Important: all prices for service pieces include Federal Tax.*

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID°
SILVERPLATE
HERE HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

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Let's Look at the RECORDS

BY JOE MARTIN



A welcome arrival is Burl Ives' latest Columbia album, "The Return Of The Wayfaring Stranger."

BLUE BARRON (M-G-M)—The song that may very well be the successor to Blue's hit disc, "Cruising Down The River," is one called "Lingering Down The Lane." The reverse side is Bobby Beer's vocal of "Luna Lu."

VIC DAMONE (Mercury)—Here's a double-sided threat from Vic. Both "My Bolero" and "Through A Long And Sleepless Night" are good vocal material well done by the youthful crooner whose popularity continues to grow.

BILL FARRELL (M-G-M)—Bill's a nineteen-year-old vocalizing sensation. His first record is superlative. Singing "Circus" and "Through A Long And Sleepless Night" he sounds like a mixture of Al Jolson, Billy Eckstine, and Vaughn Monroe—hut a fine mixture that adds up to a new voice.

MISS LIBERTY (Columhia)—At long last the original cast recordings of Irving Berlin's new show have heen released. One listening will show you why Ethel Griffies is the hit of the show despite her age. All the hit tunes you've already heard on the air and some you haven't are in this alhum.

NAT "KING" COLE (Capitol)—This is the man who can make anything sound like a hit song. Nat and his trio are properly smooth on "I Get Sentimental Over Nothing" and properly cute on the novelty, "Your Voice."

SLUGGER AT THE BAT (Columbia)—There isn't a baseball-loving American kid who won't go for this children's alhum written by Peter Steele and Peter Lyon. The big reason, of course, is that the voices of two Brooklyn Dodger stars, Pee Wee Reese and Jackie Rohinson, are heard in the alhum.

PERCY FAITH (RCA Victor)—Every radio listener is familiar with Mr. Faith's orchestral chores on the air. Some of the jazz fans will also he familiar with Jimmy Dorsey's showpiece, "Oodles of Noodles." Mr. Faith, however, plays it with a forty-five piece orchestra. The backing is the lovely "Deep Purple," played in the inimitable Faith manner.

SQUARE DANCES (Capitol)—The "dosey-do" craze has even invaded the Eastern seahoard. So then, for the few who haven't tried square dancing, Capitol Records has a new album by Cliffie Stone which includes calls by Jonesy. This same company also has some good singles by Cliffie.

GEORGE SHEARING (London)—The wonderful hlind pianist who is featured on M-G-M and Discovery records as well as London, has a new trio disc that he recorded in England some months ago. "The Nearness Of You" is the old favorite played slow-and-easy-like, and "The Fourth Deuce" is slow-hop.

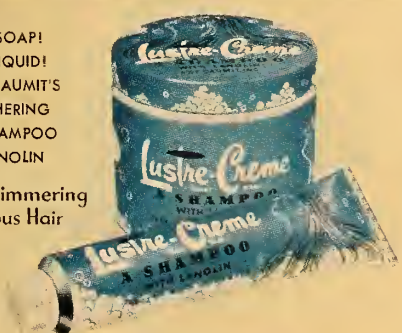
BURL IVES (Columbia)—The title of the new album is "The Return Of The Wayfaring Stranger"—and a welcome return it is. Burl sings "Little Mohee," "Lord Randall," "John Hardy" and other fine folk songs.



Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

NOT A SOAP!
NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S
RICH LATHERING
CREAM SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar $1; 10-oz. economy size $2.
Smaller jars and tubes 49¢ and 25¢.

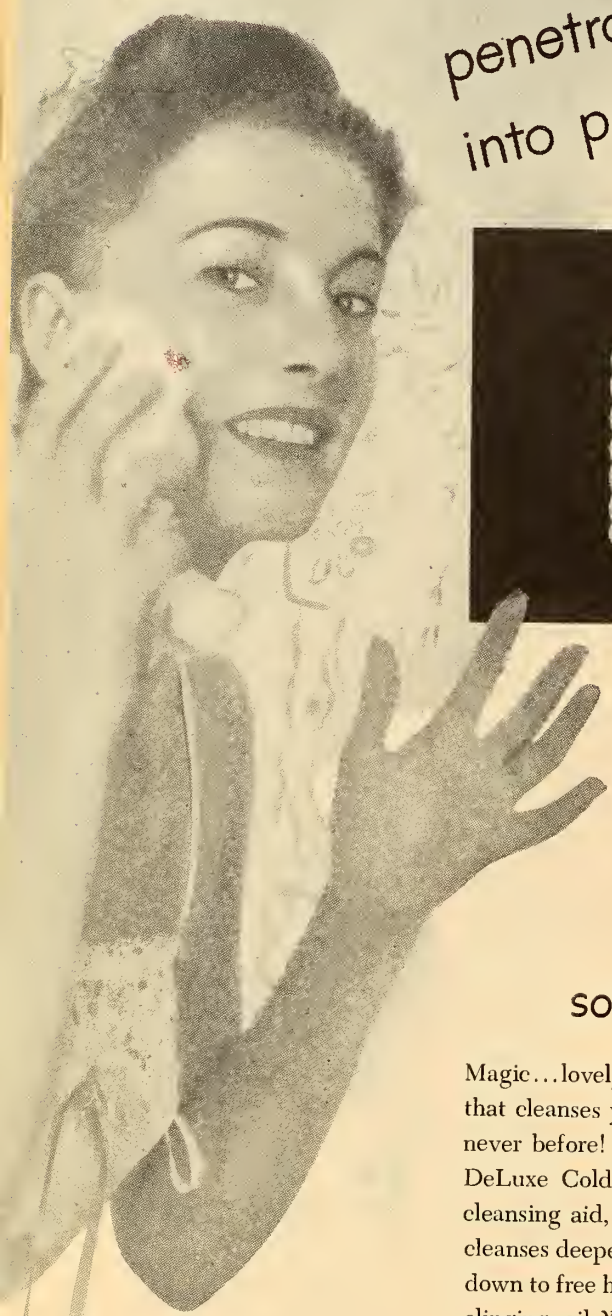
No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN... for *true* hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness. THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, *tonight*...if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today! It's Kay Daumit's *exclusive* blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin.

This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—*and you*—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

New! Woodbury DeLuxe Cold Creamwith Penaten... penetrates deeper into pore openings





cleanses skin cleaner

softens, beautifies

Magic...lovely magic! A wonder cream that cleanses your skin cleaner, brighter as never before! It's the NEW Woodbury DeLuxe Cold Cream...with the miracle cleansing aid, PENATEN. *It penetrates...* cleanses deeper into pore openings. Seeps down to free hard-to-remove make-up and clinging soil. *Your cleansing tissue proves it!* And PENATEN carries Woodbury's rich skin softeners deeper...gives a smoother skin! Just one deep smoothing cleansing, one jar of Woodbury DeLuxe Cold Cream shows PENATEN's miracle. Your skin is radiantly alive.

From trial size jars at 20¢ to largest

JIMMIE LIPTON



Jimmie Lipton plays Windy Day on Hearts in Harmony.

Jimmie Lipton is one fellow who acted — and successfully for years before he suddenly decided that acting was a challenging and interesting profession.

Jimmie was born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1925. Detroit schools have a radio program and use the school students on the air, so, although he didn't want to be an actor, Jimmie started acting on the air at the age of eleven.

When he was in high school, Jimmie decided he would study law. To pay for it, he got himself a job as a reporter for the *Detroit Times,* and in due course was enrolled at Wayne University.

While at college, the director for whom he'd worked in radio offered him an audition. Jimmie came sailing through, but he hesitated. He was making twenty-eight dollars a week as a reporter and it was only on the director's assurance that he would not make less in radio that Jimmie finally gave up reporting for acting.

Came the war and Jimmie entered the Army Air Force. Discharged in 1945, Jimmie hied himself to New York to attend law school. However, still faced with the problem of supporting himself while he went to college, he immediately started auditioning for radio work.

"But everything changed," Jimmie said, "due to a series of events. First I was turned down by school. Next, I auditioned for Elinor Kilgallen, who promptly notified the papers that I was the hottest thing to hit the kilocycles in many a month. That led to my getting the lead in an Assignment Home show, which led to the radio editor of *PM* doing two articles about me. That led to my starting to work like crazy."

And all that—and more—led Jimmie to decide to scrap law and approach acting seriously for the first time. Two nights a week he studies acting with a professional workshop under Don Richardson; he works out every morning at the YMCA and he takes dancing with Anna Sokolow. For plain, ordinary relaxation, he sculpts when he wants to be alone and he plays a guitar and sings folk songs when he is with friends. He's married to radio actress Shirley Blanc, whom he met on a show

INFORMATION BOOTH

Step Up And Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full name and address and attach this box to your letter.

JIMMY WALLINGTON

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me what has become of Jimmy Wallington, the announcer? We miss him on the air.

Mrs. L. S. C.

Canton, Ohio



Jimmy Wallington

Currently, Jimmy Wallington does the announcing chores for two NBC programs originating in Hollywood — Screen Directors Playhouse, heard Friday nights at 9:00 P.M. EST, and Carnation Contented Hour, on Mondays at 10:00 P.M. EST.

NO DATE WITH JUDY

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me if A Date With Judy is on the air? If so when does it come on and what time? Also, could you please tell me if Corliss Archer is on the air? If so when and what time.



Louise Erickson

Miss J. N.

Parsons, Kansas

A Date With Judy is not on the air at the present time but here's Louise Erickson who played the title role. Meet Corliss Archer, with Janet Waldo, can be heard Sunday evenings at 9:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time on most stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

THEME SONGS

Dear Editor:

I have recently discovered a wonderful radio program called Against The Storm (Monday-Friday, 11:30 A.M., EST, Mutual Broadcasting System). The theme song intrigues me and I would like to know the name of it and whether a recording has been made of it.

Miss P. L. F.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

The theme is "Song of Bernadette" by Alfred Newman. It has not been recorded as yet. While we're on the subject of theme songs, we'd like to tell the many readers who have inquired about the theme music heard on Challenge of the Yukon (Wednesdays, 5:00 P.M. EST, ABC) that it is an excerpt from the Donna Diana Overture by Von Reznicek.

SINGING SAM

Dear Editor:

For some time now we have heard a regular program featuring Singing Sam from a Canadian station. We were under the impression that he was dead. Can you straighten us out on this? What was his real name?

Mrs. E. M. I.

Rochester, N. Y.

Harry Frankel, professionally known as Singing Sam, died over a year ago. Those songs you hear on the Singing Sam program are on records.

BRIDE AND GROOM

Dear Editor:

I am engaged to be married and would like to get on Bride and Groom. How do we go about it?

Miss G. K.

Brighton, Michigan

Write to John Masterson, c/o Bride and Groom, 6263 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California.

BUSY ACTOR

Dear Editor:

Does the actor who plays the title role in Michael Shayne, Detective also play the biology professor on the Our Miss Brooks program? If I'm right, what's his name?



Jeff Chandler

Miss A. C.

Garfield, N. J.

You're right. Jeff Chandler (that's his name) is both Michael Shayne and the bashful Philip Boynton. Incidentally, he's also in motion pictures. His latest is "Sword In The Desert."

THOSE WE LOVE

Dear Editor.

Would you please give me the names of the actors and the roles they played in the radio program Those We Love. It has been off the air for about four years and was heard on NBC, originating in California. Is there any chance of this program returning to the air?



Nan Grey

Miss M. P.

Fitchburg, Mass.

At the present time there is no indication that Those We Love will return to the air this year. The principal members of the cast were Richard Cromwell who played the role of Kit Marshall, Donald Wood (Dr. Foster), Francis X. Bushman (John Marshall), Helen Wood (Helen Dascom), Anne Todd (Amy) and Nan Grey (Kathy).

NOW! PROOF that brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, effective way to

HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY with Colgate Dental Cream

NOW dental science offers *proof* that always using Colgate Dental Cream right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

Continuous research—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most important news in dental history!



Eminent dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating. The other group followed their usual dental care.

The average of the group using Colgate's as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF THESE RESULTS

Colgate's has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream. The Colgate Dental Cream now at your dealer's is the same formula that was used in the tests.

Always Use Colgate's* to

Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth

—and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

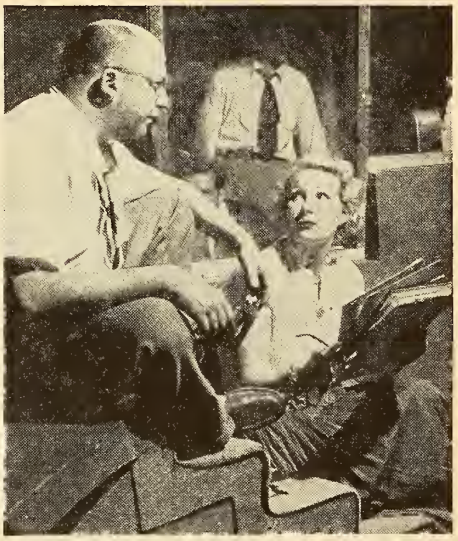
*Right after eating



NO CHANGE IN FLAVOR, FOAM, OR CLEANSING ACTION!

What's New

By
DALE BANKS



Binnie Barnes joined Abe on Breakfast with Burrows, Mon. at 9 P. M. on CBS.



J. Carroll Naish, writer-producer Cy Howard and Mary Jane Croft rehearse for CBS's series, Life With Luigi.



County Fair M.C. Win Elliot and company proved it can be done when Mole Hill, W. Va., was re-christened Mountain.

Gossip From Hither and Yon. . . . Larry Gelhart and Larry Marks are back pounding out gags for the Bob Hope airer. . . . Columbia Pictures has signed to do a series of flickers based on Counterspy. . . . Wendell Holmes turning down film offers coming in the wake of his fine performance in "Lost Boundaries" because of radio commitments. . . . George Petrie to be starred in a movie role based on his CBS radio stanza, Call the Police. . . . Jack Mangan, emcee of the popular Ship's Reporter, writing a book based on the interviews he does for that air show.

* * *

Once Mark Twain, America's Number One humorist of another day, made a bet with an editor that people didn't really read when they were looking at words in books and magazines. To prove it, he wrote the most preposterous three paragraph beginning to a story that was ever put down on paper, full of silly things like trees with little known names floating in the sky, the weather hot, cold and sunny and raining within three sentences. Well, Twain won his bet. He got only one letter questioning one of his silly facts. Now we can ask the same question about people listening to radio. Do listeners really hear when they're listening? The producers of the Scattergood Baines show are willing to bet they don't. Evidence is in their mailbag practically every day. Mail has come to them addressed to "Scatterblood Baines," "Scatterhook Haines," "Slattery Baines," "Smattering Baines," "Scudd-a-hoo Baines" and "Scattergood Jane." These are all seemingly well-intentioned mistakes. The would-be comedians always seem to pick "Scatterbrains Good."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Radio, otherwise Cathy and Elliott Lewis are working in top supporting roles in their first feature picture together. They'll be seen in "The Story of Molly X," starring June Havoc. The flicker marks Cathy's return to pictures after an absence from studio sound stages of close to nine years. For Elliott, it will be his first major role in any movie other than one calling for him to act as narrator, or "unseen voice." His most recent film job was as the voice of the horse in "The Winner's Circle."

* * *

Polish up on your bebop. Maestro Hot Lips Page, the old-time radio favorite, is readying a program for one of the networks based on a fifteen-minute quiz format, but posing questions only about bebop.

* * *

In case bookers have been wondering why Stan Lee Broza, manager and, by the way, father of bandleader Elliot Lawrence, sometimes turns down some very alluring bookings, they'd better take a gander at climatic conditions before trying to sign Lawrence's band. Seems Elliot suffers from hay fever and papa takes good care of him by never signing for dates in lowland, sneeze producing areas during any pollenation season anywhere.

* * *

Morey Amsterdam came up with a spur of the moment quip recently that had the audience at a benefit show rolling. When Lucy Monroe, whose name has become almost synonymous with the "Star Spangled Banner,"

FROM COAST TO COAST



Round the bend with full steam (vocally) come Victor Moore (l.) and Margaret Whiting, Gordon MacRae's guests on the star-studded show train of ABC's Railroad Hour which rides the coast-to-coast tracks Mon. at 8 P. M. EST.

stepped out on the stage to sing the national anthem for about the 2,000th time, Morey turned to her and asked, "Lucy, have you got your music?"

* * *

Watch for a new toy on the market. Patented under the name of "TumbleToy," the wooden gadget was devised and developed in his home workshop by Art Gilmore, whose regular job is announcing on the Dr. Christian series.

* * *

Emcee Warren Hull can chat about their home towns with just about all contestants he telephones on the Spin to Win quiz. During the ten years he co-starred with Parks Johnson on the Vox Pop show, he visited practically every important city in the United States.

* * *

The opinion has been expressed that giveaway shows are undesirable because they put too many trained and skilled actors, directors and such people out of work. But recently, we got a glimmer of their appeal. We were listening to Kate Smith's newest show, Kate Smith Calls and when she got to the part where she asked the operator to get the phone number for her, we thought, "Wouldn't it be funny, if she called us?" Then we realized that she couldn't call us, because we'd had our number taken out of the phone book. And there we sat bemoaning our fate, thinking of all the radio shows that could never call us, now, and all that gold that could never come our way. Yes, we can see the appeal of the giveaway show!

* * *

Johnny Long's wife, Pat, has turned songwriter and one of her songs has been bought by a publisher. The tune's called "VMI Waltz" and said publisher hopes to make it another "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."

* * *

Guess radio's no dead duck, yet. It's still a powerful personality builder and witness to that is the phenomenal success of Dennis Day's recent personal appearance tour. Dennis played to packed theaters and, actually, with overflow crowds in the streets, in seven Eastern cities, including Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Columbus, Cleveland and Chicago.

* * *

Mary and Harry Hickox are two of the busiest people in West Coast radio and TV. But they can't be accused of being superstitious. At the moment, they are doing twelve shows per week, six on radio and an equal number on video. The thirteenth may be added shortly, since they have a sponsor interested in a TV idea to be kinescoped for national release.

* * *

Besides becoming one of the famous knitters in history, Robert Q. Lewis will probably be the warmest one. Outside of completing a sweater or two during his summer substitute stint for (*Continued on page* 19)

There's Something about STARKE



Charlie's free lance announcing assignments read like a radio hall of fame but the Starke home base is WINS.

Just exactly how many hundreds of housewives curl into a comfortable chair, close their eyes and exist in a dream world for two hours every morning, no one—not even the Hooper people—really knows.

But letters to WINS' Charlie Starke, proprietor of the Music Shoppe of the same name, indicate that this kind of action is typical of his listeners. Surveys have shown that morning listeners—those who tune in from ten to twelve a.m. to be exact—are predominantly women, and something about Starke's voice and program makes them keep listening to WINS once they have discovered Charlie.

Charlie unquestionably has one of the most pleasing, soothing and sympathetic voices in radio. And his selection of records follows the pattern set by his voice: the show features lush orchestral arrangements, romantic and sentimental songs and dreamy melodies spun with a quiet touch. Bebop and jazz, swing and jam are non-existent on the Starke Music Shoppe.

Charlie's resonant bass graces many another radio show. He's the herald who tells what-has-gone-before on NBC's When A Girl Marries; he announces House of Mystery. As a free-lance announcer, he has handled The Aldrich Family and Gang Busters.

Charlie's radio career began in Reading, Pennsylvania, back in the Amos 'n' Andy era, when he startled his family by cutting his own commercials and station breaks on the family radio. This the enterprising young Starke did by drilling a hole through the living room floor and wiring a toy microphone to the set.

At about the time his voice lost its adolescent quaver and slipped into its present rich bass, Charlie left Reading and moved to New York. After enrolling in a dramatic school here, he supported himself by working as an organized applauder of network shows.

His first real job came on his return to Reading. There, he did everything from writing scripts, producing and directing, to announcing and running his own disc jockey show. The Phantom Symphony was the title of this opus and Charlie not only announced the show but—because the station was understaffed—manned four turn-tables at the same time.

An example of his imagination and virtuosity is the manner in which he once cut a musical selection which otherwise would have run overtime: Charlie stopped the record abruptly, put in mumbling sounds of an audience and explained over the air that the conductor had fainted on the podium.

Charlie's next stop was Philadelphia. This was followed by New York City and, after two years, station WMCA. Here, as a staff announcer, Charlie covered special events and the once-famous Good Will Court. From there he switched to CBS, where he reported special events which ranged from a mouse steeplechase to the Howard Hughes world flight. During the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt's second inaugural, Charlie set a record for radio's longest ad lib: for one hour and ten minutes he talked throughout the world.

In addition to his king-size radio schedule, Charlie also runs a production office which has made a name for itself with such shows as the Peter Donald, Jacques Fray, Yello Cab, Radio Hymnal and others.

COAST to COAST

(*Continued from page 17*)

Arthur Godfrey on his daily morning shows and weekly Wednesday evening one, Robert Q. Lewis has been deluged with knitted apparel from his fan clubs throughout the country. So far, he's got seventy-eight sweaters, fourteen scarves, two quilts, nineteen pairs of gloves and five ties, to say nothing of fourteen pairs of booties—a slightly embarrassing item for a bachelor.

* * *

Denizens of Madison Avenue in New York, who've grown quite used to keeping a weather eye out for Conover models, always so easy to spot from blocks away because they carry those enormous hat boxes all the time are going to have to sharpen their glims now. The hat boxes are disappearing. Conover models are now toting rolls of film around with them. Since so many of the Conover Agency's bookings are for television, agency head Conover has arranged for each of the girls to make 16mm films. Instead of showing advertising agency and television executives still pictures of themselves, they give a live presentation of their personality projection via the films. Seems to us that everything is getting harder and harder. It used to be that beauty contest entrants and models only had to look beautiful. Now they have to be able to do things like act, sing and dance. Leave nobody ever say beautiful but dumb about any girl again.

* * *

Grand Ole Opry's Rod Brasfield has a new hobby. He is collecting clippings of typographical errors that appear in the numerous newspapers he reads. He's got a choice lot already. We can't give very many, because of space, but here are a few. In the classified columns of one paper, he found, "Porcupine, tame, eats anything, very fond of children." The social page of another paper contained this item: "Dinner was served at 6:30 and the remaining hours were devoted to general merry-making. This club meets only once a year and that is when members transact all business and enjoy the evening together. Wives are bared." A story in the business section of still another sheet read, "He reorganized the electric railroad and put it on his feet." Finally, in the shipping news was this one, "Alice Moore has been engaged as stewardess and social hostess aboard the S.S. Alexandria which sails tomorrow. Before leaving port she will have her barnacles scraped."

* * *

Harry Mynatt, official escort for the Queens on the Queen for a Day air show, estimates that in the five years the program has been on the air, he has taken Queens to 3,000 night clubs at a cost of over $100,000, plus approximately $26,000 in tips. Huh! That ain't nothin', Harry. In the days of Diamond Jim Brady, the fellers with the big money often spent $25,000 on one night's shindig. Of course, the lovely ladies who amused them used to find diamond bracelets and similar gadgets under their napkins. That, of course, considerably upped the overhead.

* * *

Can this be romance? Mark Warnow has been squiring Ethel Smith around New York. They met when she was featured on "Your Hit Parade" several years ago.

The Double Life of June Havoc!



JUNE HAVOC in "CHICAGO DEADLINE" a Paramount Picture



Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 over any other hand care

Keep your hands soft and romantic the way the Stars do . . . use today's finer Jergens Lotion.

Because it's a liquid, Jergens Lotion quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs.

Protects longer against roughness.

Smooths hands to softer, finer beauty.

Never oily or sticky. Only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

Keep your hands lovely to look at with Jergens Lotion



Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World!

Songstress Joan Nichols entertains Buffalo's Quiz Kids during Breakfast at Laube's Old Spain as WBEN's Ed Dinsmore looks on.



GIRL WITH A HEART

Ever since lovely blonde Joan Nichols started singing on the radio, her fans have been saying, "She ought to be on television!" So what was more natural that when TV hit her home town of Buffalo last year, Joan signed for a television series with WBEN-TV. (Joan is a radio headliner too, for she is also featured on the WBEN radio audience show, Breakfast at Laube's Old Spain.) The comely songstress, who was born in Buffalo as Joan Nickel, attended Lafayette High School and later graduated from Bennett.

Joanie can't remember when she didn't like to sing. At eleven she won first prize in a children's radio series and had her own fifteen-minute program. After high school she had a few club dates in Buffalo. But she achieved her first real fame away from home—in Washington, where she sang in supper clubs before becoming vocalist with Sonny Dunham's orchestra in New York.

Later she appeared with Dick Stabile at the Copacabana and the Park Central. In 1947 she made two guest appearances with Buddy Clark on the Carnation Contented Hour. She also was the guest, for a week, on Eddy Duchin's afternon show.

It was inevitable that television would snare her and she made frequent appearances over the DuMont network in New York. She is fascinated by the work of television producers like WBEN-TV's Fred Keller. When she sang "The Peanut Vendor" not long ago, Fred brought an honest-to-gosh vendor in from the streets, peanut whistle and all. When she sang "Stormy Weather," there was artificial rain dropping and she had an umbrella.

"I like to sing a modern song with a 'heart' to it," Joan says, "but for listening I prefer the classics—modern or time-proved." Surprisingly for a vocalist, she prefers hearing instrumental music.

Joan was married nearly two years ago and her old home town of Buffalo beckoned so strongly that she is now combining housewifely duties with outstanding radio and television work. She makes her home in Buffalo and her husband, Walter Boehm, Jr., an air force veteran, is now a student at the University of Buffalo.



Joan likes a song with a heart. Pet: "Don't Take your Love from Me."

Coming Next Month



Come and visit Bob Hope and his family in the December issue.

The jingle bell and holly season, while not exactly around the corner, is near enough to think about and plan for, and RADIO MIRROR has been doing just that. High on the list of holiday activities for next month's issue is a visit to Ma Perkins' house. Ma and her family celebrate the occasion for you complete with tree and presents—and they do it in color, too.

* * *

Suitable for any time of the year, but especially so for Christmas time is the story behind Fulton Oursler's The Greatest Story Ever Told. Relating the life of Christ on radio is an undertaking requiring infinite pains and a profound understanding of religious values. How this was successfully achieved makes an absorbing, distinguished article.

* * *

RADIO MIRROR'S December issue will also contain the not-to-be-missed Through the Years dramatization of Just Plain Bill. And you'll not want to miss the RADIO MIRROR Awards ballot either—the one you'll need to vote for your favorite radio programs. Daytime Diary, the new feature which you'll see for the first time in this issue, will be back in December—and every month—to keep you up to date with developments in your favorite daytime serials. All the regular features are scheduled for December, too—Joan Davis, Ted Malone, Nancy Craig (who has some wonderful new recipes for Christmas delicacies) and the entertaining TV section. The December RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands Wednesday, Nov. 9.



Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? **Your deodorant can be the difference** . . . and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use . . . Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. **Prove this to yourself** with the free jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.





"Skin Blemishes were a *real* problem," says glamorous Cover Girl Carmen Lister. "Then a friend recommended Noxzema. I used it as my powder base and in no time my skin looked soft and smooth once more. Now it's my regular beauty aid."



"I had dry skin before I started using Noxzema," says pretty Doris Moore of Houston, Texas. "Now my skin feels so smooth. I always use Noxzema to help keep my complexion looking soft and lovely. It's a wonderfully soothing hand cream, too."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ...OR YOUR MONEY BACK



"My complexion was very dry," says Mrs. Ruth Samuel, New York nursery school teacher, "until I used Noxzema. It's a grand protective cream. Helps keep my skin looking soft and fresh!"



No skin troubles for lovely Mrs. Ruth Vanderwist! "I started using Noxzema in high school to help protect my skin from blemishes—and have used it ever since. It's my all-purpose cream."

Doctor develops new home beauty routine! Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!

● Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you've ever suffered from dry, rough skin or externally-caused blemishes, or similar problems . . . here's good news!

Recently a famous skin doctor found that a *greaseless* skin cream — medicated Noxzema — apparently works right with nature as a beauty aid. Now, to bring you the full effectiveness of Noxzema's greaseless, medicated formula, this Doctor has developed a NEW HOME BEAUTY ROUTINE. It's not a cure-all. But in clinical tests, it has helped 4 out of 5 women. Here are the Doctor's 4 simple steps!

4 Simple Steps

Step one—in the morning, apply Noxzema generously all over your face — and with a damp cloth actually "creamwash" your face. You need just water and this wonderful medicated cream. Your face feels so clean!

Step two—now dry your face, and smooth on a protective film of Noxzema. Remember, it's greaseless. That's important! Let it help protect your complexion all day long. You'll love the way it holds make-up perfectly.

Step three—before retiring, again "creamwash" your face with Noxzema. After thoroughly "creamwashing" your face, gently dry.

Step four—now massage dainty snow-white Noxzema into your face as a night cream. Pat a little extra over any blemishes. See how quickly it helps heal them. An ideal night cream—it's greaseless—no messy pillow smears.

These are the 4 simple steps. It's a new kind of home "beauty facial." Women who've tried it say it's wonderful. And so sure are we that results will delight you that we make this sincere money-back offer. Try this Doctor's New Home Beauty Routine for 10 days. If you're not completely satisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. Simply send the jar with unused contents to Noxzema Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md. Try it. Get Noxzema while this big money-saving offer is on.

MONEY-SAVING OFFER

BIG 85¢ JAR NOW ONLY 59¢ plus tax

You get 43% more for your money than in the smaller size. Limited offer—stock up now!

TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

By TOMMY BARTLETT

Two college men who have a yen for adventure and an eye on their future, passed by our NBC microphone recently to become our travelers of the month. They are Robert Dow and George Perkins of Melrose, Massachusetts. Their destination, Alaska; their transportation, a Renault, one of those small French cars.

As to their future, both are scheduled to graduate in 1951, so they are on the alert for a spot where they think the future looks rosy. Alaska, they believe is that land of opportunity, and they want to look it over.

For good measure they are also out to set a record for a round-trip by car between Boston and Fairbanks, Alaska. They expect to cover the 12,000 miles in fifty-six days, at a cost of less than $700.

Their most difficult problem, aside from how to stretch their dollars, was how to get them. George Perkins, or Bill as his friends know him, was the instigator of this trip. A student of marketing and advertising at North East University in Boston, he already is a seasoned traveler for his twenty years. He has criss-crossed the country several times, and has gone outside its boundaries. His money-making efforts were devoted to lecturing and showing pictures of his previous trips.

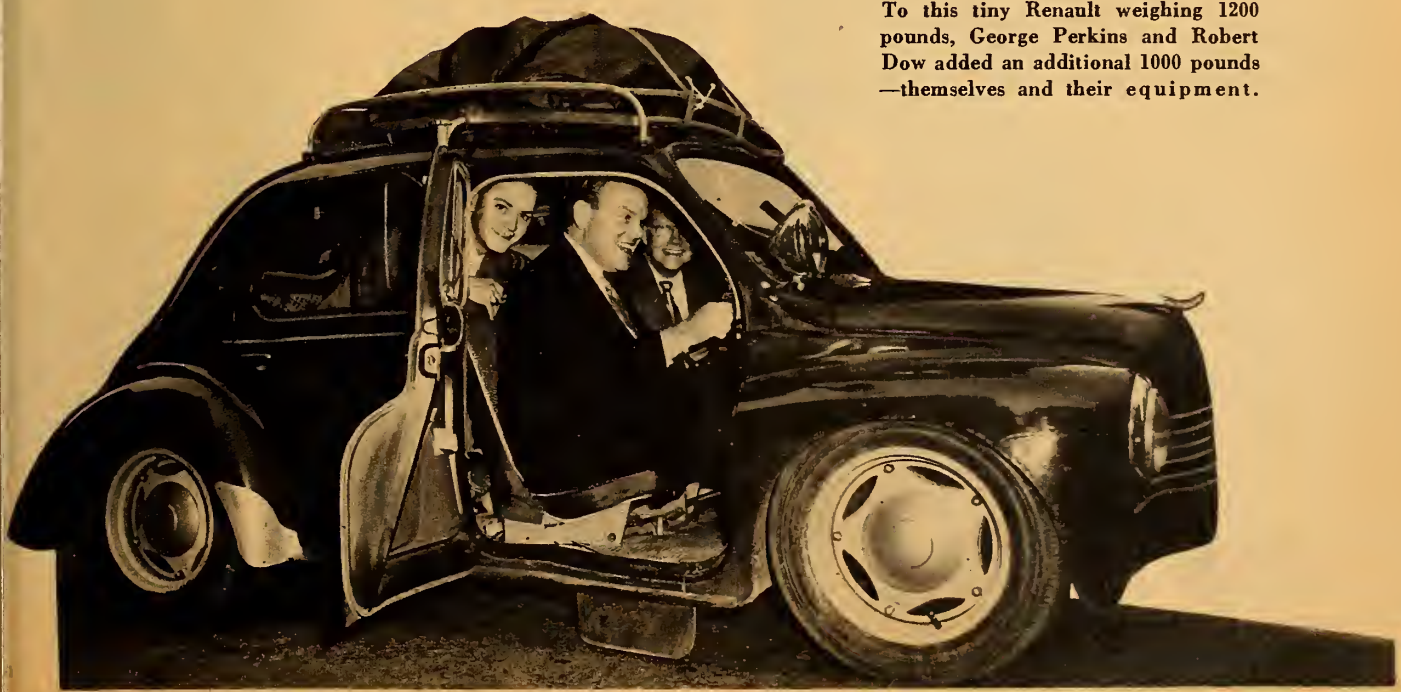
Bob Dow, who is studying electrical engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, earned money by working in a section gang and has blisters to prove it.

After they raised the money for their car, the next most important step in the journey was how to keep it in running order. Since it is the only car with rear engine drive (making spare parts hard to find) and a mechanic with a knowledge of its peculiarities is a rarity, they spent a week in a thorough course in the overhauling and repairing of Renaults. To back up these lessons they are carrying over $200 worth of spare parts, in addition to two extra wheels, two spare tires and three tubes.

In the front end of the car I found camping gear, which included a gasoline stove, a collapsible water pail, and a big black frying pan. They hope to add fish to their daily fare, but only if a kindly warden permits fishing without a license. Budget problems, remember?

When asked if they planned to do any hunting along the way they just laughed and said, "Do we look like we could afford forty or fifty dollars for a hunting license? Our only hunting will be done with a camera."

Alaska has a population of only 90,000. From its mines $550,000,000 in gold has been removed. But the boys think that there is still more to be found there . . . not only the shiny, glittering stuff, but the gold that goes into making a happy successful life that only opportunity can give. They want to find out for themselves.



To this tiny Renault weighing 1200 pounds, George Perkins and Robert Dow added an additional 1000 pounds —themselves and their equipment.

Welcome Travelers, which originates in the College Inn of Chicago's Hotel Sherman, is broadcast Mon.-Fri. at 10 A.M. over NBC.



Jim, Jr. catches Diane at the end of her ride (she's sister Kay's child) while Grandma and Grandpa look on.

My MOM and DAD

By JIM JORDAN, JR.

When I first took Peggy Knudsen—who is now my wife—to meet my dad and mother she was very surprised that they were such plain folks. After all, weren't they Fibber McGee and Molly?

Most of my friends have first reactions like that, and I am always surprised that they are surprised.

I have always had a lot of trouble thinking of my folks as famous people, and when I find myself reminiscing—which I do a lot—about the fun we all had, and the scrapes I got into when I was a kid, the things I remember are the sort of ordinary, homey things that most people remember about their parents. My folks were in show business before I was born, but in their case it never seemed to make much difference.

They were just plain Mom and Dad to my sister Kay and me, and I think they always will be.

A year ago, I sold my interests in a film company in which I had been an associate producer, and came east to take a job with NBC television in New York.

A lot of people thought I was crazy, but any doubts I had had about the move evaporated when Dad said, "You can't lose on television, Jimmy. A lot of our friends, who were sticking to vaudeville, thought your mother and I were crazy when we left the stage to go into radio. They had listened in a couple of times over the crystal sets of those days, and fled—holding their noses.

"But babies have a habit of growing up," he said, and he added, "If I were a young man, I'd get into television—and fast."

That cinched it, and I haven't been sorry I made the leap.

But I remember the night I took the plane to go east. Butterflies were having a field day in my stomach.

Mother had made everything (*Cont'd on page* 81)

As Fibber and Molly they're famous folks. But when they're busy being the Jordans (which is most of the time) they're like everyone else's parents—only more so

Fibber McGee and Molly can be heard Tuesday evenings at 9:30 EST, on NBC.



Caution at the closet: by now Fibber and Molly know what's going to happen.



Thanksgiving—in all its rich traditions—
is celebrated at Black Swan Hall
by Sunday and Lord Henry



OUR GAL SUNDAY

In the quiet elegance of the dining room at Black Swan Hall, their home in Virginia, Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, are about to enjoy Thanksgiving dinner with their son, David, and his older adopted brother, Lonnie. Baby Caroline, still too young for such festivities, is asleep in the nursery upstairs.

As she presides over the table, Sunday's great prayer of thankfulness is for the love she shares with her family. An unexpected pleasure is added by a visit from their good friend, Irene Galway, who has stopped by to bring the boys Thanksgiving Day gifts. Sunday's faithful maid, Anna, looks on approvingly. Playing the parts in which you hear them on the air are:

Lord Henry . . . . . **Karl Swenson**
Sunday . . . . . **Vivian Smolen**
Irene Galway . . . . . **Fran Carlon**
Anna . . . . . **Jay Meredith**

Our Gal Sunday, produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard Mon.-Fri. at 12:45 P.M. EST on CBS.



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Come and Visit

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Johnny and Penny, in a way all their own, succeeded in transplanting two little Midwestern towns to the roaring heart of Manhattan



In Penny's voice, the enthusiasm and happiness bubbled like champagne when she telephoned her invitation. "Our new apartment is finished at last. RADIO MIRROR readers had a hand in it, you know. How about coming over to visit?"

The idea was fine. For all their success, Johnny and Penny Olsen remain the young couple next door. The New York locale doesn't count. Half an hour after you first meet them, you feel as though you were in the middle of a class reunion with your best friends.

As viewers and listeners long ago guessed, Johnny and Penny are home folks. Johnny, born in Windom, Minnesota, still reads the *Cottonwood County Citizen* each week. Instead of talking about celebrities at Sardi's, he'll convulse you with an account of how, when at a small station in Mitchell, South Dakota, and singing with Lawrence Welk's band, he joined the musicians in turning mechanics, converted two cars into a bus, and started the trek toward big bookings.

Penny, whose roots strike equally deep into Wisconsin soil, can still name the top performer at WLBL, the Stevens Point station where she began singing at the age of six. She met Johnny at a country dance while he was an announcer at Milwaukee's WTMJ. He wooed her by writing new words for his theme song each day, proposed on a boat during a Lake Michigan storm, and married her in Decorah, Iowa, the place his family first settled when they came to this country.

A visit to the Olsens is always delightful. The only problem was time.

Reminded of it, Penny pondered. "Oh yes, the schedule. The wonderful, thrilling, awful schedule. All we need is some hours.

"Let's see . . . Rumpus Room goes on every morning, and so does Luncheon Club. Saturday is ABC's for Johnny Olsen's Get Together, and then there's Prince Charming on Mutual. I mustn't forget What's My Name with Arlene Francis, and Fun for the Money, televised from Chicago. . . ."

It sounded like the start of what television people call a "hassle," for Johnny and Penny, these days, are probably the busiest couple on the air.

Penny found a solution. "Let's make it like an old-fashioned progressive (*Continued on page* 92)

Johnny Olsen (Penny, too, on some shows) may be heard: Saturdays at 10 A.M. EST, on Get Together and again at 12:30 on What's My Name, both ABC; M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, Prince Charming on Mutual; Fridays, 8:30 P.M. EST, Fun For The Money, ABC-TV; M-F 11 A.M. EST, Rumpus Room on WABD, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, Luncheon Club on WMGM and M-F, 3:00 P.M. EST, Ladies Be Seated, ABC.

JOHNNY OLSEN



Johnny decided, several years ago, that TV was here to stay, began to carve out a place for himself in the new medium.



Lena—a rare breed of poodle, even if she doesn't look it—came as a good-luck gift when things looked very black.



The little dog fulfilled her purpose—since her arrival Johnny has become one of the busiest men in radio and TV.



There *are* more at home like these: The Lombardo menagerie has a monkey, love birds and a parrot plus two more Pinschers.

That Guy,

His sweet music and speedboats break records, but he's even prouder of his marriage—for that's something of a record-breaker, too

By MRS. GUY LOMBARDO

The first time I saw Guy Lombardo he was eating a cheese sandwich. It was no run-of-the-mill Swiss on rye either, but an imposing structure of melted cheese and peanut butter, piled high between layers of toast. Sandwich did I say? Pint-sized Pentagon would be more like it. I learned later that my Dagwood calls this weird concoction a Cheese Dream.

A less hearty soul would have nightmares, but not Guy. He seems to lead a charmed life. Neither the dangers of speedboating nor the hazards of a Cheese Dream worry him for an instant. That's the way he is, so enthusiastic that all his projects turn out to be big productions. And it's this wonderful trait of doing things on a grand scale that has made our life together exciting and full of surprises.

The night we met started right out with surprises. I was an ardent fan of the Royal Canadians and when the band came to Cleveland, where my family lived, I just had to see them. I made no secret of my enthusiasm, and before long some family friends invited me to supper at the Lake Road Inn where the band was playing. I had never seen a name band before and my friends took advantage of the situation. They painted a fantastic picture of how the Royal Canadians would look. Red jackets with gold braid, high cut boots—something like the Mounties. (*Continued on page* 85)

Guy Lombardo's show, Lombardoland, U. S. A., can be heard Saturdays at 9:30 P.M. EST over Mutual.

The Lombardos spent so much time on the water that they finally decided to build there. Their Freeport home is the result.



Lombardo



Guy's wife leaves the speedboats to him, but she never turns down a ride on the cabin cruiser.

Speedboating always has been more than a hobby with Guy. He's a champ now—with a trophy to prove it.



Latest Lombardo enterprise: a restaurant in Freeport, the East Point House, with cuisine by a French chef.





Like all highchair habitues, Richard finds his surroundings more fascinating than the food, even with Red coaxing.



All dressed up—where to go? Valentina isn't telling, but she's awfully proud of her pretty new bonnet and dress.



Richard goes off to Barberry Cross with Red's help, but look who's stealing the scene. What's so funny, Valentina?

My Husband

Living with Red, says the woman who does, is

Our first meeting should have prepared me. You might say I really plunged into my acquaintance with Red feet first. With mutual friends I had dropped by his house, and had just settled myself in a quiet corner of the room, one foot curled comfortably under me on the burgundy-colored divan, when our host suddenly appeared before me, his mood living up to his hair's richest hue.

"Please get your feet off my red couch! I just had it covered," he said, glowering down at me reproachfully.

Later, I learned the psychological significance. Throughout all his years in show business Red's "good luck" color has been burgundy, the same shade as those neckties he still wears before every radio broadcast. And my French heels were definitely trespassing!

But not even four years of living together—nor forty times four—could prepare me for all the fascinating facets that are my husband's.

By GEORGIA



Rough-house with Mother: Georgia's always an ally for whatever the kids dream up.

RED SKELTON

like living with laughter. But even without it, Georgia would have a great deal to be happy about

Such Skeltonisms as the ten cigars he chews daily but never lights. The money he "deposits" inside books throughout the house—then flips frantically through them, leaf by leaf, when he wants to make a withdrawal. The phone numbers he scribbles on his white shirtsleeves or in indelible ink within the palm of his hands. His look of quiet ecstasy when he listens to his favorite Beethoven symphonies. The cold baby lima beans he prefers for breakfast. The sweet little lullabys he writes for our children, Valentina ("Tiny Red") and Richard ("Ritchie"), and such sentimental soliloquies as "A Woman Is Like a Rose," he composes as we ride along the highways in our station wagon on some vacation jaunt. Or his preoccupied expression that first day I found him cutting advertisements of a ballet dancer out of the morning newspaper with the simple explanation, "I just love ballet dancers. I like soft, fluffy things. . . ."

Any assumption that (*Continued on page* 89)



Young Mr. Skelton thinks the bathtub is a mighty nice place—three cheers for it, says he.

SKELTON





Red in a pensive mood is a rare Red, indeed. Could be that he's listening to one of his favorite symphonies.

Red Skelton can be heard on Sunday evenings at 8:30 EST over CBS



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Later, I learned the psychological significance. Throughout all his years in show business Red's "good luck" color has been burgundy, the same shade as those neckties he still wears before every radio broadcast. And my French heels were definitely trespassing!

But not even four years of living together—nor forty times four—could prepare me for all the fascinating facets that are my husband's.

Such Skeltonisms as the ten cigars he chews daily but never lights. The money he "deposits" inside books throughout the house—then flips frantically through them, leaf by leaf, when he wants to make a withdrawal. The phone numbers he scribbles on his white shirtsleeves or in indelible ink within the palm of his hands. His look of quiet ecstasy when he listens to his favorite Beethoven symphonies. The cold baby lima beans he prefers for breakfast. The sweet little lullabys he writes for our children, Valentina ("Tiny Red") and Richard ("Ritchie"), and such sentimental soliloquies as "A Woman Is Like a Rose," he composes as we ride along the highways in our station wagon on some vacation jaunt. Or his preoccupied expression that first day I found him cutting advertisements of a ballet dancer out of the morning newspaper with the simple explanation, "I just love ballet dancers. I like soft, fluffy things. . . ."

Any assumption that (*Continued on page 89*)

By GEORGIA SKELTON



Young Mr. Skelton thinks [illegible] mighty nice place—



Rough-ho[illegible] a ally for wh[illegible]



Red is [illegible] that he's

The RADIO MIRROR

For the last two years, the Radio Mirror Awards have made it possible for you, the listener, to vote for your favorite radio stars and programs. These Awards are unique in that they are the only ones based on the actual preferences of average radio audiences—people who listen to the radio for the simple reason that they like to and not because it is part of their job to do so.

In 1947, when the editors of Radio Mirror recognized the need for just such a poll, the response was great enough to justify making the Awards a regular part of Radio Mirror's plans for every year. The reader-listener, the balloting proved, was only too anxious for a chance to let his preferences be known. And the reader-listener who responded realized that this method would have far more meaning than an occasional letter to the broadcasting station which presented his favorite people and programs.

1948's Radio Mirror Awards proved it again, proved that there is a definite place—and need—in the industry for a nationwide survey of reader-listener preferences.

We therefore urge you to vote in the 1949 Radio Mirror Awards. It is your opportunity to state for the record exactly who and what you like above everything else on the air.

Before Radio Mirror inaugurated its reader-listener preference polls, the merits of radio and its stars were reflected only in the opinions of people close to radio—its columnists, critics and editors. Occasionally polls were taken among the public, but these polls usually were limited to a few communities at a time, and were taken only at certain hours. As a barometer of public tastes, these polls left, in many opinions, a great deal to be desired.

The only persons actually judging radio then, as is noted above, were the radio columnists, critics and editors. There's no doubt that these people were—and are—well qualified to determine the merits or demerits of the performers and programs on the air.

But it cannot be denied that these people are not like the completely detached listener—the one who turns the dial to a certain number on a certain night because he wants to hear a certain program, and who wouldn't want to miss that program for all the world if he didn't have to. And usually he doesn't.

This is the kind of listener the editors of Radio Mirror were anxious to reach—and poll—as against the radio reviewer who might flip his dial to a program simply to review it for his paper the next day and not because he had any special predilection for it; or the columnist who makes a point of listening to all the quiz shows because he is doing a column on them; or the radio magazine editor who turns on the dial in search of ideas for his publication.

To reach the person who tunes in because he *wants* to became the objective of the Radio Mirror Awards.

And what the reader-listener wants on radio is, after all, the most important thing. If the listener's preferences aren't known, how can a sponsor tell whether he is reaching the most people for the money he is spending? How can a broadcasting company tell whether he's hiring the right kind of entertainment? How can the entertainers themselves know if their efforts are appreciated? And how can radio editors determine which stars and programs to feature in their publications in order to reach the tastes of the greatest number of their readers?

There is only one way these things can become known and that is by hearing from you, the listener. Radio Mirror provides that way with its Annual Awards. And it's up to you to tell Radio Mirror who should win those Awards.

On the opposite page is the Radio Mirror Award ballot for your favorite stars. Next to each category listed on the ballot, is a space in which to write the name of the star you think is tops in that particular category.

After you have filled in the ballot, cut it out and send it to Radio Mirror Stars Awards, 205 E. 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. The results of this balloting will be announced in the May, 1950, issue of Radio Mirror which will appear on the newsstands early in April.

In the December issue of Radio Mirror, which goes on the newsstands Wednesday, November 9, the second ballot will appear, the favorite programs ballot.

Remember, this month's ballot is for favorite *stars*, next month's for favorite *programs*. Vote only for your favorite stars on the ballot opposite; vote for your favorite programs on the ballot that will appear in the December Radio Mirror. Star ballots should be in not later than Tuesday, November 1.

Every vote counts. Yours is important. Make sure you send it in!

AWARDS for 1949

The third annual Awards brings you the chance to vote for your favorite radio stars—next month you'll have the opportunity to vote for your favorite programs

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE STARS

(Write in the name of *one* favorite star opposite *each* of the classifications below)

My Favorite SINGER (man) is.....

My Favorite SINGER (woman) is.....

My Favorite ORCHESTRA LEADER is.....

My Favorite NEWS COMMENTATOR is.....

My Favorite ANNOUNCER is.....

My Favorite SPORTS ANNOUNCER is.....

My Favorite COMEDIAN (man) is.....

My Favorite COMEDIENNE (woman) is.....

My Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR is.....

My Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS is.....

My Favorite WOMEN'S COMMENTATOR is.....

My Favorite QUIZMASTER is.....

My Favorite HUSBAND & WIFE TEAM is.....

My Favorite DISC JOCKEY is.....

My Favorite MASTER OF CEREMONIES is.....

This year's most promising NEWCOMER TO RADIO is.....

My Favorite DAYTIME TELEVISION STAR is (man).....**(woman) is**.....

(It is not necessary to answer Television questions unless you have TV in your community)

My Favorite NIGHT-TIME TELEVISION STAR is (man).....**(woman) is**.....

Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO MIRROR STARS AWARDS, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., postmarked no later than November 1.

His name is John Guedel and ever since the age of nine (when he was the soda pop king of Beverly Hills), he's refused to believe that there's such a thing as "impossible"

By HELEN LIMKE

The MAN who



Little Johnny wishes this were a real horse, but his father thinks he has some growing to do first.

When a warm, friendly, full-of-fun voice comes over your radio saying "Mr. Jones, don't step out of your house tonight because—BECAUSE—PEOPLE ARE FUNNY!" . . . And when you hear the words "And here's that sterling Elgin American—THE ONE, THE ONLY—GROUCHO MARX!" . . . when you hear these introductions, promising you a half hour of fun and nonsense, you are also being introduced to the one, the only JOHN GUEDEL. You've never heard John's voice on radio and you've never seen his face on television—but you've laughed 'til your sides ached at his jokes and the zany stunts he thinks of for People Are Funny and House Party.

The closest he ever comes to actually being on the air is the laughter you hear at the beginning of Art Linkletter's House Party. Ten minutes before air time, Art introduces John as the producer of the show. The audience gives a polite handclap, which John acknowledges with a nod of his head—it's a luxurious head of hair. Then Art leads John into a little speech about phonies in Hollywood—people with false teeth, false eyelashes, false fingernails. The windup comes just as the show goes on the air. John turns his back to the audience and lifts his hairpiece. For five years, his brightly shining pate has never failed to bring a roar of laughter and House Party is off to a rollicking start.

His moment in the limelight over, John retires to play his favorite role—the man behind the man at the mike.

John guides three of America's most (*Continued on page* 95)

John Guedel is on People Are Funny, Tues., 10:30 PM EST, NBC; House Party, M-F at Noon, EST, ABC; and You Bet Your Life, heard Wed., at 9:00 PM EST, CBS.



The Guedels, father (with mike) and son (right), prove that people are even funnier when a bear licks honey off their feet.

invented ENTERPRISE



Busy as he is, John still manages to lead a full home life with Beth and the children.



John and Art Linkletter (right) co-own the two shows: People Are Funny and House Party.

LUX RADIO THEATRE'S Fifteenth Birthday

Radio's most famous dramatic program celebrates an anniversary by reviewing its brilliant past —and planning a future just as bright



1934: The Lux Radio Theatre was born and Ernest Truex and June Walker played in "Nervous Wreck." Also born that year: the Dionne Quints.

Fifteen years on the air is not in itself a claim to distinction even in so young an industry as radio. Other shows have been on as long or longer—but it's certain that no one show can parallel the Radio Theatre's record for consistently presenting top programs with top stars.

Lux Radio Theatre was launched as an experiment. Would people want to hear a re-enactment on radio of the stories they had seen on the screen? The answer, after that first night in October, 1934, was overwhelmingly "yes." It was exactly what a great many people did want and it had added appeal in that the stars who appeared on the radio, in most cases, were re-creating their screen parts.

Since that first show—Miriam Hopkins and John Boles in "Seventh Heaven."—the Radio Theatre has piled up an impressive list of star-studded productions. And many of the stars have returned again and again. First place on the Lux Roll of Honor—so named for the number of appearances by stars—has three contenders with twenty-one times apiece: Loretta Young, Fred MacMurray and Don Ameche. Claudette Colbert and Brian Aherne almost equal their record with twenty times each, and George Brent, Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall and Robert Montgomery have been on fifteen times or more.

Producing the forty-four shows that make up the Radio Theatre's program for a season is William Keighley. He's been host-producer since 1945, succeeding Cecil B. DeMille. Keighley came to the Radio Theatre with a distinguished background as director, and on the Radio Theatre he often finds himself working with the same stars he directs on Hollywood sound stages.

It seems safe to predict that the Radio Theatre will continue to provide the kind of entertainment that has won for it the honors of the industry and—more important—an audience of over thirty-two million people.

So, it's happy birthday to the Lux Radio Theatre—and many, many more of them!



1935: Clark Gable, Lillian Emerson in "Misleading Lady." G-Men were the new heroes, people sang "Music Goes Round and Round" and Germany, led by Hitler, broke the Treaty of Versailles.



1936: Aileen Pringle, Marion Davies, Benita Hume in "The Brat." F.D.R., re-elected in a landslide over Landon, started the Good Neighbor Policy; people read a fat novel named *Gone With the Wind.*



1937: Janet Gaynor re-created her successful movie role in "A Star Is Born" for the Lux Radio Theatre with Robert Montgomery opposite. New personalities like Deanna Durbin and Charlie McCarthy were delighting millions that year and an American woman became the wife of a man who had abdicated the throne of England for her.



1938: May Robson, Henry Fonda and Joan Bennett were directed by Cecil B. DeMille in "I Met My Love Again." That was the year Howard Hughes circled the globe in three days, nineteen hours and eight minutes.



1939: Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. and Jr. and Frances Dee, directed by DeMille in "If I Were King." The World's Fair opened in New York and the fears of the world were confirmed when war broke out in Europe.

→



1940: Gary Cooper, Doris Davenport in "The Westerners." Hitler conquered five nations, F.D.R. won an unheard of third term against Wendell Willkie.



1941: Bob Hope, Carole Lombard in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." Carole died in a plane crash a year later. In December came the attack on Pearl Harbor.



1942: Charles Boyer, Myrna Loy in "Appointment For Love." Corregidor fell, but Gen. MacArthur reached Australia. Housewives learned about the OPA.



1943: Irving Berlin brought his hit show, "This Is the Army," to the Lux Radio Theatre. American soldiers invaded Italy and F.D.R. traveled to Tehran to meet Stalin. At home, people wrote and received a flood of V-mail. Nylons and new tires had virtually disappeared.



1944: Dick Powell, Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda in "Springtime in the Rockies." Betty was a favorite wartime pin-up girl. F.D.R. won a fourth term over opponent Dewey, the second front was launched on June 6 and the war against Germany reached its climax.

The Lux Radio Theatre can be heard on Monday

LUX RADIO THEATRE



1945: Wm. Keighley directed "Mr. Skeffington" with Bette Davis and Paul Henreid. F.D.R. died without knowing about V-E Day, the dropping of the A-bomb or V-J Day. New president Harry S. Truman went to Potsdam and Americans welcomed home their men.



1946: Loretta Young, Joseph Cotten in "Love Letters." Prices sped upwards, meat was still scarce and the cold war began. But people in the U. S. still had much to rejoice about. Marriages boomed, and Army's Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard were the big football heroes.



1947: George Brent and Barbara Stanwyck in "The Other Love." The fashion world ushered in the New Look and Princess Elizaheth wed Philip.

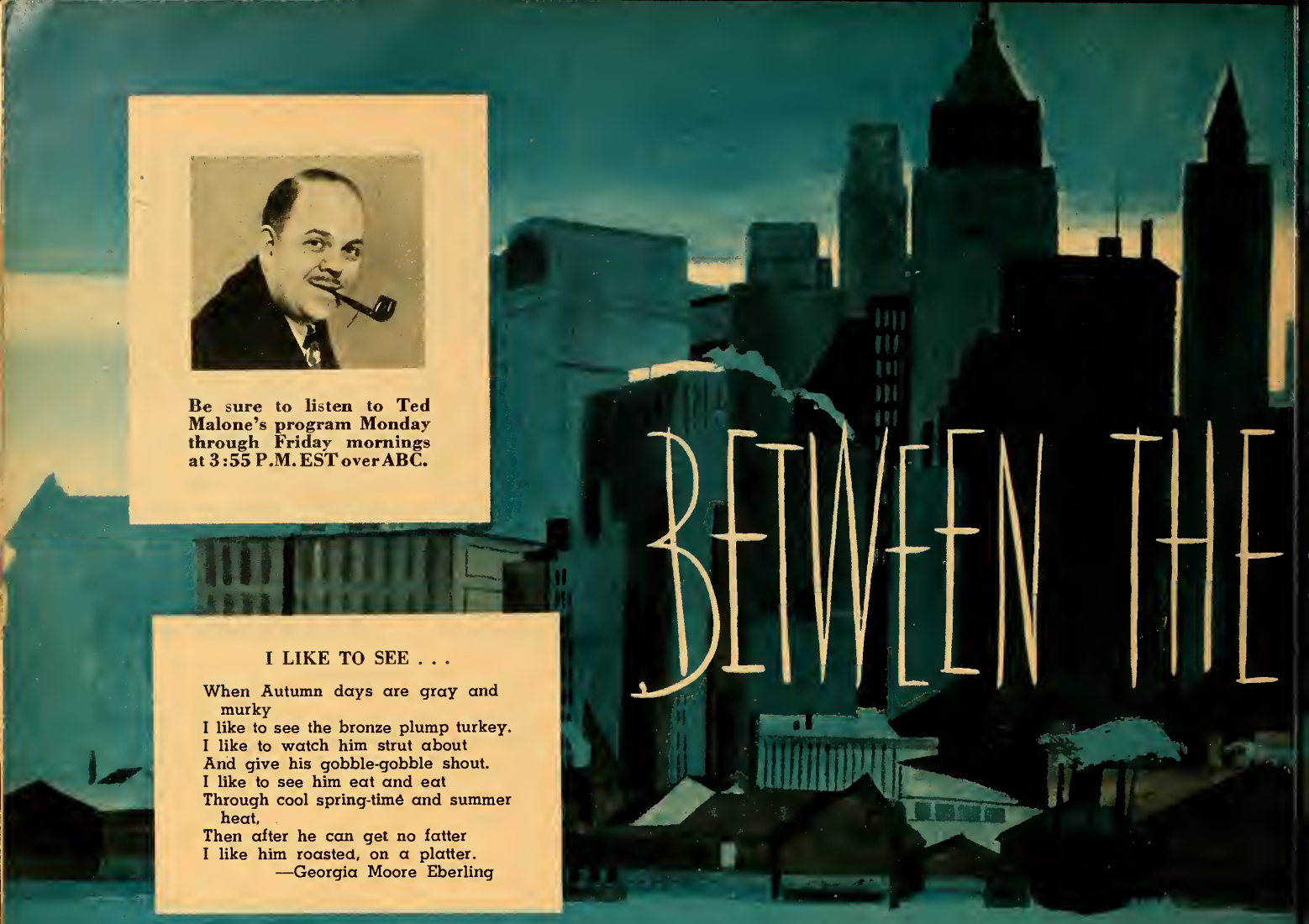


1948: Robert Young, Clifton Webb in "Sitting Pretty." Harry Truman proved the pollsters wrong, behop was born and women started cutting their hair.



1949: Fred MacMurray, Claudette Colbert in "Family Honeymoon." Proud of its past, the Radio Theatre looks ahead to more big stars in more big hits.

enings at 9:00 EST over CBS network stations.



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday mornings at 3:55 P.M. EST over ABC.

I LIKE TO SEE . . .

When Autumn days are gray and murky
I like to see the bronze plump turkey.
I like to watch him strut about
And give his gobble-gobble shout.
I like to see him eat and eat
Through cool spring-time and summer heat,
Then after he can get no fatter
I like him roasted, on a platter.

—Georgia Moore Eberling

NOVEMBER VERSE

Cinnamon scent from an oven;
Mums in a tall jade jar;
Mem'ries, recaptured with music
Strummed on an old guitar.
Cheers, running wild in a grandstand,
Breaking through radio stalls;
Thanksgiving, oozing with gravy;
Noons, wearing pearl-grey shawls.
Bun-hinges, closing on wieners;
Wind, tying boughs in bow-knots;
Smudgy lists, started to Santa;
Soup, bubbling red in big pots.
Night, with the sky's focused flash-lights
Seeking the sun it has lost;
Lunch-boxes, stuffed with last summer;
Window-panes, muraled with frost.
Swift-footed dusk, and soft firelight;
Lengthening dark to remember
God and his graciousness—giving
The gift and the giver—November.

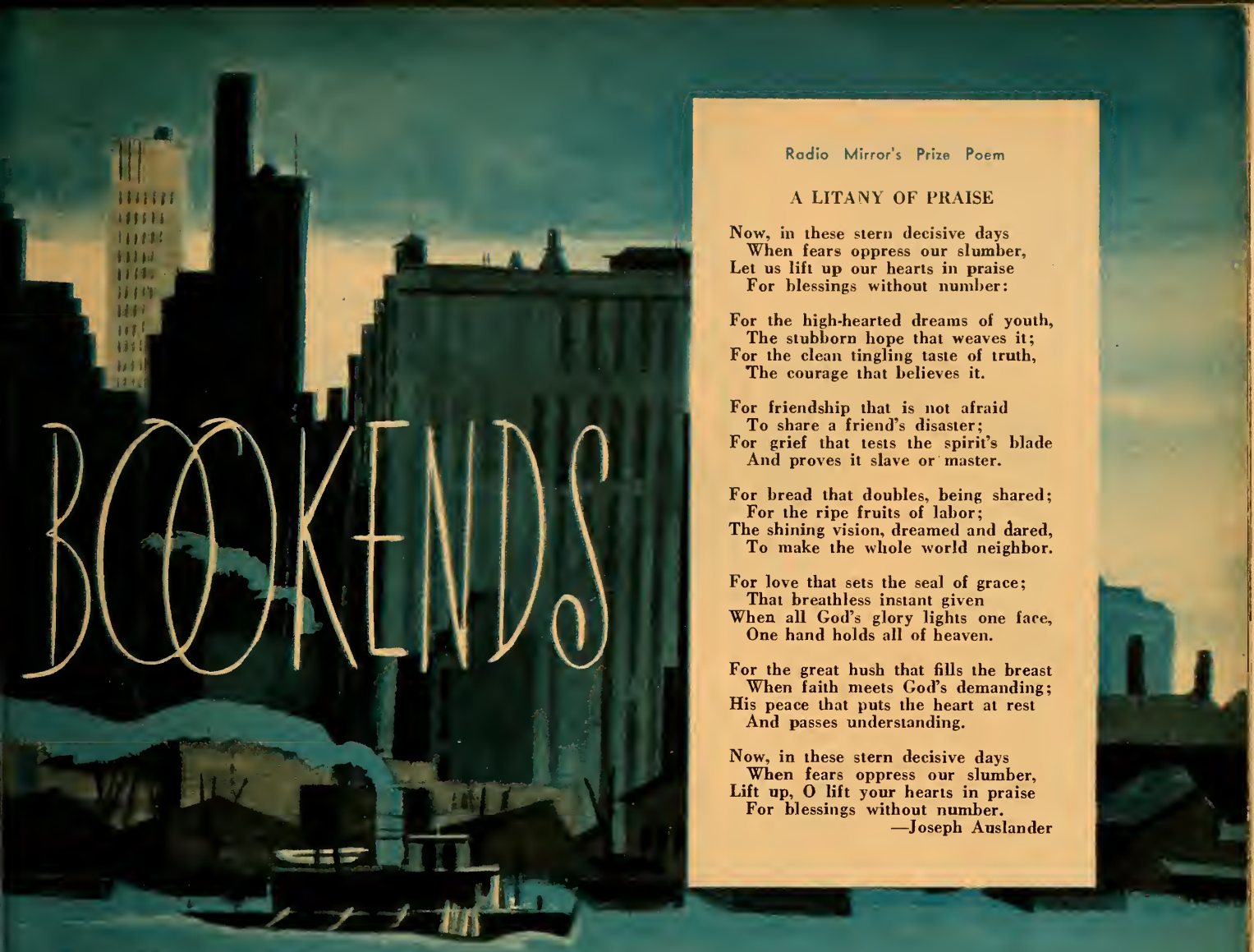
—Mayhoward Austin McEachern

ARMY OF OCCUPATION

My san has gane ta Irumgawa naw,
A warld away, a lanely fareign place
Where dwarfed and twisted tree and stunted baugh
Are things af beauty ta an alien race.
Each night, amid tall trees that pierce the stars,
I walk the well-laved paths my san has trad,
Fargetting as he did, the greed af wars
Ta reach up taward the quiet heart af Gad.

I ask na favars far myself tanight . . .
Mine is the peace that heart and hearth-fire bring.
Far me the reaching branches and the night
Of shining stars, and the wide streams that sing.
But for my lanely san please let there be
A river, and a friend, and ane tall tree.

—Marylu Terral Jeans



Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

A LITANY OF PRAISE

Now, in these stern decisive days
When fears oppress our slumber,
Let us lift up our hearts in praise
For blessings without number:

For the high-hearted dreams of youth,
The stubborn hope that weaves it;
For the clean tingling taste of truth,
The courage that believes it.

For friendship that is not afraid
To share a friend's disaster;
For grief that tests the spirit's blade
And proves it slave or master.

For bread that doubles, being shared;
For the ripe fruits of labor;
The shining vision, dreamed and dared,
To make the whole world neighbor.

For love that sets the seal of grace;
That breathless instant given
When all God's glory lights one face,
One hand holds all of heaven.

For the great hush that fills the breast
When faith meets God's demanding;
His peace that puts the heart at rest
And passes understanding.

Now, in these stern decisive days
When fears oppress our slumber,
Lift up, O lift your hearts in praise
For blessings without number.

—Joseph Auslander

STONY FACT

Seeking the truth out, I have learned
To leave no single stone unturned—
But also learned, to my dismay,
Some stones were better left that way.

—Elaine V. Emans

"BRIDLE, SWEET"

Experienced at ropin'
She can well afford to brag
That she changed him from unbroken
Colt into a steady nag.

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. Each poem must be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.



When a Girl Marries

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

When Mrs. M.S. asked, in the August issue, *Shall I give my daughters extra educational advantages such as music and art, or save our limited funds for a home for my husband and myself for security in our later years,* she was evidently posing one of the most universal of family problems. All our readers, parents and children alike, have been so eager to take sides that it's been difficult to choose the answer that, in our opinion, best disposed of Mrs. M.S.'s money. However, Mrs. M.L. Ruff, of Pueblo, Colorado, so carefully weighed and clearly stated an opinion that her letter has been judged worthy of this month's $25 award.

Dear Mrs. M.S.: It is every mother's desire to give her children every possible advantage, but even greater is the desire to make them happy. In time, which will give your girls the most happiness: extra advantages, or independent parents? One of life's most pathetic situations is that of aged parents dependent for home or other security on their children. Let your girls earn money if they want those extra advantages. There are many ways to do so (baby-sitting is one). By giving them this responsibility you are giving them an advantage few children receive: a chance to form independence and self-reliance, two of life's greatest assets.

This month's problem letter, for you to answer, will be found at the end of this article.

And now, here are the problems I've selected to answer on these pages this month.

IRRESPONSIBLE MOTHER

Dear Joan:

My husband and I have been happily married for ten years, and have two sons, six and two-and-a-half. A year ago my only sister lost her husband in an accident, and she and her seven-year-old son were left practically penniless. My husband generously offered my nephew a home so that my sister could go back to work. She has thus far contributed nothing toward her child's support, and we have treated



By JOAN DAVIS

Joan Davis, played by Mary Jane Higby, is the heroine of When A Girl Marries, heard M.-F. at 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

him the same as our own sons. This has meant sacrifice, as we are not well-to-do at all. Now my sister informs me that she wishes to marry again, and the man she is in love with does not want her child. He tells her we have been perfectly happy caring for the child this past year, that the child loves us and is better off with us than he would be with them. We both feel that this is a poor way to thank us for what we have been doing for her son, and I am ashamed that my sister is willing to shift her responsibilities in this manner.

I do not feel it is fair to my husband or my own children for us to take our nephew when he has a mother of his own to care for him. But my sister insists I am selfish and accuses me of trying to wreck her chance for a little happiness. But I cannot see how happiness can be bought at the cost of her own son.

Mrs. R.W.S

Dear Mrs. R.W.S.:

It is inexpressibly shocking to learn of an apparently (*Continued on page* 99)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY $25

to the person whose problem

letter is chosen and

ANOTHER $25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than October 28. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION

SECTION

The man who masters the

Pennsylvanians masters a new medium—

much to everyone's delight



Fred grimaces—as almost everyone does—when the makeup man gets him ready for the strong lights of TV. Below, Fred checks the continuity of spots on his show which debuted on TV last Easter Sunday.



FRED
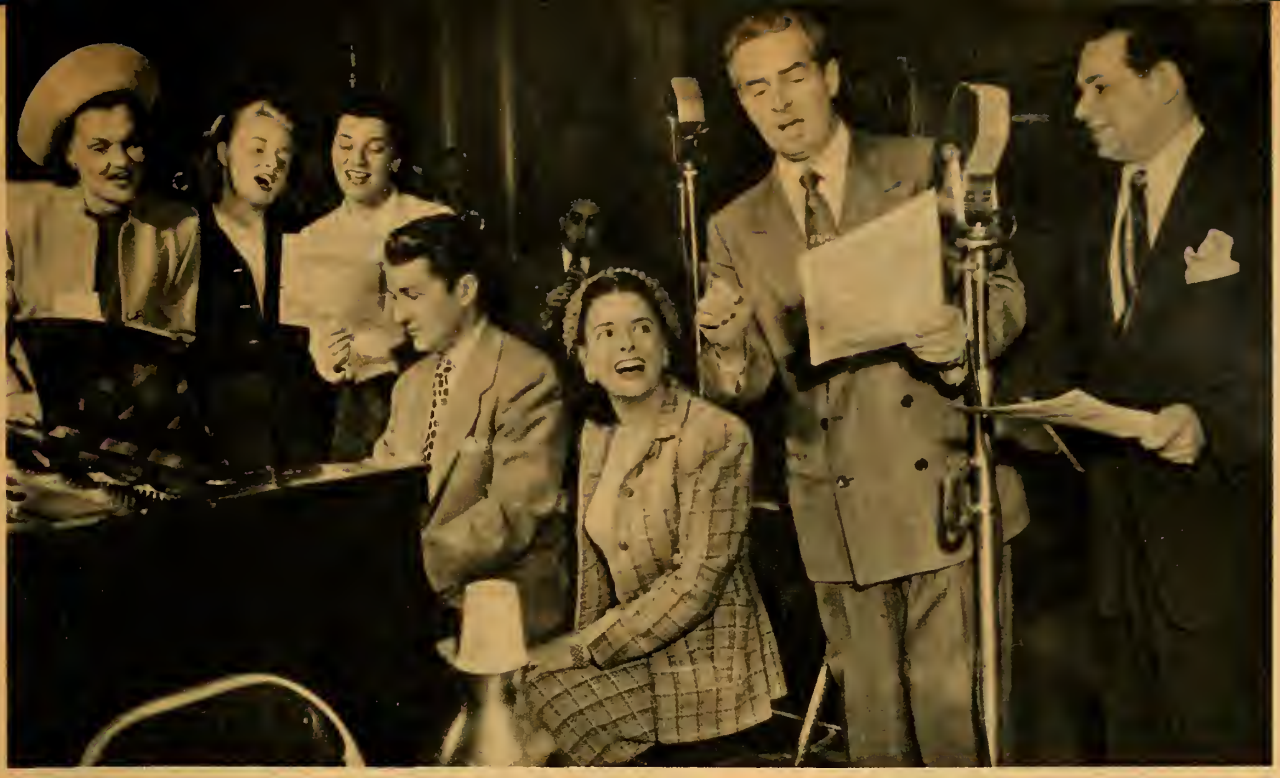
Fred Waring reminisces about his TV debut last Easter Sunday like an oldtimer talking about the days when he was a boy. That's how fast television is moving.

"At the end of our Easter program," Fred admits now, "the nine remaining shows that had to be prepared and performed to fulfill our ten-week contract before we went off television for the summer seemed like so many sky-high hurdles. I had butterflies in my stomach all through the first four programs. Me, who had been so relaxed and comfortable on radio!

"Some of the critics said I looked too tense and talked too much, but it was because I was trying to keep things moving and make my gang feel at ease. Perhaps I still talk too much, but I do it now because I want to get close to the viewers and bring them right into the theatre with us. We're all learning the hard way how to tame the magnificent monster, television."

When you ask Mr. Waring what he means by that "magnificent monster" stuff, he explains: "Only a monster could eat up such quantities of talent and material and so many hours of preparation and rehearsal time. Yet this thing is magnificent in its potentialities for entertainment and education. The wonder of it is that we're all in at the beginning—

The Fred Waring show is telecast at 9:00 P.M.



Rehearsing for a Waring show is almost as gay and relaxed as the show itself. Below, the Fred Waring Quintet: left to right are Gloria Mudell, Penny Perry, Gordon Burger, Jane Wilson and Daisy Bernier.

WARING

performers, technicians, audiences at home. All of us watching this new blend of all the arts grow into something big and beautiful before our eyes."

But Fred also points out that audiences today are having laughs that aren't on the agenda. They're seeing the mistakes of stagehands, performers and cameramen. They can smile at the scene-shifter who inadvertently crosses the screen when he thought he was well off-camera—at any one of the fluffs that give viewers a close-up of TV's growing pains.

It was all made a little easier for Fred and his Pennsylvanians because of the teamwork that has been developing in the Waring organization over the thirty-two years of its existence. Fred organized his first band when he was just sixteen, playing at fraternity dances and proms. Fifteen of his men have been with him more than twenty years. Only a few joined less than five years ago. They're all hard workers. Hard-headed, too. When everyone began worrying about visual gimmicks for TV, Fred and his gang were concentrating on the best distribution of sound within TV's special limits. Then they had to figure how an orchestra of sixty, plus guests could be fitted into proper perspective on a small screen. And how a crew of a hundred could be briefed for each program along with the performers. It all took a bit of doing. It still does.



P.M. EST, every Sunday by WCBS-TV.

Terror on

LIGHTS OUT

These two half-hour shows, each in a different way

Specializing in suspense, Lights Out packs its thirty minutes with a kind of pulse-quickening drama not easily forgotten. Originally a radio show, it came to TV three years ago and is now on regularly—Tuesdays at 9:00 P.M. EST over NBC-TV. This picture dramatization is from the Lights Out production of Long Distance.



1. This woman is trying to save her husband from the electric chair. Within a half hour she must reach the judge who sentenced him to death.



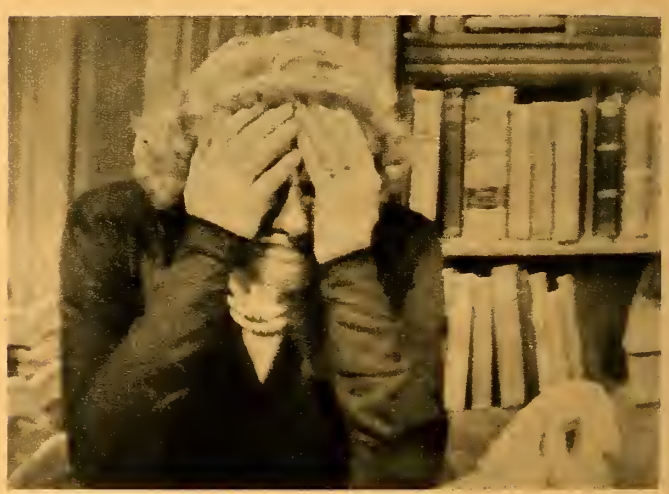
2. The long distance operator calmly looks up a number in California for the frenzied wife in New York. Only by locating the judge can she win a stay of execution for her innocent husband.



3. Time ebbs away as a series of unsuccessful calls is made. It's the quiet going about of the long distance operators in their routine jobs that makes for the mounting excitement.



4. The frantic wife (Jan Miner) at last reaches the judge in a railroad station in California after twenty-five minutes of tense telephoning. Use of the split screen is new for this type show.



5. Was she in time? When the telephone rings in the end, it's left to the viewer to decide. Maybe it's her husband. Maybe it's the warden telling her the stay came through. And maybe not.

Television

furnish a relentless edge-of-the-chair quality

Psychological mystery drama is the keynote of The Clock, a new video series on Wednesdays at 8:30 P.M. EST over NBC-TV. Like Lights Out, it was once a radio show and its scripts have been adapted from the radio version for television. Individual programs are not named—all come under the heading of The Clock.

THE CLOCK



1. Riding home on the subway, department store clerk Jeanie reads with mounting terror the newspaper story of the latest murder of a young brunette.



2. At work, she is reassured by stockroom clerk Freddie (Joshua Shelley) that he is always ready to protect her against danger. They have been discussing the series of unsolved murders.



3. Jeanie has dinner with handsome, unemployed actor Keith after returning a wallet he left behind at her department store counter. She is beginning to suspect that he is the killer.



4. Jeanie (Eleanor Randel) shrinks with fright as she realizes that the murderer is the person she turned to for aid against an innocent man. She is alone in her tiny room with the killer.



5. Keith (Steven Gethers) comes to Jeanie's rescue as she is cornered by the crazed Freddie, the co-worker in whom she confided and who is the brutal murderer of several young brunettes.



Broadway Spotlight's telegenic cast: the not unpleasant task of emcee falls to Dick Kollmar.

Fashioncaster Maxine Barratt and her signature—"Here's Looking at You."





Televiewers in Louisville, Kentucky, can see Livingston Gilbert present the news. Does anyone know a more painless way to keep well-informed?

Coast to Coast

TV Talk: Television will be the first medium to give a complete account of the war in the Pacific, when March of Time completes its fifty-two-reel TV film for early 1950 release . . . A television first: DuMont network telecasting of all of Notre Dame's home football games in South Bend, as well as its meeting with the University of North Carolina in Yankee Stadium, New York . . . Kay Mulvey's Open House takes the format of successful women's magazines and translates it to video, over KLAC Thursday nights at 7:00 PST. The show presents the same sort of departments found in the magazines, such as fashions, beauty, household hints, food facts and Hollywood chit-chat. There's a guest star each week—an outstanding personality with authoritative ideas on some major subject. Miss Mulvey is Entertainment Editor of Photoplay Magazine and she knows from experience the things that interest other women.

* * *

Ask anyone in the Louisville area what's the high point of a Pee Wee King Show and they'll tell you that it's the

Kukla was invented to express a shy young man's undying devotion to his love. But today it's Kukla who's receiving the undying devotion —and he's not at all shy about it!

Don't, if you want to keep peace with that circle of fans which grows each time television penetrates a new city, ever call Kukla a puppet, nor Ollie anything than a dragon.

Their friends, trying to explain NBC's Kukla, Fran and Ollie to one who lives beyond the television horizon, start by saying Fran is Fran Allison, whose wit and charm match her beauty. Then they stutter. While conceding Kukla and Ollie are, in substance, cloth and cotton, friends hate to come right out and call these intriguing personalities puppets.

To a wide variety of people, they are real.

They are real to the five-year-old who streaks in from play. They are real to business men who stop work to watch. They are real to Chicago's Mayor Kennelly. His Honor expressed public regrets when Ollie fell into a lagoon and offered to have the lagoon filled in.

To most viewers, Kukla and Ollie are as real as Fran, their co-star, and much more real than their creator, Burr Tillstrom.

Viewers glimpse Burr for only a few seconds at the close of each show when Kukla, beckoning in a young man with unlined face and crisp crewcut, says, "Thank you. Thank you on behalf of our boss, Burr Tillstrom."

Many, including Burr himself, will argue that "boss" business. Burr says he works for Kukla. With a million dollar, five-year contract just signed, it's quite a job.

Fans, when they emerge from illusion far enough to realize Burr is the person and Kukla the puppet, ask questions. Who, they want to know, does the voices? Is Fran a ventriloquist? Who writes the script?

The answer, briefly, is that the Kuklapolitans are Burr and Burr alone. He plots the show. Fran and the rest of the staff help dream it up, (*Continued on page* 77)

Kukla, Fran and Ollie is telecast Mon.-Fri. at 7:00 P.M. EST, over NBC.



Kukla and Fran admired Mercedes' first gift from a TV fan and wouldn't let her throw it in the mud as she threatened.



Burr's first and most loyal fans: his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Burt Tillstrom. They never miss a performance.

Leave it to JOAN!

She's a gal who can handle anything and everything. But when it comes to teenagers—like her daughter, Beverly, for instance —Joan finds that there's a lot she doesn't know about after all

By FREDDA DUDLEY

When, on August 5, 1933, Joan Davis scrutinized the small bundle of femininity which had just been deposited in her arms and introduced as her daughter, Joan said with as much emphasis as she could muster, "Well, squirt, here is one thing we might as well have understood between us. You don't ever have to go into show business. For you there's going to be an established home, school and school friends, and then college. Your mother has been through the show business routine, and it's fine for those who have poster ink in their veins, but for you I want a different life."

Miss Beverly Wills held her tongue. As a matter of fact, she held it for almost a year. And then, one morning, she grinned at her mother and said "Ma-ma!"

This event was not remarkable, as most children speak the selfsame syllables as their first attempt of language, but Beverly's manner of delivery was. She uttered the first syllable, then her voice broke in perfect imitation of Joan's under stress, and she uttered the second.

Joan sat down hard in the nearest chair, rested her elbow on the table and her chin on her fist, and stared analytically at Miss Wills. "I guess that settles it," she said. "I guess you're going to be an actress . . . or maybe you're just giving your mother a scare."

Things rocked along like that for several years with only an occasional squeak from an ever-busy destiny. One of those squeaks occurred when Beverly was eleven.

Joan was dressing to attend an elegant dinner party one night, and planned to wear black satin over black underpinnings. She searched high and low for her black satin pantie-girdle. Finally she asked Beverly if *she* had seen it.

Beverly, surprised that there had been any mystery in the matter, admitted that she had. She had cut off the garters, and was wearing the handsome foundation garment as gym shorts. "All the rest of the girls think my outfit is sensational," she confided.

Joan, torn between anger and amusement, finally gave up and laughed. She and Beverly reached a working agreement: Beverly was never, in the future, to take anything—no matter how much it appealed to her—until she had Joan's official okay.

This agreement was effective for three years. By that time Beverly had attained a height one inch taller than that of her mother. This fact, coupled with the advent of the new look, made it possible for Beverly to wear every garment in her mother's closet, including shoes.

According to Joan, the situation is now, "The first one up in the morning is the best dressed."

Two additional events of major importance occurred when Beverly was eleven. She became a radio critic, and she had the distinction of making her first appearance in a cast. The two events were in no way related.

Her status as critic had been developing for a long time. Beverly had always seen every picture that Joan made, and she had practically grown up in a radio station. She came in one morning, after having toured the neighborhood, and announced with a (*Continued on page* 74)

Leave It To Joan, with Joan Davis, can be heard Friday evenings at 9:00 EST over CBS stations.



BE THANKFUL FOR *These*

By
NANCY CRAIG
Heard at 1:15 P.M. EST, Mon.-Fri. over ABC.



RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Beginning this month, Nancy Craig takes over as* RADIO MIRROR'S *Food Counselor. Nancy's background in this field is well-known—we welcome her to these pages.*

Sometimes it seems that food tastes best in late fall. The chill in the air sparks our appetites as it braces our spirits. And to come home to a kitchen filled with the rich fruity aroma of hot desserts—that indeed is living!

Hot desserts can be easy to make. The ready mixes, for instance, cut preparation time in half. Some of them can be used as is—like pie crust and gingerbread mix. Others can be altered. We add grated apple to pancake mix with good results—and, once in a while, steam waffle mix and make a pudding.

These recipes are favorites. Serve them as a perfect ending for a full meal or as a between-meal snack. Many of them could be used to top off a small family Thanksgiving dinner.

PEAR BRITTLE

8 slices quick Sponge Cake (see below)
½ cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup crushed peanut brittle
2 cups sliced or diced pears

Place sponge cake on plates. Beat heavy cream, sugar and vanilla together until stiff. Fold in peanut brittle and sliced pears. Place over cake. Makes 8 servings.

QUICK SPONGE CAKE

1 cup sifted cake flour
5 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup sifted sugar
5 egg yolks
1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons water
1½ teaspoons lemon juice

Sift flour three times. Place egg whites and salt in large mixing bowl and beat until foamy. Add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Continue beating, adding ½ cup sugar one tablespoon at a time. Beat until just blended. Beat egg yolks with remaining sugar, lemon rind and water until thick and light. Gradually beat in lemon juice. Add flour to yolk-sugar mixture and stir until blended. Fold into egg white mixture. Bake in ungreased 9-inch tube pan in moderate oven (375° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from oven. Turn upside down. Let stand one hour or until cool. Makes one 9-in. tube cake.

GINGER MERINGUE TORTE

1 recipe gingerbread (made from prepared mix)
⅓ cup current jelly
1 egg white
1 tablespoon sugar

Bake gingerbread. Melt jelly. Beat egg white until stiff. Add melted jelly gradually, beating after each addition. Add sugar and beat well. Spoon onto top of gingerbread. Place in hot oven (425° F.). Bake 10 minutes until meringue browns. Garnish with jelly. Makes 6 servings.

(*Continued on page* 102)



These baked desserts can be used to supplement the traditional mince, pumpkin and apple pies at your Thanksgiving dinner table: at lower left, ginger meringue torte; at upper left, peach upside down cake; at right, quick sponge cake with pear brittle topping.



Claudia Morgan is heard in the part of Carolyn Kramer on Right to Happiness, Mon.-Fri. at 3:45 P.M. EST over NBC.

DAYTIME DIARY

A NEW RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

With this issue, RADIO MIRROR inaugurates a feature which the editors believe many readers have been waiting for—a new, special feature section entirely devoted to daytime serial dramas. The Reader Bonus Novelette, which so many of you, your letters tell us, await eagerly each month, will appear as before, and will continue to bring you in story form important dramatic incidents from the lives of your favorite daytime characters. In addition to the Novelette, you'll find the second part of this bigger-and-better, expanded Reader Bonus—the new Daytime Diary. On Daytime Diary pages each month you'll find brief, complete-as-possible reviews of the most important recent events on the daytime dramas you listen to. Perhaps you unavoidably missed listening for a few days last month . . . perhaps there's a story you haven't listened to before and would like to know a little more about before you start tuning it in. With Daytime Diary before you every month, your knowledge of what's going on in the daytime drama world will be more complete than ever. The editors hope that RADIO MIRROR's *new* Reader Bonus will round out the pleasure you already get from your daily listening.

Pattern of Faith

A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS STORY

By EVELYN L. FIORE

In the dark days of Carolyn Kramer's life, when her former husband, Dwight, was struggling to secure permanent custody of their young son Skippy, Carolyn sometimes wondered bitterly how she ever could have believed in happiness. Could one have faith in the unseen future when the present seemed built on such treacherous, shifting sands? When, reaching out blindly for help, one's hands touched only emptiness . . . nothing, nothing to hold on to. . . .

Nothing except Miles Nelson. Miles, whose hand on hers sent strength pouring through her veins, whose shoulder lightly brushing hers was the most potent reminder that she need no longer face her troubles alone. Miles, whose ingenious, optimistic mind never gave way to despair, never doubted for a moment that one day he and Carolyn and Skippy would be living peacefully together in the home he was planning for them in Pine Valley. When she was with Miles, his love seemed to throw up a protecting wall behind which, sheltered for the moment and safe, she could build up her hopes again.

But . . . lately, Carolyn thought, she was so seldom with Miles. His brilliant legal career was about to culminate in a campaign for the governorship of the state, and he was often away on necessary political trips. Oh yes, they were necessary . . . with her mind, Carolyn knew that; but with her heart she reached after him, silently demanding that he be beside her when she needed him, silently hoping that he would feel her need and come to her. Without him she was lonely and chilled with fear.

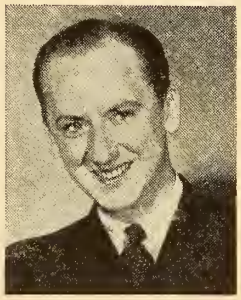
It was one morning when she felt this most sharply that the stiff cream-colored envelope

turned up in her mail. Ripping it open, Carolyn discovered a formal announcement which she read with a faintly puzzled frown. It said: "Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Whelan announce the arrival of John Carl, on September 3rd." Then abruptly recognition dawned, and she re-read it with delight. The Whelans! Would there be a message for her? . . . yes, there on the back: "Carl was as close as we could get to Carolyn, for a boy," she read. "Because if it hadn't been for you—well, that's all past and forgotten, all but your part in making our life the wonderful thing it is now. It's not likely, of course, but if there ever should be anything that we can do for you, it will be a favor to us if you'd let us know."

Vividly there came before Carolyn the image of the girl who had written those words. The earnest simplicity that was so eloquent of Claribel Whelan stood out clearly against the cream-colored paper: round, childishly unfurrowed brow above wide-apart light eyes, eyes whose color was indeterminate but whose expression, when Carolyn had seen her, was so unmistakable. Faith had looked out of Claribel's eyes. Harried by events she couldn't control, caught in a frightening trap . . . still she had faced Carolyn, faced all the world, armored in her calm belief that it would all come right in the end .

Startled, Carolyn dropped her eyes once more to the note. ". . . anything we can do for you . . ." Perhaps—perhaps they had already done more than they knew by putting that one word *faith* into her mind. Perhaps by recalling to her the time of their own deep trouble, they were unconsciously sending a message to her through her own . . .

It was when Carolyn was working as a reporter on the *Tribune*, a few years earlier, that she'd first heard of the Whelans. Morse Bennington, her editor, had flipped a picture across her desk with the question, "What d'you make of that?"



Dwight Kramer played by DAVID GOTHARD

Carolyn studied it for a moment. It was a picture drawn from the *Tribune's* files, so she knew that across the back of it was pasted all the information that had come in with it, but she didn't turn it over. Morse made a game, every now and then, of proving to her how hopeless it was to make any judgment about a human being merely from his face. He'd proved it, too; during the last months Carolyn had learned a frightening amount about people's faces and what they could hide. Morse had shown her the loving face that had covered a murderous hatred; the open, simple face that had hidden a bitterly scheming heart. And now this one . . a young man, hat in hand, who had been caught by the camera as he stepped from the revolving doors of an office building on to the sidewalk. His dark eyes gazed somberly up at Carolyn out of a narrow, sensitive face.

Surely, Carolyn thought, whatever else he is, this is a student of some kind. A just-set-up lawyer or doctor, perhaps even a young professor. She hazarded her guess aloud, and was surprised and pleased when Morse nodded.

"Half right," he said. "Turn it over."

On the back Carolyn read the caption: "Dr. Andrew Whelan, young physician, leaves District Attorney's office after questioning in connection with recent looting of Burgess mansion on Eastview Drive."

The Burgess robbery! Carolyn took another long look at Andrew Whelan's lean figure. With his dark, neat suit, his quiet-figured tie, he seemed a most serious and respectable young citizen. And the direct, intelligent expression spoke of something more in his personality—a confident self-respect that set him a little apart from all the other respectable young citizens of whom he reminded Carolyn. Was this the man who had furtively stolen a set of matched diamonds from the home of a patient, who had sneaked off into the night, perhaps glancing nervously over his shoulder . ?

Carolyn shook her head. "It doesn't fit. He could never have done it. He might do something by accident—hurt someone in a fight, or something—but he'd never commit such a sneaking, sordid crime."

"Don't be a fool," Morse grunted. "I can show you a baker's dozen of young good-looking sneak-thieves that looked just like somebody's younger brother just out of college. The big point in this fellow's favor is that the police can't prove he took it. And his record's perfect—three years in practice, got a nice little wife and a new house over in the Eastview section—unless they can find the loot, they can't touch him."

"But that's outrageous," Carolyn said heatedly. "If he's innocent it's wickedly unfair to publicize him this way. 'Questioned'—everybody knows what that means, you might as well accuse him outright. And for a doctor it'll be fatal—he'll never be able to practice here. His family—"

"There's your angle," Morse interrupted. "Go see her and get me a follow-up on how this thing has affected them—what they plan to do, what she's got to say, all that. Woman's stuff." He grinned. "And don't get carried away by the little lady's tears, if any. Just remember she may have those diamonds hidden away in the piano, just waiting till everything blows over so they can leave town and dispose of them one by one. It's happened."

Oh, it's happened, Carolyn acknowledged to herself later as she stood before the Whelans' little red-brick house. *It happens all the time. But—to the people who live in this house?* She glanced again at the white-painted door, the stone-bordered oblong of bright new lawn. The grass was neatly cut, the door was scrubbed, the knocker beneath her hand had been polished till it glittered. She gave it a smart rap, and thought as she waited, "No. The people in this house have planned to work for everything they get."

A moment later the door was opened by a small dark girl—very pretty, and very angry. Carolyn's tentative smile gave way to a genuinely friendly one. "Mrs. Whelan?"

"I'm not Mrs. Whelan." The girl surveyed Carolyn belligerently. "I'm a friend. What is it you want?"

"I'm from the *Tribune.* I'd like to see Mrs. Whelan, if possible."

"She's—" began the girl, but was cut off by a voice from inside. "Who is it, Pauline? Do you want me?"

The dark girl made an abrupt decision. Carolyn had been certain she was going to close the door in her face, but instead she held it wider and said, "Come in. At least you didn't try to lie about it, like some of the other reporters." She led Carolyn into a small, square living room and asked her to sit down. "Frankly, I don't think Claribel ought to see anyone, least of all reporters, and up to now she hasn't. But . . ." she paused, and her appraising glance seemed to say *But you look different.* "Anyway, maybe it's time she told someone her side of the thing," she added. "I'll go get her."

Left alone, Carolyn walked about the room with a peculiar sensation that she was not in a strange place. Confused, she wondered, can I have been here before, or seen it in a magazine? Then

gradually she realized that the sensation of familiarity came from her own imagination. Wrongly or rightly, she had begun to build up a picture of the young Whelans that was so detailed, so complete, that she'd sensed even before she saw it how they would furnish their first home. That it was their first she had no doubt. The gay, unspotted couch that faced the little artificial fireplace spoke of newness; the chairs were plumply cushioned; everything was tidy and bright as a bride's dream of a home. Against one wall, an old, graceful walnut table stood proudly, adding something special to the room. Something, Carolyn thought oddly, that in its own way was like the quiet pride with which Andrew Whelan had faced the prying camera . the grave self-possession that gave him his extra touch of personality.

"Did you wish to see me?" The voice that came from the doorway was low and steady, matching the steadiness of Claribel Whelan's light eyes and the firm, flexible movement of her body as she crossed the room and sat down. The dark girl—her name was Pauline Potter, Carolyn learned later—slipped in beside her, and settled hoveringly on the arm of her chair.

Claribel Whelan was not outstandingly pretty. One day, when the childishly rounded cheeks slimmed into maturity, and the soft, pale mouth became fuller and firmer, she would be, perhaps. But now she was no more memorable than hundreds of other long-legged youngsters, with her thick light hair cupping her small head and a beige sweater and skirt uniforming her slim body.

Still . . as Carolyn introduced herself and explained her purpose, she saw that there was something about Claribel Whelan that lifted her to distinction. "I'm sentimentalizing—Morse will call me a fool," she warned herself, but nonetheless the conviction grew that the man who had married this girl was not capable of committing a sneak-thief's crime. The professional detachment with which Carolyn had tried to arm herself weakened and died. Now she wanted only to help.



Miles Nelson played by JOHN LARKIN

Swiftly revising the questions she had planned, Carolyn asked Claribel to describe what had happened, so far as she knew, on the night of the Burgess robbery. The girl slid forward on her leather-covered chair and spoke eagerly.

"I've gone over and over it till I can do it backwards. For the police, for myself—to see if there isn't something, some clue that will show that Andy couldn't have done it. But there's nothing . . . About seven-thirty, just after dinner, he got a call to go over to the Burgesses. He'd been there once or twice before for minor things—Eastview Drive is just a few blocks away, you know. Once Mrs. Burgess herself called him for a turned ankle, and we thought . . ." uncontrollably, the girl's lips quivered, "we thought how wonderful it would be if he began getting calls to the other houses on Eastview Drive. But anyway, this night the Burgesses were away. They have been for months. It was the housekeeper who wanted him. Mrs. Anders. Andy took his bag and went right over, and her husband—they're caretakers when the family is away, and they live in a few rooms on the top floor with the rest of the house shut up—Mr. Anders came down and let Andy in. Andy waited in the hall till the woman was ready, then he went upstairs and fixed her up. She thought she had appendicitis, but it was only indigestion, I think. Anyway, he was back in just over an hour. And that's all." Her voice wobbled. "Until about eleven o'clock when the police arrived, and all but told Andy to produce the case of diamonds he'd taken from the safe. At first it seemed just funny to us, a funny mistake, but after a while Andy lost his temper and told them . . ." she giggled unexpectedly, and with a trace of hysteria, ". . . told them he always swallowed diamonds right after he stole them."

Carolyn's voice was gentle. "Is that the story your husband told you?"

"That's what happened." Claribel's head went up, her eyes meeting Carolyn's with directness that was like a physical shock. The girl's belief in her husband was as tangible as a suit of armor. If she should be wrong?

But she was not wrong. Meeting that look, Carolyn nodded. "Yes. That's what happened. But—"

"Of course that's what happened." Pauline Potter's voice trembled with anger. "But what's the use of going on and on about it? Andy's finished in this town. Do you think anyone will ever forget that he was 'questioned' in connection with the Burgess robbery? What's the difference if they haven't got a scrap of proof—people will just think he had some extra clever way of disposing of the jewelry . . ." She glared at Carolyn. "The newspapers, all those stories that sounded as if Andy were on the verge of arrest! It's cheap enough now to offer Claribel a few columns of sob story, but that won't make up for a ruined career!"

"I'm not offering a sob story," Carolyn replied sharply. "I'm fully aware that a sympathy-building story in the *Tribune* right now, after Dr. Whelan has technically been cleared, will only serve to keep all the unwelcome publicity alive. I'm only interested in finding out how an innocent man can be made to appear so guilty. Somewhere there's something everybody has missed . . ."

Into Claribel's face there came such radiance that Carolyn was momentarily dazzled. "Do you think you can help us?" the girl half-whispered.

Carolyn smiled back at her. "I can try," she said. "I hate injustice."

Pauline Potter made a small, tense movement, quickly controlled. She folded her arms tightly about herself, as though she felt a sudden chill. Her expression . . Carolyn was puzzled. It wasn't angry any longer; it was . . . well, what was it? An unclassifiable expression about the eyes and mouth . . .

The next day, Carolyn was still puzzling as much over the look on Pauline Potter's face as she was over Claribel's story. She'd noticed it several times before she left . . . once, when Claribel pointed out in her controlled voice, "Of course it isn't enough that they let Andy go. We've got to find out who really took the stuff before our former friends will stop watching us for evidence of newly-acquired wealth. And as for patients," her smile was bitter, "three have already called up to cancel their appointments. It's heartbreaking. Andy worked so desperately hard to get his practice on its feet and now, just when things looked pretty good. . . ."

"He can build it up all over again in another town," Pauline had put in swiftly. "That's where he's gone today," she explained to Carolyn. "Over to Harville to talk to a friend of his, another doctor, about maybe setting up there. Maybe he could even change his name. Plenty of others have gotten away with it."

Both Claribel and Carolyn had turned on her, then, but Carolyn's words had come more swiftly, winged with indignation. "You don't really want your friends to take that way out, Miss Potter? Since Dr. Whelan is (*Continued on page* 104)

DAYTIME DIARY

A new Radio Mirror reader-listener service, designed to keep you up-to-date with the latest developments in daytime serials.

Here is the second part of the expanded Reader Bonus section: Daytime Diary, which reviews what's been happening lately on your favorite daytime serials. It is Radio Mirror's intention to offer on these pages a complete catalogue, bringing you information about every daytime drama on the air, but you may find that this first Daytime Diary does not review one or two of your favorite stories. In this connection the editors have a word of explanation. All daytime radio dramas are brought to you by sponsors, working through advertising agencies. Before including a story in Daytime Diary, Radio Mirror must have the permission and the cooperation of its sponsor and the agency that handles it. The editors hope that by the time the next issue goes to press, Radio Mirror will have gained permission to include every daytime drama on the air in the monthly Daytime Diary.

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Mary Noble heard on NBC 4 P.M.

CAST: Mary Nable, a girl fram a small town in Iawa, married to Larry Nable, famaus Braadway actar; Larry Jr., their adored san; Tam Bryson, Larry's general manager and best friend; Maude Marlawe, character actress and devated friend; Harald Ramsey, whase wealth may possibly back Larry's play; Julia Dixan, wha wanders where Ramsey's interest really lies.
BACKGROUND: In suburban Rosehaven, Lang Island, the Nables have made a secure and happy home far little Larry. It's close enaugh far Larry's wark—but it cauld be a thousand miles away in atmosphere.
RECENTLY: During the summer, Larry Nable was assaciated with a summer theater praductian which became so successful that there was talk af putting it an Braadway in the winter. As this is an expensive propasitian, it is fartunate that the graup has succeeded in interesting wealthy Harald Ramsey in backing it. But Julia, wha has "set her cap" far Ramsey, wonders . . . is it the play he is interested in, ar is it Mary Nable, wife af the play's leading man, wha has attracted Ramsey's attentian?

BIG SISTER



Doctor John Wayne heard on CBS 1 P.M.

CAST: Ruth Wayne, knawn as "Big Sister" ta all her friends; Dr. John Wayne, her husband; Dr. Reed Bannister, friend—and rival—af Jahn; Valerie, wife of Reed; Antan, a dancer, wha laves Valerie; Mary Winters, widaw, in lave with Anton; Parker, the neuratic millianaire wha laves pawer; Travers, his henchman.
BACKGROUND: Travers, whase enmity toward Reed dates back a long time, persuades Parker ta buy up praperty Reed wants far his cherished Health Center in Glen Falls. Alsa, he farces attentians an Valerie that cause bath Antan and Reed to pursue him with murder in their hearts. Antan reaches him first, and in the ensuing brawl, is fatally shat.
RECENTLY: John, whase sense af security has always been threatened by Reed's strang persanality, feels he cannat succeed at the Health Center with Reed in charge, and—far a fabulous fee—becames physician ta the infamaus Parker. Knawing that Reed has never put her quite aut af his heart, is mare anguish in stare far Ruth as she stands between the twa men wha lave her?

BRIGHTER DAY



Althea
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Rev. Richard Dennis, minister in the little town of Three Rivers; his children—quiet, maternal Liz; glomorous, restless Althea; brusque Patsy; the olwoys-hungry youngest girl, Babby; and Grayling, the only boy, now on his woy to becoming a responsible citizen with a business of his own; Bruce Bigby, engaged to Althea; Samuel Winship, lowyer for whom Liz works.
BACKGROUND: Althea's latest ottempt to get to Hollywood has ended in defeot, for her older sister Marcio, at whose Californio home she planned to visit, hos sent bock a letter that is definitely discouroging.
RECENTLY: Knowing how determined Althea is to get into movies, Bruce has warned his fomily thot he moy morry her to keep her from going West. His horrified mother makes Papa Dennis promise that he will not allow this to hoppen, but the young people have the last word—they elope. Althea has decided that maybe Bruce's money will get her to Hollywood, if there's no other woy. But she reckoned without the feud that has now developed between her family and Bruce's. Maybe she wosn't so shrewd after all.

DAVID HARUM



David Harum
heard on
CBS 3:00 P.M.

CAST: David Horum, president of the Homeville Bank; Aunt Polly Benson, Dovid's sister, who lives with him in the big white house on Catalpa Street.
BACKGROUND: David Harum's story is the story of all America, of the never-ending search for love, happiness, the good way of life. David's importance in Homeville, a smoll town in upstate New York, is meosured only partly by his position at the Bank; unofficiolly, with wisdom deepened by love of his fellow-humans, he acts os understanding confidant to mony troubled souls. And beside David staunchly stands Aunt Polly, with a tongue sometimes shorper, but with kindness no less than David's own.
RECENTLY: During the summer David was drawn into the tonqled affairs of a summer theater group. To help on octor friend, he undertook to play o part in one of the group's productions, the proceeds of which went to the Homeville Orphanoge, of which Dovid is President of the Board. In the midst of the ploy-octing, Dovid realized that real tragedy wos brewing. Unable to stop it, he stood by to help when it climaxed.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



David Farrell
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M.

CAST: David Farrell, crock newspoperman for the New York *Eagle*; Solly, his wife, who used to be a reporter and still goes olong on Dovid's exciting assignments.
BACKGROUND: The New York *Eagle* cannot send David Farrell out on a story without finding they've even more of o story on their hands than they expected. For "Front Page" Farrell hos a talent for uncovering the truth—and sometimes the truth, hidden beneoth the apparently innocent surface of events, hos involved him dangerously in the criminal life of the city.
RECENTLY: An incident in a local store set David off on one of his most breothtaking fact-finding odventures. In the *Eagle*, he broke the story of o rocket that hod been preying on the small people of the community, and then enlisted the help of interested citizens to crush the racketeers. Extortion—and murder—come to light as the police entered the case, but they've never stopped David before and did not now. Once again, he got not only the story his paper wanted, but the unsuspected truth that lay beneath it.

GUIDING LIGHT



Charlotte Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Charles Matthews, minister, in whose study burns a lomp that hos been a beocon to many troubled souls; Roy Brandon, young lowyer; Chorlotte Wilson Brandon, his wife; Julie, Ray's divorced first wife; Jan Corter, mother of Chuckie, who was odopted by the Brandons; Ted White, Chuckie's wealthy father.
BACKGROUND: The morriage of Ray and Charlotte Brondon, strengthened when they adopt Chuckie, is shaken agoin by Charlotte's decision to give up the child when Jon Carter, his mother, claims him.
RECENTLY: Having decided thot he wants custody of Chuckie, Ted White is suing to prove Jan Carter an unfit mother. But Jan's dying mother begs Ray to act as her daughter's lowyer in the suit, and Ray promises, much as he wants Chuckie himself. Bitterly he turns for comfort to the womon who has olways been a threat to Charlotte's security —Julie, his first wife. But Julie, knowing Ray is really in love with Charlotte, self-sacrificingly discourages him. And doy by day the tension mounts: to whom will the appealing Chuckie be awarded?

HILLTOP HOUSE



Julie Paterno
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Julie Paterno, who works at Hilltop House, o small orphonoge, os assistant to Mrs. Grace Dolben, the supervisor; Michael Poterno, Julie's husbond, o young Glendale lawyer on the Hilltop board; Hannah, Hilltop's cook; Jeon Adair, former Hilltop girl; Steven Crowley, son of weolthy Ed Crowley, influential businessman; Sailor, 13-year-old Hilltop boy recently adopted by Mrs. Dolben; Pixie, Mortho, Johnny, Shirley, Conrad, Clementine—the other Hilltop children.
BACKGROUND: In the cheerful orphanage on the crest of o hill outside Glendale, Julie and Mrs. Dolben have created a real home for their young chorges.
RECENTLY: Twenty-two-year-old Jean Adair, who grew up at Hilltop, fell in love with Steven Crowley, and became the focus of a family crisis when Steve's father Ed decided he, too, was infatuated with her. With Julie's help, Steven broke away from his father's influence and married Jean. Though Julie knows she has mode a relentless enemy in Ed, the gratitude of the newlyweds repoys her; but suddenly she finds herself facing a serious problem in her own marrioge.

JUST PLAIN BILL



Bill Davidson heard on NBC 5:30 P.M.

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; Nancy, his daughter, wife of Lawyer Kerry Donovan, mother of little Wiki.
BACKGROUND: When Bill's wife died at Nancy's birth, the child was taken awoy by her grandmother, Mrs. Palmer, who raised her in an aristocratic atmosphere entirely foreign to the simple, kindly upbringing Bill would have given her. But when Nancy was eighteen she insisted on going back to her father. In Hartville she met and married young Kerry Donovan, and now their son Wiki is absorbing his grandfather Bill's quiet lessons in the art of happy living.
RECENTLY: Wealthy Wesley Franklin has returned to Hartville, his home town, and engaged Kerry Donovan to look after his widespread interests and help him acquire property he wants. Ordinarily Bill Davidson is not an interfering man—it's live and let live with him, unless a friend is in trouble. But now a friend is in trouble—an old friend who owns a factory that Franklin is determined to acquire. Stubborn and powerful, Franklin will be a dangerous man for Bill Davidson to oppose.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



Chichi Conrad heard on NBC 3:00 P.M.

CAST: Papa David, the kindly book shop owner, who lives by the belief that life can be beautiful; Chichi, the waif who some years ago, in Popa David's *Slightly Read Book Shop,* found shelter and a whole new way of life; Douglas Norman, Chichi's fiance; Alice Swonson, with whom Douglas is co-publisher of the *East Side News;* Chuck Lewis, a teen-age boy in whom Papa David has become interested.
BACKGROUND: Papa David's personal philosophy shines like a magic lamp upon all those he meets, illuminating their lives . . . . sometimes only for an instant; sometimes, as with Chichi, for always.
RECENTLY: Not much goes on in the neighborhood that escapes Papa David. Lately, he has turned his tolerant—but keen—eyes toward the recreation center, where young folks gather for games and dances. And interest is quickening too in the *East Side News* office next door to the book shop. Is something not quite so harmless as games and dances going on at the Center? And if it is—will brash, young Chuck Lewis be their key to the secret?

LORA LAWTON



Lora Lawton heard on NBC 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Loro Lawton, who works in a dress shop on New York City's Park Avenue; May Cose, the friend with whom Lora shores a small apartment in a quaint old section of the city; Theodore Blaine, millionaire who is in love with Lora.
BACKGROUND: Struggling to blot out the unhoppy past, Loro throws her energies into the Diano Dress Shop. Gradually, as her responsibilities there increase, she begins to hope that life may still offer her the worthwhile, stimuloting future which not so long ago seemed impossible.
RECENTLY: Lora's emotional life has been excitingly stirred by Theodore Blaine—because he loves her, and olso because he carries with him the glamorous aura of the mony Broadway plays to which he has been "angel"—the theatrical term for the person who finances a play's production. Lately, too, Lora has revealed a talent for designing, and in spite of her doubts hos definitely embarked on the path to an absorbing career. But will she forget that the more exciting life is, the greoter are its potentialities for heartbreak?

LORENZO JONES



Lorenzo Jones heard on NBC 4:30 P.M.

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, garage mechanic; his wife Belle; Jim Barker, Lorenzo's boss; Madame Cunard, beauty shop owner.
BACKGROUND: Lorenzo, constantly working on a new invention which will make him an overnight millionaire, hasn't too much interest in life's practical ospects. Fortunately for him—since his inventions never do make that million, somehow—Belle is a practical soul. It's a stronge combination for a marriage—but neither of them would have it any other way.
RECENTLY: Jim Barker's patience finally gives out, and Lorenzo is fired from his job at the gorage. Since he has always considered his garage work merely incidental to his real work of inventing, Lorenzo isn't too regretful; but practical Belle, a little worried about the weekly food bills, goes back to her old job at Madame Cunard's beauty parlor. Unfortunately, Modome Cunard takes the opportunity of sympathizing because Belle has to support her worthless husbond. Nobody can talk that way about Lorenzo to Belle. She loses her temper . . . and now neither of the Joneses has a job.

MARRIAGE FOR TWO



Vikki Adams heard on NBC 10:30 A.M.

CAST: Vikki Adams, who loves charming, irresponsible Roger Hoyt; Vikki's Aunt Debbie, opposed to their marriage; Pamela Towers, also opposed—os she wants Roger.
BACKGROUND: Though love hasn't blinded Vikki to Roger's instobility, she believes that morrioge will make him the mature, responsible man she thinks he can be. And so—they are married.
RECENTLY: At Roger's insistence, Aunt Debbie rents the Hoyts her elaborate home on Glenwood's most expensive street. It's Roger's idea, too, that their honeymoon should be spent in New York, rather than quietly in Glenwood as Vikki would have preferred. And, though Pomela's lost minute effort to lure Roger away fails, it leoves a disturbing undertone os Roger and Vikki go off on their New York adventure. But the gay glomor of New York throws a mogic clook over trouble. More in love than ever, Vikki forgets thot the magic won't last . . . and that it may take more thon love to make Roger "grow up" to reol life. Roger wants excitement, Vikki wants security; can such a marriage succeed?

R
M

DAYTIME DIARY—A NEW

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Sunday
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M.

CAST: Sunday Brinthrope, orphan from Silver Creek, Colorado; Lord Henry Brinthrope, her husband; Lonnie, Davey, Carolyn, their children.
BACKGROUND: Despite the vast differences in their backgrounds, the simple girl from the barren mining town and the wealthy, excitingly handsome Englishman have built their marriage into enduring happiness. Tested by events, Sunday's quiet taste and unfaltering character have proved that she has an innate breeding equal to Henry's, though his is the expensive product of many generations of British aristocracy.
RECENTLY: Black Swan Hall, the Brinthrope estate in Fairbrooke, Virginia, would be a haven of happiness if Sunday and Henry could avoid the outside world. But they are far too prominent to go unnoticed, and Sunday is unhappily aware that some of the notice is not friendly. Someone's jealous envy is working to ruin her marriage. Carefully Sunday guards her family, and watches: for she knows that happiness is like a crystal bowl which a moment of strain can shatter into a thousand pieces.

PERRY MASON



Perry Mason
heard on
CBS: 2:15 P.M.

CAST: Perry Mason, dynamic lawyer-detective; Della Street, his secretary; Gertie Lade, his switchboad operator; Martha Herold, a lovely new client; Wilfred Palmer, mysteriously tangled in Martha's life; Don Smith, Martha's jealous fiance.
BACKGROUND: In the midst of vacation plans, Perry is approached by the worried Martha who begs him to protect her from a blackmailer.
RECENTLY: Perry, not suspecting that Martha's blackmailer is the mysterious "Wilfred" who has been courting Gertie Lade, advises Martha to go to the police. But Martha fears the consequences if Don Smith should learn of her entanglement with Wilfred. Wilfred's demands become more pressing; he insists that Martha pawn Don's engagement ring to supply him with extra money. Meanwhile Gertie, who is innocent of Wilfred's true character, continues to be flattered by his attentions. Suddenly, the situation explodes in murder. The stunned Gertie, the alluring Martha, the jealous and excitable Don Smith . . . how deeply will they be involved in Wilfred's death?

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Portia Blake
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M.

CAST: Portia Blake Manning, successful lawyer whose career keeps interfering with her life as the wife of Walter Manning; Clint Morley, District Attorney in love with Portia; Kathy Baker, sister of Joan Ward, for whose murder Walter is on trial.
BACKGROUND: When Joan Ward's body is found in the Manning garage, Kathy Baker is so sure of Walter's guilt that she accuses him before Morley. After talking to Portia, who is in the hospital after having a baby, Kathy's hysteria dies down and she attempts to retract her accusation—but Morley will not listen to her retraction.
RECENTLY: Ruthlessly, Morley builds his case and succeeds in obtaining a Grand Jury indictment against Walter for Joan Ward's murder. Weak and ill as Portia is, she cannot let Walter face his trouble alone. Of what use is her brilliant legal mind if it cannot save the man she loves? One day, as the trial is under way, she makes a surprise appearance in court and takes over Walter's defense. Somewhere there must be a chink in Morley's case against Walter. But will Portia find it in time?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Carolyn Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M.

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, whose marriage to Dwight Kramer ended in divorce; Miles Nelson, resourceful lawyer to whom Carolyn is now engaged; Skippy, the child over whose custody Carolyn and Dwight are fighting; Arnold Kirk, Dwight's unscrupulous lawyer; Harlow Sloane, Miles' partner.
BACKGROUND: Though all Miles' legal skill is on her side, Carolyn's fears still continue to grow. Through Kirk's trumped-up case she knows that she may lose not only her little boy Skippy, but also her reputation, forever.
RECENTLY: At a crucial point in the custody suit, Miles, who is engaged in a campaign for governorship of the state, is called to the state capitol, and reluctantly lets Sloane take over. But Sloane is no match for Kirk; hurriedly, he calls Miles to return—but by then Miles cannot get away without damaging his campaign. Despairingly, Carolyn realizes she will lose Skippy. And though she herself urged Miles not to sacrifice his career to her interests, she cannot help feeling that he should have come to her when the case climaxed.

ROAD OF LIFE



Doctor Jim Brent
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, whose wife Carol has suddenly reappeared—he believes—after a long absence; Janie, the Brent's young daughter; Maggie Lowell, the girl to whom Jim turned after Carol's disappearance; and *Carol Brent,* who is not really Carol at all but Beth Lambert, agent of a vicious group of gangsters, whose natural resemblance to the real Carol has been intensified so that she might successfully impersonate Jim's wife in order to spy on him.
BACKGROUND: Beth Lambert was planted in Merrimac for just one reason—to relay information to her organization on Jim's top-secret work at Wheelock Hospital. But unexpectedly, she grew to love Jim and Janie—an emotion Beth cannot afford, for it will surely lead her into dangerous conflict with her employers.
RECENTLY: Now plotting to protect Jim's work rather than to betray it, Beth has sent falsified information to her group. They detected one "mistake," and demanded an explanation. Knowing she cannot deceive them indefinitely, Beth plans escape. But—will she be quick enough to save herself?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Helen Trent heard on CBS 12:30 P.M.

CAST: Helen Trent, chief gown designer for a big Hollywood studio; Agatha Anthony, the much-older friend who shares Helen's home and confidence; Gil Whitney, successful lawyer whose romance with Helen is balancing on the point of marriage; Cynthia Swanson, wealthy, charming, in love with Gil; Rex Carroll, movie producer who is trying to sweep Helen off her feet.
BACKGROUND: Helen, a mature but very attractive woman, is brilliantly successful in her work but confused in her emotions. Many fascinating men have crossed her path, but none of them seems to be the one right man . . . unless Gil Whitney is that man . . .?
RECENTLY: The emotional unheaval Rex Carroll caused is still upsetting Helen's life. Gil Whitney's intervention stopped Rex from marrying Helen after he had spirited her away to Mexico with him. Now Gil has again interfered in the proposed plan that Helen go to Rome to work with Rex. After getting as far as New York, Helen lets Gil persuade her to return to Hollywood—where she suddenly learns that Rex Carroll is in grave trouble.

ROSEMARY



Rosemary heard on CBS 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Rosemary Dawson Roberts, recently —after many difficulties—married to young veteran Bill Roberts; Jessica, the child of Bill's first wife and gangster Lefty Higgins; Mrs. Dawson, Rosemary's devoted mother; Patti, her young sister; Jane Springham, who works with Bill.
BACKGROUND: The legality of their marriage finally confirmed, Bill and Rosemary, with Jessie, have settled down in Springdale.
RECENTLY: Mrs. Dawson, who had taken Jessie into her heart, did not dream that the child had hidden her father in the Dawson cellar. On the run from the police, Lefty demanded help from his daughter, and the frightened, confused child hid him in a temporary hideout which she had made, he was discovered by Mr. Dawson, whom he killed while trying to escape. Now, though Mother Dawson, is grief-stricken, she does not want Jessie's life poisoned by self-reproach, and hopes that Bill's acceptance of a job in New York will provide a healthy change. But for Rosemary there is trouble ahead; Jane Springham accompanied Bill to New York and Jane —Rosemary suspects—is in love with Bill.

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Terry Burton heard on CBS 2:00 P.M.

CAST: Terry Burton, the devoted second wife of Stan Burton; Brad, teen-age son of Stan's first marriage; Vivian Gilby, a lawyer, in love with Stan; Arnold Huxley, who recognizes Vivian's faults but loves her anyway; Robin Osborne, involved in a puppy-love affair with Brad.
BACKGROUND: Influenced by Vivian, Stan becomes a candidate for the mayorality of his beloved home town, Dickston. Terry is enthusiastic at first, but begins to doubt when people she trusts warn her that the Osborne group, which is sponsoring Stan, is working crookedly for its own interests.
RECENTLY: Unable to make Stan wary of Osborne, Terry asks help of Arnold Huxley. Together, they discover papers that support Terry's fears. Furious, Stan withdraws—but at once Brad is kidnapped. His safety, Osborne blandly says, can be bought by Stan's continued cooperation. Desperately Stan goes on campaigning. But Osborne's daughter, Robin, rescues Brad just as Stan is about to make a key speech. Stan instantly publicizes the whole story, and Osborne leaves town with his cohorts, in utter defeat.

STELLA DALLAS



Stella Dallas heard on NBC 4:15 P.M.

CAST: Stella Dallas, courageous, self-sacrificing mother; Laurel, her daughter, who married wealthy Tom Grosvenor and whose children Rickey and Stella—Louise, Stella adores.
BACKGROUND: Stella Dallas is the embodiment of unselfish mother love. For years she strove for security for her beloved daughter Laurel. Then, after Laurel married into wealth and society, Stella quietly withdrew, convinced that their worlds were now so far apart that it would only cause heartache if she attempted to take an active part in Laurel's. From afar, Stella lovingly watches Laurel's happiness, and fills the gap in her own life with the many friends who have been attracted by her warm sympathy and intuitive knowledge of life.
RECENTLY: After the shocking fire—she is still recovering from the burns—Stella is beset by another problem; an urgent plea from Laurel that she visit her. Against her better judgment, Stella allows herself to be persuaded by Laurel's insistence. She visits her daughter—brushing against the world in which she is sure she has no place.

THANKS FOR TOMORROW



Anne Morley heard on NBC 10:45 A.M.

CAST: Anne Morley, a blind pianist; Bruce Caldwell, a war-mutilated veteran who was once a famous composer; Amelia Morley, the aunt with whom Anne lives; Martha, Amelia's companion-maid; Bart, the brother Anne has not seen for many years.
BACKGROUND: Blinded in a long-ago accident which killed her parents, Anne lives in Edgecliff in a little private world of her own. Nearby lives composer Bruce Caldwell, whose face was so mutilated in the war that he prefers to be considered dead by his old friends rather than show himself. Can these two find happiness in sharing their lonely lives?
RECENTLY: Stricken by a heart attack, Amelia does not know that an old scandal threatens her security. Bart, whose activities during his time away from Edgecliff have been shifty, knows a secret Amelia has hidden successfully for years. Since he is hiding out in Edgecliff now, he has decided to improve his time by blackmail. To save Amelia, Martha promises to pay Bart, but she may not be able to keep him from forever ruining the family peace.

R
M

DAYTIME DIARY—A NEW

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Nora Drake
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M.

CAST: Noro Droke, o nurse, in love with Chorles Dobbs, Special Prosecutor; Big John Morley, whom Charles believes to be guilty of murder; Tom Morley, John's son.
BACKGROUND: While Charles is still trying to get evidence to indict Morley, he allows Tom to take his sick father awoy for a rest. Shortly afterwords, a frantic call from Tom, saying that Big John has disappeared, starts Charles and Nora on a hurried trip to the Morleys' hotel in Maine.
RECENTLY: Just as Nora and Chorles reoch Tom, Big John phones the hotel with directions on how to get to his hideawoy. Following them, Nora, Charles ond Tom arrive at a farm on a cliff that seems completely deserted. But after a search they discover Big John on the cliff's edge overlooking the woter, ond Nora skillfully persuades him to join them. The next day, Tom and his father go swimming. Suddenly the current becomes too swift to fight. Himself exhausted, Tom monages to drog his fother until they ore picked up by a fishing boat. But when Big John Morley is taken out of the water, he is dead.

WENDY WARREN



Wendy Warren
heard on
CBS 12:00

CAST: Wendy Warren, glamorous newspaperwoman; Mark Douglas and Anton, who want to morry her; Nona Douglas, who is in Reno divorcing Mark; Som Warren, Wendy's father.
BACKGROUND: With the most dangerous experience of her career successfully behind her, Wendy concentrates on her own emotional problem: will it be Anton or Mark?
RECENTLY: Fond though she is of Anton, Wendy decides that she will marry Mark when his divorce from Nona is finol. Hoppily, they begin to make plans, but are interrupted by news from Elmdale that Wendy's father, Sam, has suffered a heort ottack. in the midst of Wendy's preoccupotion with her father's illness, Mark, worried over o long silence from Nona in Reno, colls her long distance to check on the progress of the divorce—and is appalled to learn that she has checked out of her hotel, leoving no forwarding address. Whot will happen to Wendy's plans when she learns that Nona is going to have o baby, and now refuses to go through with the divorce? And how close to death is Wendy's beloved father?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Harry Davis
heard on
NBC 5:00 P.M.

CAST: Joan Davis, an attractive, wealthy girl who defied her family to marry a lowyer nomed Harry Davis—and gained greot hoppiness; Lilly, their devoted moid; Mrs. Davis, Harry's mother; Sammy and Hope, the Davis children; Terry MocDonough, who knew Horry in New York.
BACKGROUND: Together ogoin ot their Beechwood farm, Joan ond Horry find renewed happiness in their little fomily . . . unaware that tragedy is speeding toword them on a train from New York.
RECENTLY: Terry MacDonough is on that troin—Terry, who was so helpful during Harry's recent experience in New York when, lost in amnesia, he lived through harrowing doys before finolly getting bock to Joon. To an acquaintance in the troin's club car, Terry briefly opens his heart . . . he confides that he is on his way to Beechwood to bring onguish into the lives of two fine people. Unable to protect them, Terry feels he must ot least warn them it is coming. Finding his woy to the Davis farm, Terry meets Mother Davis, who wonders, dismayed, what menocing evil lies ahead.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



Young Dr. Malone
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Jerry Malone, recently separated from his wife, nurse Ann Malone; Lucio Standish, dominant member of the Board of the Institute for Rurol Medical Research in New York, whose influence over Jerry is the real reason for the seporation; Dr. Browne, Jerry's one good friend ot the Institute; Sam Williams, industrialist of the town of Three Oaks, to which Ann returned after the seporation; Gene Williams, who moy—or may not—be Sam's son.
BACKGROUND: Lucio Standish, having forced Dr. Browne into a position where he owes her some allegiance, insists thot he persuade Jerry to become the Institute's new director. Knowing how dangerous Lucio con be, Browne suffers when Jerry accepts, thus putting his career into her hands.
RECENTLY: Bock in Three Oaks, where Ann is now Superintendent of the Dineen Clinic, the mystery surrounding Sam and Gene Williams grows more complicated. They connot seem to decide whether or not they ore fother and son, and both of them are strongly ottracted to Ann. Must she, perhaps soon, choose between them?

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Dr. Anthony Loring
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M.

CAST: Ellen Brown, owner of a smoll tea shop in Simpsonville, and widowed mother of teen-oged Mork ond Janey; Dr. Anthony Loring, who loves Ellen; Angelo McBride, attracted to Anthony; David Blake, who wants to marry Ellen.
BACKGROUND: Until Ellen fell in love with Anthony, her life was dedicated to her children. When she and Anthony decided to morry, they mode the heortbreaking discovery that Mark and Janey were so bitterly opposed thot plans for the marrioge had to be postponed. Slowly, then, Ellen and Anthony tried to overcome her children's objections, and succeeded enough to venture once more on an engagement.
RECENTLY: The plane crash in which Ellen lost her memory moy work to the advantoge of Angelo McBride, who hopes to win Anthony's love for herself. For Anthony, discouraged by his failure to restore Ellen's memory, may find Angela's obvious admiration reossuring. And, though Ellen loves Anthony deeply, her memory loss may confuse her enough to listen more wormly to Dovid Blake's proposol of morrioge.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
8:45				Memo From Lake Success
9:00		Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning. Concert Hall	News
9:15	Story to Order			E. Power Biggs
9:30	Cameos of Music	Wings Over Jordan		
9:45			Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Isreal	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Children'e Hour	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00		Christian Reform Church	The Fitzgeralds	Allan Jackson News
11:15				Newsmakers
11:30	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Living 1949	Chamber Music		Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	News		Meaning of the News
1:15		Organ Music		Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	Mutual Music Box	National Vespere	Syncopation Piece
1:45				
2:00	U. S. in World Affairs	Charmer and the Dell	This Week Around The World	Longine Symphonette
2:15				
2:30	NBC University Theater	Bill Dunningham Veteran's Information	Mr. President Drama	You Are There
2:45				
3:00		Ernie Lee Show	Harrison Wood	CBS Symphony
3:15				
3:30	The Quiz Kids	Juvenile Jury	Dance Music	
3:45				
4:00		House of Mystery	Ted Malone	
4:15			Dick Todd	
4:30	Newe	Martin Kane, Private Eye	Milton Cross Opera Album	Skyway to the Stars
4:45				
5:00		The Shadow	U. S. Navy Band	Choraliers
5:15				
5:30	James Melton	True Detective Mysteries	Curt Massey Show	"Broadway's My Beat"
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Martin and Lewis	Nick Carter	Betty Clark Sings	Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet
6:45				
7:00		Adv. of the Falcon	Think Fast	The Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	The Saint	Carnegie Hall Mueicale	Amoe 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Sam Spade	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Mueic	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	Theater Guild on the Air	Smoke Ringe		Lum and Abner
8:45				
9:00		Count of Monte Cristo	Walter Winchell	Earn Your Vacation
9:15			Louella Parsone	
9:30	American Album	Sheilah Graham Twin Views of News	Go For The House	Our Miee Brooks
9:45				
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions		Life With Luigi
10:30		Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	It Pays to be Ignorant



HELEN LEWIS—plays Maggie Lowell, laboratory technician on Road of Life, Mon.-Fri., 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.



ARTHUR GAETH—whose news comments are heard Mondays, 10:00 P.M. EST, ABC, is a native of Milwaukee. When still a young man, he moved to Utah where he received his B.A. at Brigham Young University. After spending ten years as correspondent in Europe, Gaeth returned to Utah as instructor in political science, later forsaking teaching to become a European correspondent for Mutual. Last year, his weekly series moved to ABC.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Margaret Arlen
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		This is New York
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In Our Time		Thie ie Bing Crosby
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Temp Tones		
11:00	Dr. Paul	Behind the Story		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Your Marriage	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Pick a Date	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton			Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programe	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoee From the Tropics	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Music	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Maeon
2:30	Today'e Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladiee Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness		Ted Malone	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Miec. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallae	Misc. Programs	Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jonee	Johnson Family		Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Ted Drake	Challenge of the Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Facee Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Tom Mix	Jack Armstrong	Hite and Misses
5:45	Front Page Farrell			Curt Massey

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30				
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00		Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30		Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00		Straight Arrow	The Railroad Hour	Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Peter Salem		Talent Scouts
8:45			Henry Taylor	
9:00	Telephone Hour	Murder by Experts	Kate Smith'e Music Room	Lux Radio Theatre
9:15				
9:30	Cities Service Band of America	Secret Missions		
10:00	Contented Program	American Forum of the Air		My Friend Irma
10:15			Kate Smith'e Music Room	
10:30	Radio Playhouse	Mutual Newsreel		The Bob Hawk Show



BETTY WRAGGE—made her radio debut on one of Raymond Knight's children's programs at the age of ten. In 1936, when sponsors of a new serial, Red Davis (the title was later changed to Pepper Young's Family), were looking for a typical American girl for the role of Peggy Young, Betty auditioned and won the part. She has been a member of that cast ever since. Pepper Young's Family is heard daily at 3:30 P.M. EST over NBC stations.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45	News			Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Temptones	Club Time	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Behind the Story		
11:15	We Love And Learn	Your Marriage	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Pick a Date	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton			Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	Betty Harris Show	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics	Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster		Big Sister
1:15		Music	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon At Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness		Ted Malone	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family		Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Sky King	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell			Curt Massey

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00		Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The Smoothies	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cavalcade of America	Gregory Hood	Little Herman	Mystery Theatre
8:15				
8:30	Alan Young Show	Official Detective	America's Town	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:55		Bill Henry	Meeting of the Air	
9:00	Bob Hope Show	John Steele Adventure		We, The People
9:15			Erwin D. Canham	
9:30	Fibber McGee and	Mysterious Traveler	Rex Maupin entertains	Strike It Rich
9:45	Molly			
10:00	Big Town	Korn's-A-Krackin'		Hit the Jackpot
10:15				
10:30	People Are Funny	Mutual Newsreel		Mr. Ace and Jane

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15	Faith In Our Time			
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Temptones		
11:00	Dr. Paul	Behind the Story		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Your Marriage	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Pick a Date	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton			Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:30		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	The Play Boys	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics	Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster		Big Sister
1:15		Music	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Misc. Programs	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness		Ted Malone	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Kay Kyser	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas		Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family		Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Ted Drake	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Tom Mix	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell			Curt Massey

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00		Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Dardanelle Trio	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Hogan's Daughter	Can You Top This?	Original Amateur Hour, Ted Mack, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon
8:15				
8:30	Great Gildersleeve	International Airport		Dr. Christian
8:45				
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	Scattergood Baines		County Fair
9:15				
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	Family Theater	Lawrence Welk	
10:00	The Big Story	Comedy Playhouse	It's Time For Music	Beat The Clock
10:15				
10:30	Curtain Time	Mutual Newsreel	On Trial	Capitol Cloak Room



JOHN LARKIN—who plays the title role on Perry Mason (CBS, 2:15 P.M. EST, M-F) and has been heard often on CBS's Assignment Home got his first radio job in Kansas City as announcer on station WHB. Two years later when he had reached network stature John went to New York where he had no difficulty getting assignments. Larkin, a native of Oakland, Calif., is married to Genelle Gibbs. They have a six-year-old daughter.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Temptones	Dorothy Kilgallen	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Behind the Story		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Your Marriage	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Pick a Date	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton			Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	Betty Harris Show	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics	Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Music	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty		Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness		Ted Malone	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Galen Drake	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas		Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family		Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Treaeury Bandstand
5:13	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Sky King	The Chicagoane
5:45	Front Page Farrell			Curt Massey

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Lionel Ricau			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs	Local Programs	
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00		Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Echoes From the Tropics	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Aldrich Family	Air Force Hour		The F.B.I. In Peace and War
8:15				
8:30	Burns and Allen	Fishing and Hunting Club	Local Programs	Mr. Keen
8:45				
9:00	Nelson Eddy and Dorothy Kirsten	Meet Your Match	Play It Again	Suspense
9:15				
9:30	Dorothy Lamour	Sing For Your Supper	Name the Movie	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Chesterfield Supper Club	This Is Parie	Personal Autograph	Hallmark Playhouse
10:15				
10:30	Fred Waring Show	Mutual Newsreel		First Nighter



WINIFRED WOLFE—is one actress who can truthfully say she has grown up in radio. She made her radio debut at the age of 8 and at 10 was chosen to play Teddy in NBC's One Man's Family. That was in 1934; now, at 25, Winifred is married. the mother of a baby girl and is still playing Teddy who is now a nurse. Born in San Francisco, Winifred grew up in Los Angeles where she attended UCLA for three years, majoring in English.



JACK McELROY—began his radio career eighteen years ago as singer and announcer on a Missouri station. After four years, he moved westward, working for various radio stations as emcee, announcer, producer, writer, and engineer until he hit the West Coast circuit. In Hollywood he became singer on Bride and Groom, and is now M.C. on Breakfast in Hollywood, ABC, 2:00 P.M. EST, M-F. Jack is married to Nancy Hurd of Tulsa.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Georgia Crackere	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45		Temptones		
11:00		Behind the Story		
11:15	We Love and Learn	Your Marriage	Modern Romances	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Pick a Date	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton			Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	The Hometowners	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	U. S. Marine Band	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty		Dorothy Dix	
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say It With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Luncheon at Sardi's		Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness		Ted Malone	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Galen Drake	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas		Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family		Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene and Allan Jonee	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Ted Drake	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Tom Mix	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell			Curt Massey

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Newe			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programe	"You and—"
6:30				
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00		Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The UN is My Beat	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00		Plantation Jubilee	The Fat Man	Jack Carson Show
8:15				
8:30	Jimmy Durante	Music	This Is Your FBI	My Favorite Husband
8:45	Show			
9:00	Eddie Cantor Show	Opera Concert	Break the Bank	Ford Theatre
9:15				
9:30		Enchanted Hour	The Sheriff	
9:45				
10:00	Dr. I. Q.	Meet the Press		Philip Morris Playhouse
10:15				
10:30	Sports	Mutual Newsreel	Treasury Band	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Follies
9:30	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News		
9:45		Misc. Programs		Garden Gate
10:00		Magic Rhythm	Johnny Olsen's Get Together	Music For You
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Jerry and Skye		Tell It Again
10:45		Albert Warner		
11:00	Frank Merriwell	Coast Guard on Parade	Modern Romances	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Music	The Jay Stewart Fun Fair	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Man on the Farm	Girls' Corps	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	Smoky Mr. Hayride	What's My Name	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute	Concert of America Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15				
1:30	R.F.D. America	Dance Orch.	American Farmer	Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Musicana	Dance Orch.	101 Ranch Boys	Handyman
2:15				Get More Out of Life
2:30	Edward Tomlinson	Music	Junior Junction	Columbia's Country Journal
2:45	Report From Europe			
3:00		Poole's Paradise	Treasury Band Show	Report From Overseas
3:15	Local Programs			Adventures in Science
3:30		Sports Parade	Fascinating Rhythm	Cross Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00	Your Health Today	Bill Harrington	Tom Glazer's Ballad Box	
4:15		Music	Horse Racing	
4:30		Jerry and Skye		Saturday at the Chase
4:45	Contrasts Musical	First Church of Christ Science		
5:00		Concert Hall		
5:15			Dance Music	Local Programs
5:30				
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Honey Dreamers	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		Saturday Session	Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony Orchestra	Bands For Bonds		Saturday Sports Review
6:45		Mel Allen		Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls		Spike Jones
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Vic Damone, Kay Armen	True or False	The Eye-Drama	Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45				
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Pat Novak For Hire	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Famous Jury Trials	Adventures of Philip Marlowe
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80		Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	A Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Guy Lombardo	Musical Etchings	Tales of Fatima
9:45				
10:00		Theatre of the Air	Record Show	Sing it Again
10:15			Irving Fields	
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



GLORIA McMILLAN — who plays teen-ager Harriet on Our Miss Brooks (CBS, Sun.,) is a schoolgirl herself. At sixteen, she is a junior student at Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles. Gloria, who has been in radio for almost ten years, prides herself on her membership in the "500 Club" a group of Hollywood juvenile radio players, all under seventeen, who have appeared on five hundred or more network radio broadcasts.

QUIZ CATALOGUE

Notes to keep your Radio Mirror

Quiz Catalogue up to date

Hollywood, "the land of the gigantic super-stupendous," not to be outdone by any other city, has called on the services of quiz-maker Louis G. Cowan, marshalled the forces of the movie studios and finally come up with the colossus of quiz shows.

The title for this newly created hour-long show, is, surprisingly enough, simply Hollywood Calling and it takes place every Sunday evening at 6:30 P.M. EST. The show is not particularly original in concept, inasmuch as it is another telephone quiz show, but its glamor is devised from its hugeness. Here's how it goes. . . .

The orchestra and chorus give a musical clue, which indicates the name of a motion picture star, or the title of a picture. Then the master of ceremonies, song and dance star George Murphy, takes over and places a call to someone, somewhere in the United States. These lucky contestants have been chosen at random by such well-known people as Governor Earl Warren of California and Deborah Kerr of the movies. If the contestant answers the first question correctly, he or she is introduced (on the telephone, of course) to a guest star, who then carries on a brief interview and awards the prize.

Some of these prizes are "gifts that money can't buy." Gifts that include complete sets and props from recent motion pictures. There's no need to worry though making room in your apartment for the main set from "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" for instance, as these giveaway sets are especially picked to fit in with the winner's occupation or hobby. Even if the contestant misses the question, he or she receives a valuable consolation prize, valuable because it is autographed by the two guests as well as emcee George Murphy.

A chance at the Jackpot on Hollywood Calling is given only to those answering the questions correctly. Three clues are given to help the contestant, and a new clue is added each week; the Jackpot is worth $31,000 and includes two free weeks in Paris.

If you are wise, you had better tell your friends not to telephone you on Sunday evenings, for you never know . . . Hollywood may be calling you.

* * *

QUIZ CHATTER—

Take a Number is using a lot of baseball players these days . what's more, their quiz batting average is quite high. . . Ann Notra, twenty, a dental assistant of Union City, New Jersey, won $31,000 in prizes by identifying "Jealousy" as the film of fortune on Hollywood Calling. She was the winner of the newly instituted program's first Jackpot. . . . One night last spring in Stewartstown, Pennsylvania, some enterprising citizens put on a minstrel show. There had been plenty of advance interest in the event but suddenly the ticket sale came to a standstill. The trouble was that a local couple had been telephoned by emcee Bert Parks of Break the Bank and were invited to New York. No one wanted to be at the minstrel show if it meant missing a broadcast on which home-town folks would be in there pitching. But the minstrel men were resourceful. They sent out word that a television set would be placed in the auditorium to cover the event. Ticket sales zoomed and the big night arrived. The minstrel show was interrupted at 9 P.M., a packed house watched Break the Bank for thirty minutes and then the show was resumed. . . . Queen For A Day's Jack Bailey is celebrating his fourth year with said program . . . interesting footnote on the "Queen" is that with a ratio of eight to one it has given away the most valuable prizes . . . amounts to two million one hundred and twenty-six thousand.

FAMILY COUNSELOR

GOLD MINE in the ATTIC

By TERRY BURTON



Carl Drepperd told Terry that much so-called junk can be converted to cash.

A few weeks ago I read Carl Drepperd's best-seller, *Treasures in Truck and Trash* which he wrote under the name of Morgan Towne. This is a fascinating compilation of the unsuspected valuables people may have in their basements and attics.

I was interested because I think all of us have a room or closet somewhere that is seemingly filled with old pieces of junk. Mr. Drepperd maintains that much of this so-called junk can be converted into the merry sound of silver coins. I asked him to be our Family Counselor and pass on the benefit of his knowledge. The first thing he mentioned was the value of old buttons, and I got quite excited as I knew Mother Burton had a lot of old costumes and clothing stored away. Mr. Drepperd said, "Any old button made as late as 1920 is worth at least what it was paid for originally. Fine old buttons are worth from fifty cents each up to as much as ten dollars. Button strings should not be cut apart. Keep them intact. They are worth more that way; from five to twenty-five dollars or more."

I know lots of us have old letters we've saved, so my next question concerned them. "Keep envelopes or wrappers with stamps on them. I know of a couple who bought a farm and, in going through their new domain, they stumbled on some half-burned letters that the previous owners had partially destroyed. One letter was left and the stamp on that letter brought fifteen thousand dollars."

Mr. Drepperd went on, "Old catalogs were once given away. Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck catalogs before 1906 are worth from two dollars up to fifteen. Any catalog of glassware, toys, pottery or fabrics before 1876 may bring from one to one hundred dollars."

I was surprised to find out that old toys and dolls are so valuable, but Mr. Drepperd said, "Not long ago, there was a man who stood at a booth in an antique show holding a small toy. He stood there muttering to himself, 'I can't believe it' . . . the toy was a little tin boat with a little tin man holding a pair of oars—the price tag said fifty-five dollars. The old man just couldn't believe that the same toy had been included in a barrelful of similar stuff which, a month before, he had paid a trash man to carry off to the dump."

"What about periodicals such as directories, guide books and magazines?" I asked.

"These may be immensely valuable. *A Guide to the Gold Fields* dated in the 1850's may be worth a small fortune. Any of this material may range from one dollar up to a thousand. Generally speaking, magazines such as *Godeys, Leslies, Grahams* and *Ballous* are worth at least twenty-five cents a copy. Some are worth a dollar a copy. Bound volumes are worth from one to five or more dollars. Very old magazines, printed from 1750 to 1825 may be worth up to ten dollars a copy. Some are worth one hundred dollars a copy.

"Treasures in truck and trash! They are everywhere—in the most unexpected places. We must remember that our country has not only social and political history, it has family history. And the history of our families is one of expansion, of progress, of failure, of riches in one generation and poverty in another, of in-laws and other relations, of wills bequeathing and devising, and of poor relations who, often, were willed only household stuffs unwanted by others of the family. There may be a gold-mine in *your* house. Look for it!"

Mrs. George Whitney, Jr.

Her face is lighted by the bright charm of her Inner Self

Mrs. Whitney's face sends you a tingle of pure pleasure—it is so lovely to look at. It has a warm way of sharing with you her Inner enthusiasms for people and places and things.

Every day *you* are facing new adventures, new people. And, the way your face expresses you is the way others think of you. Help it, then, to show you with beauty and spirit and charm.



Mrs. Whitney's complexion looks smooth, glowing. "I'm never without Pond's Cold Cream. No woman could ask for a finer quality face cream," she says.

COME OUT OF THE DIMNESS THAT IS HIDING THE INNER YOU

So many women *never show* the world how delightful they can be! Instead—they are negative, full of inferiority. Yet, *every* woman has *within herself* the power to become lovelier, happier.

You have it *within you*—a wonderful force that grows out of the close interrelation of your Inner Self and your Outer Self, and the power of each to change the other.

This force lights you with confidence when you *know* you are *charming to see.* But—it can dim you like a cloud if you *miss* looking right. It is the reason those little habits that make you *look lovelier* mean so much to your *daily happiness.*

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Your face, especially, is your passport to friendship. Do help it to have the beckoning charm of really lovely skin. Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment brings wonderfully satisfying results. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) cleanse and soften your face with Pond's Cold Cream *this rewarding way:*

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face. This light, fluffy cream will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin *immaculate.* Tissue off again.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on both sides of your skin—*From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens, sweeps away dirt, old make-up, as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Beautiful Mrs. Whitney says, "After I do this Pond's treatment my face seems re-made—so fresh and clean, so soft."

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely, you flower into new happiness. This happier glow in You quickens an answering glow in all who see you—helps to bring the real Inner You closer to others.



YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—Get yourself a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream—today.

R M



Leave It to Joan

(*Continued from page* 54)

sigh, "The kids didn't like your show very much last night, Mother."

Joan, instead of shrugging it off, invited Beverly into the den where they discussed the program in detail. "For one thing," explained Beverly, "that hot rod joke was square. A hot rod has to be able to do fifty in low gear or it isn't any good. I know you're a little old-fashioned about these things, but if you're going to be solid with the kids, you've got to get hep."

The following week Joan went over her script in advance with Beverly, and Beverly, taking her responsibility seriously, okayed it with only one suggested change.

Thereafter, the report from the junior dial club was cavu. (Pilot talk for "Ceiling and visibility unlimited.") To this day, however, Joan is acutely sensitive to the reaction of Beverly and Beverly's friends.

And now, about Beverly's first appearance in a cast: she fell from her bicycle and broke her arm. When Beverly was brought home, Joan could scarcely see the dial while she was trying to call the doctor. She cried—she, who is not a crying woman—all the way to the hospital in the ambulance and throughout the X-ray session and the business of setting the bone.

Shortly after Beverly had recovered from the arm accident, she broke her leg. That had mended without incident and she was just getting back into active sports participation when she broke her finger playing basketball. Only a few weeks had passed since removal of splints from her right hand when she stumbled over her dog, fell upstairs, and broke another finger.

The human emotional system can absorb only a certain amount of anguish and healing before it becomes blasé. At the time of Beverly's most recent fracture, Joan was not at home, so a friend drove Beverly to the doctor's office. Once back in a cast and marveling at her quaint feeling that she was again fully dressed for the first time in weeks, Beverly telephoned Joan.

"I'm at the doctor's," she announced.

"Oh dear! What have you broken this time, darling?"

"Only a finger."

"What luck. Is it giving you much pain?"

"About the same as usual. I may not be an actress, Mother, but I certainly am a character in a cast," quipped Miss Brittle Bones.

Beverly's method of starting her career was typically casual in a determined sort of way. She learned that tryouts were being held for the part of Fuffy Adams in Junior Miss. She presented herself to the proper authorities and read for the role. According to later station reports to Joan (when it became known that Joan was Beverly's mother) she was sensational.

"What's your name?" the casting director wanted to know.

"Beverly Wills."

"Ever worked in radio? Ever been around a station?"

"Oh, I listen to radio all the time."

Beverly won her first job under her own power.

Joan was hard put to it not to burst with pride at this hearty show of independence, but she was not particularly surprised. After all, there has always been a healthy determination on Beverly's part to equal her mother's mark in any field.

Joan, looking over her daughter's report card, had once said, "You do very well—maintaining a straight B average."

Something about Joan's tone piqued Beverly's pride. "What kind of grades did you get?"

"Straight A's," admitted Joan. "But then, I wasn't the athlete that you are. I fell over my own feet if I tried to run five steps, and I couldn't hit a baseball with a snowshoe. Holding up a book was the extent of my muscular prowess."

From that day on, Beverly began to connect with the books every night instead of romping with the dog or carrying on timeless telephone conversations. Next report consisted of straight A's.

"Not so tough, once you get the hang of it," admitted the scholar.

Shortly after Beverly had won her Fuffy Adams role, she vanished from the dinner table one night, after a murmured request to be excused, and closed herself in her room. Once established there, she was heard in no telephone conversations, no bebop issued forth.

As any mother would have done in such a circumstance, Joan began to worry. Finally she tapped at the door and was invited in. Beverly was on the bed, studying her first script.

"I really want to turn in a performance," Beverly confided. "I think I have good ideas about handling most of this script, but there are a few lines I'm not sure about. For instance . . ." and she read a comedy sequence, ending with the query, "How would you read that, Mother?"

"*I* would read it this way," Joan said, illustrating. "But for you to do it that way would be wrong, because you aren't Joan Davis. You're Beverly Wills, a totally different person."

For over an hour they dissected the script, extracting the last small chuckle from its content. Eventually Beverly observed with a sigh, "You're right, as usual, Mom. You've always said that being funny was serious business."

Probably Beverly's greatest triumph as Fuffy came, not at the radio station, but in the Hollywood Brown Derby one night when Joan and Beverly were celebrating the finish of Joan's new picture for Columbia, "Traveling Saleswoman." There were several teensters in the booth next to Joan and Beverly. They recognized Beverly's voice, so popped over to secure her autograph.

They did not recognize Joan.

It would be unfair to give the impression that all association between Joan and Beverly is as sweet as peaches and cream.

For instance: Beverly wanted a car for her sixteenth birthday. At sixteen, in California, a person is legally of age to secure a learner's permit. Once the holder of a learner's permit has passed a police test, the person (if under seventeen) is granted the right to drive a car whenever accompanied by a regularly licensed driver.

Instead of a birthday gift car, Beverly received a handsome desk which matched the rest of her bedroom furniture. She loved the desk, of course, but she was disappointed and could not avoid showing it.

"I'm sorry, squirt," Joan said, feeling the usual pangs (*Continued on page* 76)

1,371 big cash prizes to 1,370 people in

The Great Gildersleeve's $50,000 "Name My Song" Contest

sponsored by Parkay-the Margarine that tastes so good!

Grand Prize $5,000
plus 274 weekly prizes every week for 5 weeks

Every week **4 $1000 bills**

Every week **20 $100 bills**

Every week **50 $20 bills**

Every week **200 $10 bills**

5 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

1st weekly contest starts Oct. 2, ends midnight Oct. 8

2nd weekly contest starts Oct. 9, ends midnight Oct. 15

3rd weekly contest starts Oct. 16, ends midnight Oct. 22

4th weekly contest starts Oct. 23, ends midnight Oct. 29

5th weekly contest starts Oct. 30, ends midnight Nov. 5

Weekly first prize winners announced on Gildersleeve program each Wednesday

Follow these simple rules to win

1. Print or write clearly your suggested title for The Great Gildersleeve's Song. Use coupon below, plain piece of paper or entry blank from your food dealer.

2. Print your name and address on your entry. Include also name and address of the dealer from whom you bought your Parkay Margarine.

3. Send in as many entries as you wish. Write each song title on a separate entry blank. With each entry enclose the red end-flap from any package of Parkay Margarine.

4. Mail entries to Parkay Margarine, Box 5167, Chicago 77, Illinois.

5. There will be five weekly contests. First contest starts October 2, 1949; last contest ends midnight November 5, 1949. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of each closing date. Entries received before midnight, October 8, will be judged in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be judged in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, November 5, and must be received by November 12, 1949. No entries will be returned, and no correspondence entered into. Not responsible for entries lost in the mail. You accept conditions of these rules when you enter.

6. Grand Prize winner and weekly prize winners will be notified by mail. No one person may win more than 1 prize in each contest, nor more than 1 first prize in all five contests. All weekly winners are eligible for the grand prize of $5,000. Complete lists of winners sent on request to anyone sending a self-addressed stamped envelope.

7. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of title. Judges' decision is final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become property of Kraft Foods Company.

8. Any person living in the continental limits of the United States and in Canada may enter this contest—except employees of the Kraft Foods Company, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.

Easy to win - Help The Great Gildersleeve name the new song he's written

Here is the first chorus—you add a title:

There's an old familiar strain,
A haunting refrain
That takes me back to days of yore.
I see a chapel on the hill,
Spring's first daffodils
Reflected in the mill pond from the shore.

I recall in memory
Two names on a tree,
Our first kiss in that old canoe.
And tho' we've drifted far apart,
This song lives in my heart . . .
It's a melody of love and you.



How to win $6000!

The Great Gildersleeve, radio's popular crooning bachelor, is in trouble. He has written a song but can't decide on a title. Name the song for him and win up to $6000!

20 prizes of $1000! Yes, four crisp new $1000 bills will be awarded to winners each week for five weeks. And in addition there's a grand prize of $5000 for the best name submitted in all five contests!

So easy! Such fun! Just think of a name for the new song written by The Great Gildersleeve. You don't have to know anything about music to win. Just read the words of the song . . . and write down a title. A name like "The Bachelor's Serenade" or "Melody of Love" may win. These are just sample titles, of course. You can think of better ones. Send in as many entries as you like. Buy Parkay today—clip the coupon below—send in a title before you forget. Your dealer has extra entry blanks.



Made by KRAFT



Tune In—Hear Gildy sing the song Wednesday evenings over "The Great Gildersleeve" radio show. 8:30 p. m., E.S.T., NBC. You'll get lots of ideas for winning.

In most states you can buy Parkay Margarine colored yellow, ready to serve. Parkay also comes uncolored in the regular economy package and in the handy Color-Kwik bag. Enclose the red end-flap from any one of the packages with your entry.

Send Red end-flap with entry →

CLIP COUPON NOW

RT

Enclose the red end-flap from any package of Parkay Margarine and mail to Parkay Margarine, Box 5167, Chicago 77, Illinois.

My title for The Great Gildersleeve's Song is

_____

My own name is _____

My address is _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Dealer's name and address _____

_____

Get additional entry blanks from your dealer or use plain sheet of paper.

Date tonight?



GIVE IT THE BRUSH-OFF!

Listerine Tooth Paste attacks tobacco stain, off-color breath.

Perhaps it seems a petty *little* thing. Perhaps you think it *couldn't* make a difference.

Well, don't fool yourself! That tinge of yellow film can spoil the softest smile . . . that over-laden breath can sour the sweetest words. So why take chances? Why risk "Tobacco Mouth"?

It's so easy to make sure you're not offending. If you smoke a lot, just play safe and use the new Listerine Tooth Paste . . . especially before a date.

There's a reason: Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam—a wonderful new-type cleansing ingredient that literally *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces. It removes yellow tobacco stain while it's still fresh . . . whisks away odor-producing bacteria and tobacco debris.

Use it regularly, and *know* they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



R M

(*Continued from page* 74) of a parent who wants to contribute as much as possible to a child's happiness, "but I think that eighteen is a more sensible age at which to begin to operate a car."

And then, like most parents, Joan was nagged by the wonder whether she really *was* old-fashioned, and whether a sixteen-year-old girl, living in the atomic age, really should be able to operate an automobile. Yet, coupled with this thought was the added problem of Beverly's rapidly becoming a public figure. No mother in Hollywood can forget that Shirley Temple had been driving only a short time when she was spotted on a boulevard by a carload of careless youngsters. They deliberately forced Shirley to the curb. Both cars might have been wrecked in the maneuver, and all of the youngsters might have been killed. The boys only wanted an autograph, of course, but it might have been one of the costliest signatures on record.

Another typical teen-age problem is that of smoking. When Joan noted that several of the girls in the set just a year or so older than Beverly, had begun to smoke, she went into a new tussle with her concept of a proper parent. This deliberation cost Joan a week of nearly sleepless nights, but finally she marshalled a series of persuasions.

While she and Beverly were lying on the beach one afternoon, Joan said casually, "By the way, I hope you don't plan to take up smoking for a long time yet—not until you're through college at least. Smoking for a young girl is a useless habit, because no person under twenty should need relief from nervous tension; smoking is an expensive habit, as most allowances are set up nowadays, so you might have to decide at some time between smoking and buying a pair of new nylons; smoking is a destructive habit because it burns holes in clothing and in furniture, and it litters a room." She drew a deep breath and waited for expected resistance from Beverly.

Said that young lady after a muffled yawn, "I'm not interested in smoking, Mother. I wouldn't think of doing anything that might inhibit my lung power."

Another mother-daughter experience which Joan anticipated with what novelists call "mixed emotions" was living through Beverly's first somewhat serious teenage romance.

Joan felt certain that a minor heartache was in the making when Beverly began to show a marked preference for a very popular boy in her group. To disinterested eyes, he was very much the colt-legged, uncertain-voiced, sub-college lad, but to the girls in Beverly's set, he was almost as exciting as Gable.

As the spring progressed, he began to show marked attention to Beverly. That is, he told her she danced terribly, she was no good at ping-pong, he engaged in long, impudent telephone conversations with her, and he conscientiously pushed her off the float when the gang went swimming. All being signs of high teen-age regard.

Beverly made the tactical error of admitting to several of her girl friends that she liked the boy, and the next thing she knew, the boy was being kidded about his "romance."

Beverly, still unaware of the tenderness of masculine independence, thought nothing of it. There was a big party scheduled for the last of the month, and she assumed that the boy would invite her. Let the girls kid her and the man in the case all they liked. She was set.

Came then, tragedy. The boy asked another girl.

Beverly accepted a date with a secondary swain, and—when she came home from the party—gave her mother a glowing report of the evening.

As casually as possible, Joan inquired about the erstwhile dream boat.

"Oh, he was there," announced Beverly airily. "Seemed to be having a wonderful time. But did I tell you what Tommy said when we were square dancing. . . ."

Said Joan afterward, "Thank heaven, she's the type which carries a match instead of a torch."

It may be that, in the romance department, Beverly burns with a cool-flame, but when her interest in some organizational activity is aroused, she not only carries a match, but a blow-torch.

Last summer she decided that the social life for teenagers at Malibu was disorganized and languishing. What was needed, she told Joan, was a youth center.

"You have something there," agreed Joan. "The only difficulty, as I see it, is where are you going to establish this center for youths?"

Beverly opined that the most central spot would be Brian Donlevy's tennis court. Which he seldom used.

"Oh well, if you're going to let your mind wander . . ." said Joan, returning to the script she had been studying.

Beverly strolled out of the house and up the beach. She discussed her idea with Brian Donlevy, a reasonable soul who understands daughters, with the result that he turned the canvas-enclosed tennis court over to Beverly.

From another neighbor whose children had outgrown the sport, Beverly promoted a ping-pong table, and from yet another group she extracted shuffle board equipment. She talked a noted film industry figure into loaning her, personally, a portable record player; she saw to it that the player and all recordings were returned to the lender in good condition after meetings.

When she decided that the club needed a small bank account with which to buy cokes and cookies, she perfected a benefit plan. She promoted the use of a motion picture projector from a previously untapped source, and cadged enough film from another to give a two hour program.

Then she suggested that each member of the club bring a parent, or solvent facsimile of same, to the movie that night. The club members were admitted free, but the accompanying adult, after submitting to an eloquent sales talk, was "permitted" to leave a donation in a cardboard box. Fort Knox should take lessons.

Joan, hearing reports from Beverly about the success of the venture, and being given reports by the neighbors about Beverly's executive ability, experienced a moment of quizzical awe.

She went to her desk where keepsakes are kept and opened her favorite book, a volume of Beverly's early, highly original poems. Joan leafed over the work, found some of the writing had gained meaning over the years.

In the manner of every proud but bewildered parent since time began, she told herself, "First she was a poet, then a radio talent saleswoman, and now a corporation president. I can't imagine what she'll do next, but I wouldn't miss it for worlds."

Kukla's Daddy

(*Continued from page 53*)

and then it happens, spontaneously.

Burr and Kukla have grown up together. Together, they have produced joy and laughter, but they have also faced sorrow, hunger and death. It's the living they have done which makes Kukla, Fran and Ollie more than "just another puppet show."

Their story starts with Dr. Burt F. Tillstrom, a chiropodist, and his wife, Alice, whose sons were Dick and Burr.

The kind of parents who thoroughly enjoy their children, Burt and Alice took the boys swimming, sailing, hiking. They also had an interest in amateur theater, and Burr mimicked them by having his teddy bear, toy soldiers and giraffe act out nursery rhymes and songs his mother sang.

During summers spent at their grandparents' homes in Benton Harbor, Dr. Tillstrom provided additional stimulus for the boys' quick imaginations. The moment he arrived for week ends, Dick and Burr pounced on him for stories. Some he read from *Peter Rabbit, Alice in Wonderland,* and the *Wizard of Oz.* Others he made up during long walks through open country.

As early as that, the Kuklapolitan Opera began to shape, for Burr, on his return to the city, endowed his toys with the characteristics of his country friends.

Eventually, puppets replaced toys and the chain of circumstances began which inevitably turned Burr Tillstrom into a puppeteer.

It was marionettes, however, which brought him his first job, right after high school graduation. Those were depression days, and the Chicago Park District and Federal Theater joined to set up a marionette group as a WPA project.

Burr and a few other puppeteers, not on relief, were hired as instructors to help get the show on the road.

For the sheltered lad from a substantial home, it was an awakening. Burr's blotting paper mind soaked it all up and he added their skills and experience to his own.

And that included hunger. He has never forgotten the shock of opening a friend's ice box and finding a single egg. Just an egg. Not another scrap of food. He took the friend home to dinner, but the bleak memory is still reflected when the television audience sees Kukla, beset by too many troubles, announce he is going to pack his little things and just go away.

The most significant part of that Summer was Burr's start in experimenting with hand puppets.

When Fall came, Burr was reluctant to put them aside, but he had won a scholarship to the University of Chicago and he felt it would be more practical if he should forget the stage and prepare to teach.

It might have worked if Burr hadn't fallen in love—devotedly, worshipfully in love with an ethereal ballerina of the Ballet Russe.

The feeling was quite different, he assures you, from his affection for his schoolmate girl friend. To Burr, Tamara Toumanova was the incarnation of the theater itself. As her Chicago engagement closed, he sought a parting gift to express his adoration.

Characteristically, Burr made a hand puppet. In Tamara's dressing room,

Your washing machine needs this help!



You may be satisfied with your washing machine or automatic washer. But many other women have learned—*even without our advice*—that their washers turn out cleaner, sweeter-smelling clothes with the help of Fels-Naptha Soap.



The reason is plain. Fels-Naptha is not a synthetic, chemical "quickie." It is more than an "average" laundry soap. Fels-Naptha is mild, golden soap *blended with* active NAPTHA—the fast gentle cleaning agent whose extra dirt-removing action is a proven fact.



Use this safe, thorough soap in your washer and you'll see an immediate improvement. Remember—you own a wonderful labor-saving device. You can make it an even more wonderful means of getting clothes completely, fragrantly clean. Just give it the help it needs—golden Fels-Naptha Soap—preferably the non-sneeze Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.

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FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

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EXTRA ADVANTAGES WHEN YOU USE

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INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Easier, Daintier... yet one of the MOST EFFECTIVE METHODS!



Assures Hours of Continuous Action!

Young wives are so enthusiastic about Zonitors—a *higher* type of intimate feminine cleanliness which is so much easier, less embarrassing to use yet one of the most effective methods ever discovered—*so powerfully germicidal* yet *so absolutely safe* to tissues.

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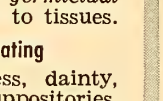
Zonitors are greaseless, dainty, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they release powerful germicidal and deodorizing properties *for hours*. Yet Zonitors are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. All you need is this dainty suppository — no extra equipment.

Easy to Carry if Away From Home

Zonitors remove offensive odor. Help guard against infection—kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to *immediately kill* every reachable germ without the slightest risk of injury to delicate tissues. Available at any drug counter.

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M

with a chair back as improvised stage, he introduced his gift. Impishly, the puppet peeked up and bowed to the lady.

Tamara shrieked, "Kukla!" and began to laugh. "Kukla," she explained, was the Russian word for *doll*. It also was the Greek word and was used in most Slavic languages.

With his christening, the puppet seemed to take life. He danced, he bobbed, he pantomimed his eternal devotion to the ballerina.

Recalling that evening, Burr says, "It was the strangest thing—almost as though Kukla were doing it all himself. I suddenly found I couldn't bear to part with him."

Kukla was disturbing. Burr was trying to be a serious student. His marionettes were packed away, but he couldn't ignore Kukla. Kukla wanted out. It was, for Burr, a period of painful conflict between two possible careers. In the end, Kukla won. After two quarters, Burr quit school and rejoined the marionette troupe. Show business, he realized better than ever, was no bed of roses, but it was the only thing he wanted to do.

The marionettes were the stars, and Kukla only a between-acts bit player. His personality did not emerge until the group scheduled an arty production of Romeo and Juliet. Burr wanted to play Romeo. He knew the role letter perfect. He ended up turning pages of the narrator's script, the most frustrated Shakespearian in Chicago.

Burr took his disappointment politely, but Kukla just couldn't stand it. Out he popped, during rehearsal, and in a voice which had its origin in Burr's old-man parts, he took up Romeo's romantic lines. He sighed for love and ranted against cruel fate. Then he shifted to do Juliet's role, too, interpolating highly personal comment on the cast. Things well-mannered Burr would never say, rattled rapid-fire from Kukla, and Kukla was a riot.

From that time on, Kukla became impromptu entertainer at all parties. People asked him questions, and as Burr says, "Kukla was really smart with people. When I was too young or ignorant to have an answer, Kukla took over. What would have been naive from me sounded funny coming from him."

It was 1938 before Burr's own personality developed sufficiently to give Kukla a companion. He was, by that time, getting a few bookings for parties, and usually his girl friend went along to help work the show.

She had a funny take-off on an opera singer. The voice was too good to waste, so Burr created Mme. Ooglepuss to match it. Even after Burr and his schoolmate sweetheart parted, Madame remained. Boasting of her great days, and cherishing the illusion she is irresistible to all males, she became a perfect target for Kukla's satire.

Ollie appeared shortly after Burr began his Saturday shows in the children's theater at Marshall Field's department store. Burr's mother played piano and kept the young audience quiet.

Traditionally, every puppet show had a terrifying dragon. Burr sought one which would not frighten the most timid child. The result was Ollie, possessed of one tired tooth, the gentle pop eyes of a heifer, and a foolish, bashful grin.

Ollie for some time, was content to stretch his neck and flap his mouth soundlessly. Then a friend of Burr's wrote "St. George and the Dragon," still a production pageant for the Kuklapolitans, and Ollie took voice.

Burr was playing the State Lake theater when it became apparent Mme. Ooglepuss needed a boy friend. Obviously Kukla wasn't going to stand still while she sang "My Bill" to him. From pure necessity, Burr created a new character who said the only thing one could say to such a woman, "Boyng!"

It wasn't until the show came to WBKB, years later, that Madame's tumble-tongued boy friend had a chance to get even. He asserted his independence by changing his name to Cecil Bill with a bow to the station's stage manager, Bill Ryan.

Cecil Bill makes it clear his affections incline toward Mercedes. Mercedes' origin was completely commercial. A Marshall Field's official conceived the idea of using the Kuklapolitans to dramatize sales instructions to employees. Mercedes was invented to show clerks how to cope with a nasty little girl and add a few laughs to the problem.

That was the cast in 1939—Kukla, Mme. Ooglepuss, Ollie, Cecil Bill, and Mercedes—when an RCA unit moved into Marshall Field's and Burr Tillstrom discovered television.

Burr took one look at what happened with cameras and screen and knew it was for him. He pestered RCA and Field's officials, begging to go on. No one wanted him. At last, to silence the nuisance, someone gave permission and Kukla went to work. Officials were unimpressed.

Says Burr, "It was the engineers who saved us. They fell in love with Kukla. The guys who keep things running always like Kukla."

Their liking was contagious. Burr and Kuklapolitans were supposed to open the RCA exhibit at the New York World's Fair.

Their opener turned into an all-summer engagement. The Kuklapolitans had found their medium. Real to their creator, they became, when projected human-being size on a screen, equally real to their viewers.

Burr knew that come what may he had to stay in television. On his return to Chicago, he had just enough time to appear on some of WBKB's opening programs and play a show or two in the Zenith experimental studio before Pearl Harbor hit.

From the services, Burr drew a flat-footed rejection—literally. He couldn't march, the Army and Navy told him. His draft card was marked 4F.

Bitterly embarrassed by looking so healthy and wearing civilians, Burr decided that even if the Navy would not have him, it might accept Kukla.

Out he went to Great Lakes Naval Training station to volunteer. His mother went along as accompanist, and the commandant equipped them with a tiny portable piano which could tour the hospital wards. The first of the casualties had just been returned.

Says Burr, "I never was so scared in my life. Here I was, a carefully preserved civilian, trying to be bright for a batch of guys who had caught hell on the beachheads. I wouldn't have blamed those Marines if they had thrown me out of the joint."

There were a few rough cracks while they were setting up for the first time, but the moment Kukla entered, the Marines took interest, and when Ollie showed up as a dopey Shore Patrol,

they got their first real laugh.

"That," Burr recalls, "was when Ollie learned the value of the broad gag. Subtle nursery rhyme whimsey was out. Ollie got down to earth, and every time Kuke took off on some flight of fancy, Ollie grounded him, too."

It was in the psychiatric ward that they won their stripes. A wounded man was so deep in melancholia he would not talk and was expected to die. In desperation, doctors sent in Kukla and Ollie, warning Burr anything might happen.

The man wouldn't look, at first. Kukla and Ollie kept punching. He stole a glance. He watched. At last he smiled. The melancholia broke. A few weeks later, he was discharged from the hospital.

Every week for four years, Burr and his mother, Alice, brought the Kuklapolitans to Great Lakes, and the patients always said, "Come back again, Mac."

They worked bond shows, too, and it was there that Burr met Fran Allison. Fran was best known as Aunt Fanny, the gossipy old maid of Don McNeill's Breakfast Club.

In contrast to her public character, she is, in private life, the charming wife of Archie Levington, a song plugger with a music company. In relating their romance, Fran, who had come from Iowa to work in Chicago radio, says "Archie brought me a song to try. I sang the song, and I married Archie."

She fell in love at first sight for the second time when she met Kukla and Ollie. Like her own characterization of Aunt Fanny, they were real to her. She chatted happily and naturally with the pair.

Burr remembered this when, during the Fall of 1947, Captain William Crawford Eddy, then director of WBKB, asked him to do a children's show on the station. It would be an hour long, he stated and his old friends at RCA were ready to sponsor it.

Burr gasped. He had dreamed of this for years. Here was his chance, but it also was a chance to fall flat on his face. No one, Burr tried to explain, could do a new, hour-long, one-man show five times a week. He wouldn't even have the respite of music, for at that time Petrillo barred union musicians from television stations. It was, Burr pointed out, beyond all human endurance.

Captain Eddy, a fabulous character in his own right, believes nothing is impossible in television. He never batted an eye at Burr's protests.

"That's easy," said WBKB's Skipper. "Find someone who can work with you out in front. Whom do you want?"

Mixing puppets and people was unorthodox, but Burr took the challenge. He said, "Get Fran Allison."

It was a happy choice. Burr recounts, "Fran was just what we needed to turn our make-believe real. She's the Alice who wanders through Wonderland, the Dorothy who goes to Oz."

The same basic method of constructing a show, then as now, is this: After that spark of an idea comes, a plot is outlined within minutes and Kukla and Ollie take it from there. No one, not even Burr, is certain what will happen next, and Fran must be alert to deal with the unexpected. That's why the show lives.

Kukla and Ollie turned out to be highly effective salesmen for new television sets, thanks to their friends. Every youngster who glimpsed the show was anxious to have his gang



Make Evening in Paris a part of you...

FROM DAY'S BEGINNING until the last Good Night, from the tips of your ears to the tips of your toes, make Evening in Paris a part of you. Wear it as you would your most flattering make-up, your most beautiful dress . . . keep its enchanting fragrance about you, always.

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TWO WAYS

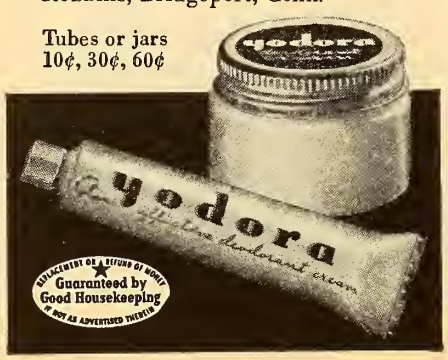


1. STOPS
not just masks—
perspiration odor

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and beautifies
underarm skin

Oh joy, oh bliss! YODORA is *different . . . doubly* divine, *doubly* effective, because it's *made with a face cream base.* Works two ways: **1**—really *stops* perspiration odor . . . **2**—keeps armpits fresh and lovely-looking as the skin of neck and shoulders. Safe for clothes, too. Today, try YODORA, the wonderful deodorant that works *two* ways! Product of McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

Tubes or jars
10¢, 30¢, 60¢



meet them. As word spread, Chicago's small fry scouted the town for receivers. An antenna on a roof was a standing invitation to come calling.

The mail that poured in expanded the Kuklapolitan cast. Obviously, the Kuklapolitans needed a mailman. Again Burr's childhood recollections supplied the answer. Fletcher Rabbit, who originated as a bit-player in Burr's version of Hansel and Gretel, was the choice.

To explain the workings of television to young fans, Burr also needed someone at home in the stratosphere. The Hansel and Gretel witch changed character. Burr freed her from her wicked heritage by giving her a small refresher course in sociology, electronics and aviation at Witch Normal, named her Beulawitch and made her the expert on things televisual.

Another character came into being because Mme. Ooglepuss had not taken kindly to Cecil Bill's deflection to Mercedes, and Madame is not one to wither patiently. No one is quite sure where she found him, but she suddenly had in town an overly-courtly and slightly moth-eaten Southern gentleman designated as Colonel Cracky. That a real-life colonel was about to open a rival TV station then was purely coincidental.

It may have been that Ollie was a little jealous of all these new characters, for he began to make noises like an oldest inhabitant. With family pride throbbing in his dragonly throat, he went out of his way to talk about his mother, whose ice-blue hair spun out behind her when, in the old days, she sailed over Boston. He spoke of how, after that certain unpleasantness in Boston, when dragons, witches and their ilk were purged, the family settled down to become substantial citizens of Dragon Retreat, Vermont. Ollie was spouting more genealogy than a D.A.R.

It troubled Kukla. He never speaks of the lovely ballerina who gave him his name. He may, via television, be into the Everywhere, but to him, his origin is lost in Nowhere. Wistfully, one day, he wondered out loud about it. Fletcher, said Kukla, was a rabbit, Beula was a witch, Ollie a dragon, but what was he?

A little girl visiting the show that day had an answer. She had, she said, asked her mother about it. "Mother says," she piped, "That you're a blessing."

That's good enough for Kukla, for Burr and the other people concerned with the show. From then on, they all designated Kukla as "a blessing."

This fall, Burr, who has not forgotten what RCA and NBC did for him in the lean days of television, has moved over to WNBQ, the NBC outlet in Chicago. The million-dollar contract notwithstanding, Burr remains an impressively modest guy. His original hat, if he ever wore a hat, would still fit. He lives with his parents in a comfortable, but not pretentious apartment on the north edge of Chicago, near Evanston.

His day, customarily, starts around ten o'clock when he pries his eyes open, wrestles on a white terry cloth robe and stumbles into the kitchen where his mother has breakfast ready. He's slow to wake up, he confesses, and his mother usually accomplishes the feat by turning on a wire recording she has made of the previous night's show.

Burr listens as he eats, interrupted now and then by a dive-bombing tiny green parakeet, who can say his name, "Buster Tillstrom," and also the name of Burr's sponsor. He hasn't, Burr insists, yet discovered he is a bird. Like Kukla and Ollie, he thinks he is real.

Breakfast finished, Burr usually contrives to spend an hour or so in his workshop where he makes props for the show. He's a skilled craftsman, thanks to his WPA theater days. The miniature gadgets you see Kukla and Ollie employ have usually been constructed by Burr.

Dr. Tillstrom's arrival is his signal it's time to quit the shop. The family lunches together, and then Burr leaves for Loop business appointments.

By three o'clock he reaches the studio where he confers with Jack Fascinato about music, talks with his friend Joe Lockwood—Monsieur Josef—about costumes, and dictates answers to fan letters. Then Fran arrives, Beulah Zachary and Lew Gomavitz, the producer and director come in and the plot huddle starts. Some one says, "Now why doesn't Kukla take the company on a tour of the Caribbean . . ." And they're off. A couple of hours later, televiewers are seeing it happen, right on the air.

There isn't, at the present time, any super-important girl in Burr's life. Every time some publication mentions he is unmarried, proposals come in. Burr is indifferent to them. He's sure they are meant for Kukla, not him.

It may be, too, he feels he has his hands full with Kukla, Ollie and the rest of the Kuklapolitians. Each has a life of his own which continues, in Burr's mind, off screen as well as on. They're quite a family, for to Burr, as well as to their television friends, Kukla and Ollie are real.

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Tune in "MY TRUE STORY"
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

My Mom and Dad

(*Continued from page* 25)

I like best for our last dinner together—fried chicken and cream gravy, and chocolate icebox cake for dessert—but I didn't seem very hungry.

When the three of us got to the airport, we couldn't seem to think of any last minute things to say. After all, this was the first time in my life that I had put 3,000 miles between us.

"Well . . ." I said, for the flight officer was checking the passenger list.

"Well, son," said Dad, and left it hanging there in mid-air. I kissed Mom and started up the runway.

Just as I got to the steps, I heard Mother yelling to me.

"Write when you get work," she called, and I could hear Dad laughing, and I was suddenly laughing myself, and the butterflies were gone.

"Write when you get work!"

How that took me back, back to that house on Bradley Avenue, in Peoria, Illinois, the house where I was born.

Our family had lived with Dad's parents when sister and I were kids.

Mother and Dad had gone into vaudeville with a musical act—Mother played the piano, and Dad was the tenor in a male quartet—soon after Dad came back from the First World War. They were out on the road a good part of the time and leave-takings were a matter of course. Sometimes, if bookings were good, they'd be away for months. Sometimes, in bad times, they'd be back after a couple of days. Kay and I never could think of those as "bad" times. Weren't Mother and Dad at home for baseball and picnics?

There was always a flurry of nervous excitement in the house when the folks were packing to go on the road. My grandmother would make an especially nourishing dinner, and then see them to the door.

And every time, as they hurried down the walk she'd shout after them, "Write when you get work."

It was hard to see anything very glamorous, or even special about a job which made my folks work so hard, for so little fame and fortune.

I found my grandfather, who had hunted buffalo with Buffalo Bill, and been a cow puncher on the western plains when there were still Indians to deal with, a really glamorous figure. I kept him awake nights in the bedroom we shared, pumping him for all the tall tales he could remember or make up about life in the old West.

My father, then, seemed just like any other kid's dad, a fellow who worked very hard to make a very ordinary living, and who could be counted on to hold up the family honor in the fathers' baseball games at Rogers Park on Sunday afternoons.

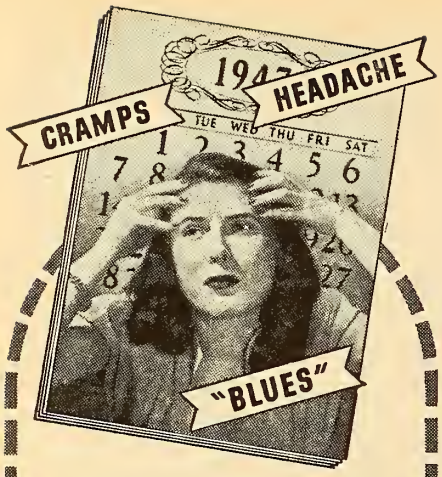
Dad was easily the best player on the block—except for one terrible day.

On that black Sunday, they put him in right field. I was disappointed that he wouldn't have a chance to show off. None of the batters in that league could hit into right field.

In the ninth inning, when our side was one run ahead, a fellow—purely by accident, believe me—struck a long fly ball right into Dad's hands, and he dropped it. He said he was blinded by the sun, but sun or no sun the other side scored two runs. We lost the game.

It took me years to forgive him for that, although he more than made up





"BLUE" DAYS
CAN BE
BRIGHT DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

R
M

for it on a dozen of other Sundays.

I could brag about the sports prowess of everyone in my family in those days, and I needed to. I wasn't so hot myself. My mother had nine brothers, all ball players, and could catch like a man and run like a deer, and even my *sister* could beat me in races at picnics.

My sister, like all six-year-olds' big sisters, I guess, was pretty much of a pain in the neck in my eyes then.

It wasn't enough that she got wonderful grades in school, and I didn't, and was always carrying home notes from the nuns telling mother what a little hellion I was. Even worse was the fact that I had to wear her hand-me-down sweaters, and sometimes—hideous memory—had pants made out of her outgrown skirts. Fortunately I had inherited the only army overseas cap in the neighborhood, or the kids would have laughed me off the block.

Things got so tough at one point that I decided—as all boys will, at least one time in their lives—to run away.

Rather hoping, I expect, to be talked out of it, I announced my departure plans one morning at breakfast.

Grandmother and Kay gasped; Mother kept on turning pancakes.

"Go ahead," she said calmly, "run away if you want to."

Dad hit the porch—he was in his pajamas and robe and slippers, and there was a foot of snow on the ground—just as I reached the gate. He caught up with me half a block down the street, and by that time he was barefoot. He had lost his dignity running down the street in his pajamas in broad daylight and he had lost his slippers in the snow, and he was mad as blazes. He made me know it.

I fared better when we moved to Chicago.

Mother and Dad were in radio now, and home all the time—evenings anyhow. They had to leave the house at six every morning to be on the air at seven in their new serial program, Smack Out, and they put in a full eight-hour day after the program on the next day's script. But we had dinner together every night, and wonderful long weekends.

We were living in an apartment then, near the north branch of the Chicago river, and all the kids were kayak crazy. We could not afford a kayak, my father said, but we Jordans were resourceful people. We would make one. He sent away for a kayak-kit and the whole family repaired to the basement to put it together. We built the frame, and caulked it, and began stretching the canvas for the cover.

At this point, Dad looked around him in the basement room, at the narrow, winding stairway from the main floor, and the tiny slits of windows over the coal chute and turned green.

It was a beaut of a kayak all right, but it would have to be launched right there in the basement. There wasn't a way to get it out.

I stopped feuding with my father about this time, to start feuding with President Roosevelt.

I had fifteen dollars in a savings account when the new president closed all the banks early in 1933, and *my* bank never reopened. I held Roosevelt personally responsible.

This worried my father, who thought That Man was doing his best to dig the people out of a hole, and when the president came to Chicago to deliever a speech at the opening of the Wacker Drive bridge, he took me.

It was quite a speech, and when it was over I was willing to forgive Franklin D. Roosevelt for the loss of my fifteen dollars. I forgave him so hard that I cast my first vote for him.

By the time I was ready to go to high school Fibber McGee and Molly had evolved from Smack Out, and with the family relatively prosperous we had moved to the first real home we'd ever had, a lovely brick and stucco house in a suburb of Chicago.

The folks registered me in Loyola Academy, my sister was a junior at St. Scholastica's and already going out with boys, and I am sure they felt redeemed when I not only made decent grades, but made the football team. Second squad, but the team.

I never will forget one Saturday when mother came out to the school to see me play. I warmed the bench for the two first quarters, feeling extremely foolish, but early in the third quarter the coach put me in at halfback. I could hear mother whistling that blood-curdling whistle of hers all the way from the stands.

I got the ball on the very first play. They hit me back of the line like a ton of bricks. I nearly got killed, and I lost four yards on the play. As they carried me off the field, I could hear Mother shouting, "Atta boy, Jim."

I had finally found a sport, though, at which I could really excel. I found out I was a pretty good swimmer. I made the Academy team in a breeze. With a lot of practice, there was a chance that I might even make A.A.U.

Unfortunately, it was also about this time that I had begun to smoke. Secretly, of course, I had started by swiping cigarettes out of Dad's humidor to



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give to the older boys I ran around with, and then began experimenting with them myself, locking myself in the bathroom, dragging away frantically and blowing smoke out the window.

I got caught, of course. There I was with a half-smoked cigarette, and there was my father, watching me. Painful memories of the day I tried to run away from home crowded my mind.

But Dad surprised me.

"It's all right," he said. "Go ahead and smoke if you want to. But I doubt if you make A.A.U." I quit smoking.

Dad was pretty proud of my swimming record, I think, although he tried not to show it.

At this time, I was swimming the mile every day—a length not often tackled in high school meets—and I did the ninety-nine lengths every morning under twenty-five minutes.

Of course, I had to brag about it.

"Why, that's nothing, son," my father told me. "Your uncle and I used to swim five miles down the Chicago river just to go fishing."

I didn't even know he was kidding until he added, "and then we swam upstream all the way back, lugging the fish."

We never got away with much vainglory in our family. But for that matter neither did Dad.

We got our first car in 1934, and Dad got a new white pongee suit, and a white hat and white shoes to go with it. And on the first Sunday, the family embarked on a drive to the airport.

Midway, we pulled up short at a stop sign. It had started to rain, and the two cars just ahead of us had skidded and crashed. A great big bruiser of a man got out of the front car, and came back to pull a little fellow—who looked for all the world like Donald Meek—out of the car which had piled into his. He began to give the little fellow a beating. Then the women folk got out and began pulling hair, and the six kids in the two cars set up a bedlam of screaming.

This my father couldn't stand. He forgot about his new white suit, and he forgot about the rain, and he climbed out from under the wheel and went to the defense of the Donald Meek.

The little man, who was doing very well by himself, heaved the big bruiser down, and then he turned on Dad and pushed him in a mud puddle, just for messing up his victory.

I was beginning to propagandize for a car of my own. A year before I had protested violently when Kay wanted me to go with her to the Friday night dances at St. Ignatius social hall. I was a fast four feet tall then, and found myself sitting on the sidelines like a faded wallflower while Kay flitted about, the belle of the ball.

But I had grown about a foot in the past year, and had learned a couple of dance steps in addition to the Irish Jig and the time step my mother had taught me in her vaudeville days, and I was newly interested in the Friday night dances. But I didn't want to go with my sister. I wanted to take a girl, and everybody knows you can't take a girl on the street car.

Mother was inclined to sympathize with me, and began giving me driving lessons when Dad wasn't looking. He had turned down my first appeal with a flat statement that there were too many young sharpies terrorizing the neighborhood already.

I got pretty good, after a few lessons,

DON'T LET YOUR DAUGHTER DOWN WHEN SHE ASKS ABOUT THESE *Intimate Facts of Life!*



Here's Up-To-Date Scientific Information You and She CAN TRUST . . .

What a comfort that the age of hypocrisy and prudery has passed and that helpful scientific facts can now be made available to women today. Vaginal douching 2 or 3 times weekly for intimate feminine cleanliness is so widely recommended and taken for granted that the *real* question is *what* to use in your douche.

So make sure your daughter knows this! *No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is* SO POWERFUL *yet* SO SAFE *to tissues as* ZONITE. (If you have the slightest doubt about this scientific fact—send for PROOF in free booklet offered below.)

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That's why you should be so grateful for ZONITE. It has such a powerful germ-killing action yet is absolutely safe to tissues. ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating.* Use it as directed as often as you wish.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE eliminates odor, removes waste substances and discharge. You feel so dainty and refreshed. Helps guard against infection. It *kills* every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE ZONITE DOES KILL every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE at any drug counter.

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Cutex with Enamelon stays lovely day after day after day! Resists chipping, flaking, peeling as no polish ever did before!

Today, try this new, *miracle-wear* Cutex! So pure . . . even women with skins so sensitive they cannot use other polishes state that they can use new Cutex with perfect safety!

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If you don't find that New Cutex wears longer than you ever dreamed possible, send the bottle to Northam Warren Corporation, Box 1355, Stamford, Conn., and your money will be refunded.

and gradually Mother—with Dad's consent, finally, since it was three against one—let me take the car out.

I had a dog then, a wonderful little fox terrier pooch named Teenie for one of Mom's characters on the radio show. I had had her for eight or nine years and I was crazy about her. So dearly that I kept her around even after a half dozen specialists had told my folks that having a dog made my occasional attacks of asthma worse.

Mother let me keep Teenie, and put up with the asthma attacks, but she swore that if anything happened to Teenie we'd never have another dog.

The unhappy point to all of this, to get it over with, is that I took the car out alone for the first time and half a block away from the house I ran over my own dog. Teenie died in my arms, and I sat on the curbing and wept like a baby and I didn't care whether I ever saw another automobile.

Mother, who had heard the commotion, came out and sat down with me for a minute, and then she got into the car and drove away, drove straight out to the country to the kennels where she bought a beautiful little cocker spaniel as a present for me.

Very few guys have a mother like that.

Fibber McGee and Molly moved to the West Coast in 1936, so that Dad and Mother could make a picture, and of course the program has originated in Hollywood ever since.

Kay went east to Trinity College just about the time the family moved west, but I trotted along with the folks and signed up for my last year of high school at Loyola High in Los Angeles. My plans were all laid out—as most boys' were in those pre-war years. I would finish high school, go to U.S.C. for a couple of years, and then go to Georgetown to the United States School of Foreign Service.

I got as far as U.S.C., and then of course—like everybody else my age—I went to war. Of course I spent most of my service time as an air corps cadet in the hospital with the old asthma on the rampage, and I never got overseas. But neither did I get to Georgetown. I will never know if I would have made a good diplomat. I could fill you in—and so could my folks—on how I did as a movie actor, and a radio actor, as manager of my dad's cynararia nursery and as a movie producer (get me!) and ultimately as the wizard of television, but I have long since cancelled all of those orders for striped pants, tophats and tailcoats.

I think before I wind up these memoirs, I really ought to tell one story to get my father off the hook. After all, in picturing him as the man who dropped the ball, the man who built the immovable kayak, and the man in the white pongee suit, I am giving out a pretty one-sided portrait.

He's an avid hunter, and a good one, but he has never been able to live down a photograph one of his pals took of him at our ranch one fall. The picture is entitled The Quail Hunter and it shows Dad down on his belly in the field, aiming his gun with steely nerves at some object off scene. And nibbling at the heels of his very expensive hunting boots are five of the tamest looking quail you ever saw.

Dad could bring in the limit of anything and still be labeled "The Quail Hunter." Until he decided to go bear hunting in Alaska.

It was in the summer of 1941. Mother and I went with him—after all, he might get hurt.

Actually, we all hunted bear, and we all shot bear. I shot five or six. Everyone in our party, with the single exception of Dad, bagged at least one. Dad went out with us every day, but he didn't take a shot. At night he would explain that he didn't choose to shoot just any old bear, he wanted to shoot a *good* bear. As days went by, that story got weaker and weaker.

Our last day out, Dad spotted his prey, in a stream about 250 yards away.

He saw him first, and he announced "That is my bear."

It was the most enormous animal I had ever seen. I confess that most of us were thinking only of what would happen after Dad had missed him.

But he didn't miss. It took him twenty minutes to line up his shot, but he only shot once. That bullet went right through that bear's shoulders, the cleanest shot I ever saw. And when Dad's bear was measured that night, he found that he had missed the world's record by one quarter of an inch.

Nobody calls Dad The Quail Hunter any more. The picture of "his bear" has been pasted over that old photo.

Now, at least a couple of times a year, he spellbinds Kay's little daughter, Diane, with stories about the time he shot the biggest, well almost the biggest, bear in the world.

Diane thinks her grandfather is pretty special. Just as I did when my grandfather used to tell me about Buffalo Bill and the Indians.

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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Check Your Local Paper For Time

That Guy Lombardo

(*Continued from page 30*)

I swallowed it hook, line and sinker. When we got there and I saw the band in formal summer dress I felt as foolish as a schoolgirl.

But as things turned out, my friends more than made up for their little joke. Several of our party knew Fred Kreitzer, Guy's pianist, and when he came to our table during one of the intermissions he told us about the litter of kittens which the house cat had recently presented to the management. Fred asked if we'd like to come backstage and see them, and since I loved animals I was eager for a look at the new arrivals. But I was completely unprepared for the real surprise that awaited me backstage.

The kittens were there all right, but so was Guy! He was seated at a table, feeding the little tabbies with crumbs from that Cheese Dream I mentioned. I was so surprised I couldn't speak for a moment. There I was being introduced to the famous Guy Lombardo.

But Guy—to whom I was just one of the hundreds he had to meet day after day—knew how to handle that. His pleasant, casual manner put me at ease and in a moment we were talking and laughing together quite naturally. I told him how much I enjoyed his music, and he in turn gallantly offered to play anything I requested. But all too soon the intermission was over and the band went back to play.

Guy came to our table several times that evening but I didn't know I was the reason for it—until he asked me to dance! I don't remember much of what we said, but anything Guy had talked about would have thrilled me. I know we discovered lots of mutual interests—sports and music and especially speedboating. Guy had been fascinated by speedboats ever since he was a little boy. I knew something about them, too, for I had often driven the boat of one of my friends. And when I told him I had studied piano, voice and violin, he was quite impressed. I quickly informed him, however, that as a musician I was a rank amateur. My violin playing probably would have been better if I had used a golf stick for a bow.

But the happiest surprise of the evening came when Guy asked if he might see me again. I was drifting on clouds. I don't believe in love at first sight but I think someone must have sprinkled stardust in my eyes that night.

Guy and I spent many happy days together that summer—boating, swimming, taking long walks—just enjoying each other.

In those days he didn't have a speedboat to tinker with, but he loved working on his car and was always trying to get more speed out of it. The engine was constantly undergoing major surgery, and I had lots of fun playing the role of chief nurse at my mechanical wizard's operations. I'd never met anyone quite like Guy before. He was always bubbling over with enthusiasm for some new project, yet never forgetting the practical things needed to make his dreams come true. By the time the summer ended and the Royal Canadians left to go on tour, I knew that Guy was a rare individual—and, to me, a very important one.

I don't imagine anyone would call the letters I received from Guy love letters. Mostly they were full of talk about music and sports and the things

She guessed wrong!



What's your guess?



We asked a smart young model . . .
"What's in this wrapped box?"

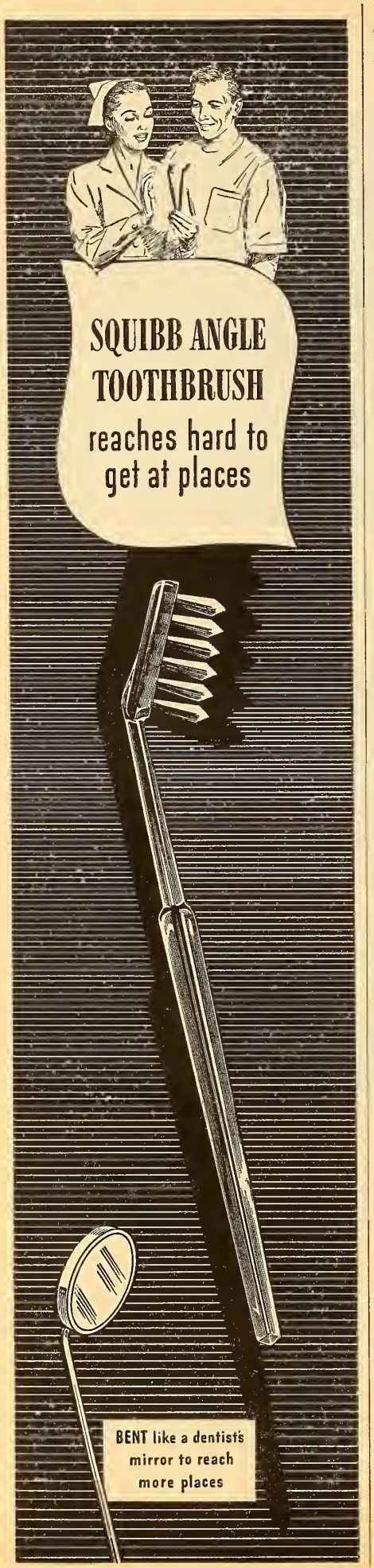
"It's facial tissues," she said.
But she guessed wrong.

THE WRAPPED BOX in the picture above looks as if it *might* contain stationery . . . or bath salts . . . candy . . . facial tissues . . . a dozen different things. But . . .

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he was doing. But Guy could make even the most impersonal topics sound romantic. Besides, I was reading between the lines—I hoped—and so they were love letters to me. Sometimes I talked them over with my older sister, Viola. Viola and I were very devoted to each other and I always went to her for advice. Her quiet, serious ways were a good balance for my carefree, fun-loving nature. Together we made a good team—and we still do. Viola would never say much when I rambled on excitedly about Guy's letters but I could tell from her understanding smile that she thought they were love letters too. While Guy was away I had other dates, of course, but I began to notice that I was thinking more and more about him and saving all the important things to write to him.

Then one day he was back, calling for me in the old stained jumper he wore when he worked on his car, and we dashed off to test whether the latest mechanical improvement would push the speedometer up another notch. Love? Well, we weren't really thinking about it; we were having fun, and everything we did together seemed to click. But, as time went on, Guy's talk of future plans always included me, and the talk sounded perfectly natural. We both seemed to understand that someday we'd be married.

One afternoon Guy was busy making some adjustments on the car's engine. He was far under the hood, and I was passing tools to him. As he worked I heard him say, "Honey, the next band tour is going to be a long one. I'd like you to come along. Let's get married."

I took a deep breath. "Fine," I replied, calmly—as calmly as I could!—and handed him a wrench.

Suddenly he jumped up. "Hey, I just proposed to you!" he exclaimed. Like all men working on engines, he was smeared with grease, but even so he swept me into his arms and kissed me.

A few weeks later, after I'd got all the grease out of my hair, we were married.

We still joke about the fact that we've never really had a honeymoon. But this year we're going to do something about it. A trip to Europe, we hope—and we want to get to Italy in time for the speedboat races. Music is our greatest pleasure, but close behind in our affections come boats.

Even our home began with a boat. And a dream, of course—one of those dreams that Guy has such a talent for turning into reality. It started out to be a summer cottage, but before we finished we had another big "Lombardo production" on our hands. We had purchased a cabin cruiser and had rented a dock for it on a canal in Freeport, Long Island. It would be fun, we thought, to live on the boat that summer and spend our days cruising. There was only one drawback. No telephone. And for Guy a phone is vital. So he had a line run to the dock and a phone installed in a little box on a post.

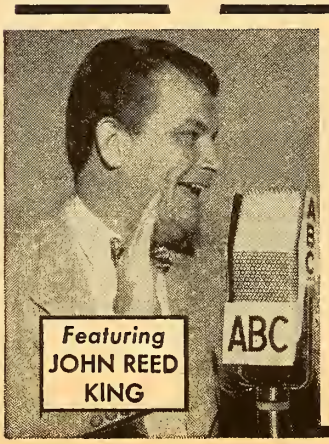
Well, our summer started gaily enough. We'd cruise during the day and return to the dock each evening, dog-tired and ready for a good night's rest. No sooner would we have the boat moored than that phone would start ringing. And the moment Guy left the shelter of the boat to answer it the skies would open and send rain pouring down. Poor Guy. There was nothing he could do about it. The calls were so important he just had to stand there talking in the rain, and by the time I came running with a raincoat he'd be soaked to the skin.

Guy is a patient man, but after a half dozen drenchings or so he gave up. "Lilliebell," he said. (He gets formal like that when he's about to make one of his major pronouncements.) "Lilliebell, we're going to build a summer cottage." "Wonderful," I answered. "Where?" "Right here," Guy replied. "We can buy a little piece of property around the dock and build ourselves a nice cottage. With a phone *inside!*"

So out came paper and pencils and we began planning. Guy started off with a basic thirty-by-thirty floor plan. Into it he tried to squeeze a million things—bedrooms, living room, kitchen, workshop, den. The longer we worked the more things he thought of to add. Finally he looked up in desperation. "This will never do," he said. "It's hardly big enough for a living room." So we decided to call Guy's brother, Joe. Joe is one of the best designers and decorators in the business, and we knew he would know what to do. What we didn't count on was how *much* he would do.

When Joe arrived he took one look at our plan and one at the property around the boat slip. Then he rubbed his hands happily together and set to work. Before the night was over our "little piece of property" had become three acres. And the house he and Guy dreamed up is a two-story, twelve-room affair with a nautical motif. Half of the house is built over the slip, on white cement pilings. The main living

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quarters are on the second floor, and on the ground floor are playrooms, work rooms and garage. A wide veranda on the second floor runs three-quarters of the way around the house.

Our modest thirty-by-thirty plan became the living room, and it's our special love. In spite of its size it's friendly and home-like. Large picture windows with bright, flowered drapes overlook the canal and lawns. On the knotty pine walls are pictures of our favorite sea scenes. The floor is on two levels. The lower level, by the fireplace, is semicircular, bordered by white leather divans. The higher level has an immense green rug and right in the center is a long, red table. The rest of the furniture is on the massive side, done in white with a large green fern pattern.

I know it all sounds awfully large for two people, but when you think of the size of the Lombardo clan which often descends on us you can understand why we need so much room. Besides, with all our pets, we need lots of space to keep peace in the family.

As far back as I can remember I was always surrounded by pets. My family lived on a large estate and Dad just about turned it into a zoo. We had every imaginable kind of pet—even an eagle and a skunk. And there was a stable full of trotting and riding horses, too. But when Dad became ill we had to move to a more modest home and there was no room for our pets. Viola and I were heartbroken over losing them, but of course Dad's health came first.

Today Guy and I have started a little zoo of our own and it's rapidly becoming rather formidable. We have six dogs (five Pinschers and a wire-haired terrier), a Siamese cat, a parrot, two love birds and a marmoset monkey. She's a fantastic little creature, six inches tall, with a tail twice as long as her body. She prefers Jello and scallions for dessert. Fanny Lombardo we call her, and she's shamelessly in love with Guy. Loves nothing better than to cuddle on his shoulder and wrap her long tail around his neck. Sparky, the terrier, is Guy's favorite, though. And mine too. He was a prize for one of the speedboat races I won.

Guy's parents live in Connecticut, in a lovely home he built for them. Originally all the Lombardos planned to live there, but of course when the children got married they moved into places of their own. But they're still the closest family you ever saw. At the slightest excuse they'll get together for one of their wonderful family reunions. Any day will do—holiday, Sunday, what have you. The phone will ring and it will be one of the family saying, "Let's go out to Mom's."

Excursions to Mom's always have a festive air, like a country picnic. Joe, ever the decorator, usually arrives with a new piece of bric-a-brac. Then he chases around all day re-arranging things. He loves it at Mom's because she gives him a free hand. Guy's other brothers, Victor, Lebert and Carmen, with their wives and children, make a gay, noisy entry. Rosemarie and Elaine, Guy's sisters, are always on hand for the festivities too. Elaine and her husband, Kenny Gardner, have been bitten by the photography bug, and come laden with enough equipment to make a full-length movie. The children make the most of the big outdoors and their grandfather's pets. Papa Lombardo doesn't stop at dogs and cats—he has chickens and ducks and goats and rabbits, all in large quantities.

"ME, JOHN? ME— UNRESPONSIVE—COLD?"



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Mom's table is always a masterpiece. There are heaping bowls of vegetable salad, peas steamed with onions, and sweet and sour carrots. Steaming platters of spaghetti usually serve as the main course—and there are three sauces to choose from. One with sweet and hot Italian sausage, one with sweetbreads and sauteed mushrooms, and a pungent, spicy, meat sauce. And heaps of fluffy hot biscuits, and a tasty wine from Papa Lombardo's cellar.

After supper we have a little siesta and Carmen usually plays the piano. Pretty soon the whole gang joins in, singing the sentimental old favorites. Sometimes Mom will give in to the boys' persuading and sing a lovely old lullaby. The festive mood gradually changes into one of tranquillity. The children's heads begin to nod and that's the sign that it's time to leave.

On those quiet rides home a gentle feeling of contentment and happiness steals over me. I lean back and close my eyes and count my blessings. How lucky I am to be part of such a family . . . how lucky to have a husband like Guy. How much I love him for the little things he does, as well as the big things.

Little things like never forgetting a birthday or an anniversary, like making his own holidays when the gift-giving spirit moves him. Guy returnd from one tour on my birthday with a beautiful crystal ring set with rubies and diamonds. Then on Valentine's Day he gave me a matching bracelet. A few nights later I came to the supper table to find a jeweler's box by my plate. Inside was a lovely double crystal clip set with stones to match the ring and bracelet. Brushing the happy tears from my eyes I asked, "Any special event?"

"Two special events," he grinned, "rainy Tuesdays and you." Is it any wonder I'm so crazy about him?

Many of the famous bandleaders were once Guy's proteges—Louis Prima, Johnny Long, Freddy Martin, Lawrence Welk and the Korn Kobblers are just a few. But we both feel the most worthwhile thing we can do is to help underprivileged youngsters. Each summer we send a group of boys to camp, and Guy keeps several clubs supplied with sports equipment. As for the Royal Canadians, I think the fact that eight of the original nine men are still with Guy shows how much they think of each other.

Touring with the band is great fun, and I used to go along, but lately I haven't had the time. My breadwinner got so many projects going that *one* of us had to stay home and take care of them. And I can't lead a band!

Naturally, I missed the tours at first, but I was much too busy to mourn over past pleasures. Besides, I knew something would turn up to take their place—and something did. Guy's friend, Frederic Ziv, one of the top talents in radio production, hatched the wonderful idea that resulted in the transcribed Guy Lombardo Show. Now, when the band is recording the program, I make my own little tours to New York to see them, and to watch the exciting Ziv magic turn out those letter-perfect radio shows.

Of course, most of Guy's projects center around speedboating. He's one of the finest speedboat drivers in the United States and has a whole room full of trophies from the races he's won. But his most prized possession is the trophy he won for first place in the 1946 International Gold Cup Regatta.

Guy has so many schemes underway that it's hard to keep track of them all. Besides his band work and speedboating, he's treasurer of the American Powerboat Association and owns two music publishing firms. As if all this weren't enough, our latest project was launched this summer—a restaurant.

For me it has been the most exciting thing we've done together. I was reading in the living room one evening and Guy was in the kitchen experimenting with a new variety of Cheese Dream. Suddenly I heard the familiar warning signal. "Lilliebell," he called, "can you think of any good reason why we shouldn't have our own restaurant?"

I made a few hesitant noises. "What's the matter?" he challenged. "Don't you think you can handle it?"

"All alone?" I asked.

"Well, I'll be away a lot, so it'll be mostly up to you," he said frankly; and his enthusiasm, as usual, caught me too.

"It's a deal," I grinned, picking up the phone to call Joe.

That's how the East Point House got started. It was lots of fun—planning with Guy and Joe, working out problems with the architects and contractors, seeing the sleek, modern building begin to take shape. It's really a magnificent place and we're very proud of it. There are long sliding windows to let in the ocean breezes, the walls are covered with large photo murals, the roof is made like a deck for outdoor dining, and in the cocktail lounge is a large glass case for our trophies.

The huge kitchen, with its great stoves and gleaming pots and pans was too much for Guy when he first saw it. "Boy," he said gleefully, and I could hear that dream machine of his shift into high. "Imagine what a tremendous Cheese Dream I can turn out here."

"Never!" I said, staggered by the thought and worried by the painful look on the face of our French chef.

But I know my Guy. One of these days he'll get to that kitchen and make another of his dreams come true.



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My Husband, Red Skelton

(*Continued from page* 33)

Red's profession had at long last driven him to this unusual pastime would be wrong. With his keen analysis of humor, my husband was just doing a little home work. He still collects clippings of ballet dancers, we attend every ballet possible, he reads books on ballet, and we saw "Red Shoes" five times. With a clinical eye, Red studies the grace and hand movements of the dancers that can be best utilized in his own comedy routines and pantomimes. We have a clip of the picture, "Bathing Beauty," in one sequence of which, as you may remember, Red disguised himself as a ballet dancer in a dancing class in a girls' school. He runs and re-runs it yet, studying the movements of the "other" artists. Naturally, being Red, he would have a foreign sound track dubbed in, and he awaits with eager expectancy the double-takes of our guests when they hear him speaking Spanish while doing nimble Arabesques in a bouffant pink ballet costume. Even then, Red is clocking their reactions and judging how much funnier the sequence is with the Spanish dialogue.

People are constantly asking me what it's like living with my favorite comedian.

Living with Red is like living with laughter. But it is far more than this too. It's living with a wonderful human being who has an affinity for nature and for his fellow man.

Red goes happily about the business of creating laughter with all the thoroughness of a laboratory technician. He studies real-life situations. Every night before he goes to bed he writes down fifteen of the funniest things he's heard throughout that day.

He has leather-bound volumes of notes he's taken about people he's met in trips across the country, complete with dates, names, probable ages, professions, conversations and usually candid shots of them. The pictures may be of a farmer astride a plow in a field, a man who owns a hardware store in Amarillo, Texas, a colored bootblack in New Mexico.

I wasn't able to accompany him on his last trip through the Southwest, but he introduced me eagerly to all his new friends "This is Tom and Bebe," he said of a snapshot from Dallas, Texas. "Tom's had diabetes very bad. For a year he sat up in a chair and wouldn't go to bed . . . says too many people die there. . . ."

People who invariably ask Red where he learned to "do a drunk" so realistically seem startled when he replies, "From children . . . from watching the unbalanced movements of a baby learning to walk." Red is always studying children's faces for a typical expression to pantomime. Everything comes from children, he says. Camera fiend that he is, he's been making movies of our two since they were five days old and he will pore over the pictures for hours at a time capturing some look.

He's a wonderful father for our vigorous offspring—and a highly entertaining one. For not only does Red read nursery tales to them, but he plays all the animal parts at the same time. A physical comic, Red can imitate the exact body movements of every animal. When Valentina says delightedly, "Do

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There is no magic about *The Common Sense Way* to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book *No More Alibis* you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

In *No More Alibis* the author tells you how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure.

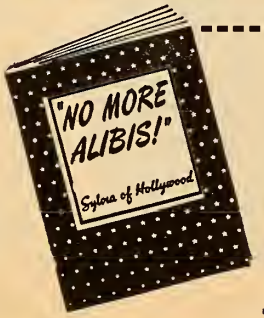
Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how completely and thoroughly Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that all of Sylvia's instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever.

Some of the Subjects Covered

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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Some men are better heard than seen but as the French say, there's an exception to every rule, and Don McNeill happens to be my favorite exception. Perhaps you'll say I can't go wrong when a man is 6′ 2″, dark and handsome. But, Don McNeill, the man who makes the Breakfast Club radio program my dish every morning at 9 AM, is no addle-pated adonis but a genuinely nice guy as I've found out from personal experience. For sixteen sensationally successful years he has worked on the theory that one man's corn is another man's candy, and his round-up of fun and foolishness (applauded by Swift, Philco and General Mills) turns me into a modern Minnie-Ha-Ha five times a week. But as he told me, variety probably accounts for the 250,000 fan letters he gets a year and to put it mildly the Breakfast Club is vivid with variety. There's spontaneous comic combustion, sentiment, nostalgia and a time for prayer and hymns, many of which McNeill writes himself. To use an old vaudeville billing, the Breakfast Club is 60 beautiful minutes 60, generated by the gentleman who's made America realize coffee and comedy go well together — Don McNeill. Just a reminder—Don and the gang get together over ABC every morning at 9 o'clock EST.

★ ★ ★

Unless my eyes and ears deceive me where there's a groom there's a bride but—what's even more intriguing—there's often a tale of a romance that's riotous enough to pin your ears back. Since marriage is a public affair every day on "Bride and Groom" at 2:30 PM EST I've heard some startling stories of "how they met." Think the story that should win a place in the Hall of Fame is the one about the shortstop who missed a fly ball that soared through the air with the greatest of wizz and hit the future Mrs. Shortstop on the heart! It's just such miraculous meetings and a delightful aura of hope, happiness and humor that make "Bride and Groom" the sterling (Sterling Drug that is) marital marvel that it is! Remember you can join the fun at 2:30 PM EST every weekday by tuning in your local American Broadcasting Company station.

★ ★ ★

Other Tips on ABC Daytime Dialing

Betty Crocker 10:25 AM EST
Helpful hints to your man's heart.

My True Story 10:00 AM EST
The true vivid drama of life itself.

Victor H. Lindlahr 10:45 AM EST
Diet tips from a food expert.

Joan Lansing

Advertisement

a deer, Daddy," Red really "does" a deer, with all its frightened shyness. When he does a grizzly bear he waddles clumsily around the floor with a bear's familiar rolling gait. And when, for an encore, he decides to be a bunny rabbit, he literally turns into one, with big eyes and ears and a floppity jump.

Red works in his beloved little "bachelor hideaway" which I converted from the guesthouse for him, and which boasts its own front lawn and flower gardens, including a row of prize peonies and dahlias Red proudly planted himself. It was this guesthouse, together with the picturesque spiral staircase and the unusual architecture of the quaint round hall of the Georgian Colonial house that made us fall in love with the place immediately and know, after months of house-hunting, that at long last we were home.

Believing a home should be an expression of the personalities of the people who live there, I redecorated it completely into "Comfortable Modern," which seems to suit our household. To wit: our two baby redheads, who have their separate rooms and nursery and their own little winding stairway; our housekeeper, Ida; our Scotch nurse, Margaret; Red's beloved thirteen-year-old cat, Lucky, another good-luck piece through show business; and our neighbor's visiting Great Dane dog, Duke, who has so lovingly adopted Red.

We redecorated Red's den too, lightening its original dirty-brown walls by using pale rose and lemon yellow to give the illusion of lots of sunlight. This, one might say is done in Comfortable *Electrical* Modern, since it's furnished with an electric typewriter, electric pencil sharpener, wire recorder, television, radio-phonograph, movie projector, film cutting equipment, a two-burner electric stove (I surprised him with that for his birthday after seeing him eyeing it wistfully in a hardware store), and a small electric trailer-size refrigerator we bought with money we'd saved out of our vacation fun and which I keep well stocked with bacon, eggs, roquefort cheese, brown beans and cokes, so Red can whip himself up a snack when he's working late —many nights until four A. M.

An acquaintance was a little startled the other morning to find my husband working in the garden, laying bricks and mixing cement while attired in a grey flannel suit and his best brown suede shoes.

At her look, Red remarked, "Never did like brown suede shoes anyway."

She thought it was funny. But to me it was a little heartbreaking, for I knew only too well why Red was all dressed up working away. Why he stays dressed up even at home all the time. Mostly to convince himself that, even now, he has a coat and pants that match. Too vivid still are the memories of an impressionable kid who left home at the age of ten because he was hungry. Too sad those years in which his widowed mother fought a losing battle to find enough food for her brood. And during which, as Red says, "I never had a suit that matched. Always as a kid I just had a pair of pants and a sweater. Sometimes I can't believe I have one now. So I wear them. . . ."

So—we make an extra big thing out of celebrating Christmas and birthdays and all holidays now. I always decorate the house, say, for Hallowe'en, and we dine by the light of pumpkins with little candles in them. For months before Christmas we go window shopping together, each of us noting the counters where the other stops and particularly the gifts admired. Then, come Christmas morning, we've surprised each other with a number of them.

Red is an overgrown "Junior" about presents anyway, and is as proud as a kid of the gold gifts people have given him, not so much for their monetary value as for the sentiment expressed by those who gave them. He has gold watches from Eddie Cantor and Danny Thomas. A gold key to our home. And a miniature gold album, Edna's birthday gift to him, which attaches to his key chain (gold) and is filled with tiny miniature gold frames and pictures of his mother, myself, the children, Edna, and all the members of the cast of his radio show.

Red's as psychic as he is sentimental. On one hunting trip to Wyoming he was enthralled by a picturesque little town he passed through high up in the mountains in Colorado. For some strange reason he felt drawn to the place, he said, when he called me the next evening, still full of excitement about it.

"You've got to see it too, Little Red. Some day I'll bring you back with me and we'll visit it again."

When I inquired the name of the town and he said, "Glenwood Springs, Colorado," I laughed . . . but softly. For I had already seen it. I was born there.

When Red was stationed in Italy he wrote, "I'll be home in six months." And in exactly six months and three

the man who spreads the golden rule . . .



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days, Red was back home with us.

He was a little "psychic" about our wedding date too, although in this case it was a planned state of mind. And one which struck no common romantic chord with his C.O. in the Army who, when he read the news, threatened to "send that Skelton to Calcutta—and lose him—for this!"

When Red had first mentioned getting married I told him I thought we should know each other at least a year. By that time we should at least be familiar with, if not acclimated to, each other's faults and virtues. One year from that date Red managed to get leave from the Army base where he was stationed in Virginia and come home. Realizing he could hardly ask for leave just to get married, Red conveniently remembered the tonsils his family physician had advised him having out long before. He had the tonsillectomy—but after the marriage ceremony.

We were married in Beverly Vista Church with only immediate relatives and a few intimate friends present. It was then I got an insight into the Skelton sense of humor on his mother's side, when at the small reception following the ceremony she became a casualty of a bottle of champagne that fell off the sideboard and broke, scattering splinters of glass on her feet.

To her son's solicitous inquiry, "Are you all right, Mur?" she grinned, "To heck with my legs. They're sixty years old. But this was a *fresh* bottle of champagne."

Red's a hostess's headache at Hollywood dinner parties, for he has no qualms about insisting she rearrange her table seating, saying politely, "If you don't mind, I'd like to sit next to Mrs. Skelton." When the surprised hostess, who probably can't comprehend why any husband doesn't want to take advantage of even this brief matrimonial respite, objects mildly, saying this will throw off her entire table arrangements, Red is equally positive.

"I married her because I want to be near her," he insists. And the switch is made. He's always been a little puzzled over this bit of social strategy. "I can't understand why they want to split 'em up anyway," he says.

True Irish, my husband has all of that noble race's sentiment. Equally, all the fire. Nothing gets his Irish up and going overtime like any traitorous affiliation against this country. He resents as a personal affront the "Commies" or any who engage in un-American activities against a country to which Red is so humbly grateful. A country whose way of life has enabled a penniless red-thatched Hoosier kid to enjoy its fullest opportunities.

When material worries like production meetings and big budgets close in on him, Red envisions establishing his own Skelton Shangri-La, a cattle ranch, on top of Big Sir mountain near Carmel. There he can run Angus cattle, and there he, too, can roam at will.

Like Will Rogers, my husband never meets a man he does not like. In fact, he never meets a man he doesn't already "know." It makes him feel so good now to walk down a street in a strange town and have people address him naturally with, "Hi, Red!" And, he adds happily, "offer me a cup of coffee—just like I'd lived there all my life!"

It makes me proud when I walk into a room with him and watch the way people brighten up.

Then once again, I'm glad that my husband is Red Skelton.

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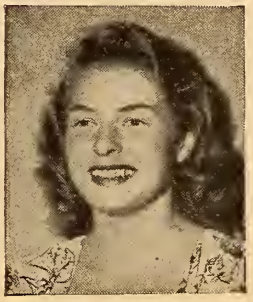
Also in this issue:

"The Way of The Transgressor"—People said that Bea Todd was bad! Through the years she proved that they were right!

"Beauty Queen"—Leonie Martin wanted to win the beauty crown. She didn't realize what she would have to go through before she could get the prize she valued so highly!

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Johnny Olsen

(*Continued from page 28*)

dinner where you move to a new location for each course. Just latch on and keep up until we can go home."

It sounded hectic but fun. In the WABD dressing room, where Penny was firmly lipsticking a televisable mouth and Johnny slicking his smooth hair down just a little slicker, there was only time enough to ask, "How's Lena, the good luck poodle?"

Forty-five minutes and a half-dozen quiz contestants later, in a taxi, Penny caught her breath to answer, "About Lena—I just clipped off all her hair, and she's the funniest sight. I was walking her on Riverside Drive the other day when a boy stepped up to ask, 'Lady, is that really a baby lion?'"

Lena's position, officially, is that of mascot. Her arrival marked the end of a run of hard luck and sorrow which RADIO MIRROR readers, too, had a hand in breaking.

"You remember all the awful things which happened to us after our little dog died last winter," says Penny. "That was the start, and a deluge followed. Johnny's father passed away, and we were both terribly broken up. Then it was the apartment. That meant an awful lot to us, for it was the first real home we'd had in years. We sent for our antiques and started to settle down at last."

Her face clouds at the recollection. "It never occurred to us, when we talked about it on the air, that we were inviting disaster. On a Rumpus Room broadcast, we announced it was finished. That same night, on another show, we got word it was on fire. We rushed home and found that we had been robbed, too—all we had left was the clothes on our backs.

"It hit doubly hard because I had to go to the hospital for an immediate operation. Next, Johnny's best programs cancelled. We felt as though we had lost our last friend.

"We were feeling so low that John Gibbs, Johnny's friend and agent, decided to take a hand," Penny continues. "He brought us Lena, assuring us a new dog would change our luck.

"It was the strangest thing, but do you know she did? The very next day, Johnny got a new show. Then the RADIO MIRROR story ran—but let us show you, rather than tell you, what happened after that."

When the taxi delivers you on Park Avenue, Lena, the animated good luck piece, makes herself heard before she is seen. Her happy yips start as soon as the elevator lands, and when the door opens, she hurls herself, ecstatic with joy, into Johnny's arms.

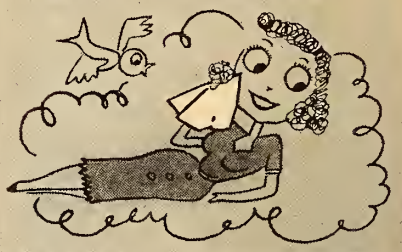
Says Penny, "She's the jumpingest dog. Sometimes I think she's crossed with tomcat or jackrabbit."

Although the Olsens look out on the towers of Manhattan, the interior of the apartment presents a rustic aspect. Johnny and Penny, forever homesick for the country, have created a sky-high version of a Midwest farmhouse.

Antiques furnish the spacious living room, and each one has a story. Stopping in front of the open-front maple dresser, Penny lifts a plate. "This china came from Johnny's home, and the milk glass was my mother's."

"And Penny's grandfather carved the settee in the hall," Johnny volunteers.

"We're sort of sentimental," Penny confesses, "I guess we both like old-

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fashioned country things best of all."

"We're sentimental about our fans, too," says Johnny. "Our families' fire shower surprised us, but the second shower, from RADIO MIRROR readers, really knocked us for a loop. Come on, Penny, let's get the things."

They return, arms heaped high with hand towels, bath towels, dish towels and sheets. "I've never had such linen in my life," Penny says. "I received some of the most gorgeous luncheon sets."

Deeply serious for a moment, Johnny says, "Tell everyone how much we appreciated the gifts, will you? We'll never forget what our friends did for us."

Says Penny, "Much as I love every single present, I can't help feeling people shouldn't have done it. I know some of them had to sacrifice things they needed themselves in order to send these to us."

"Well," says Johnny reflectively, "there's joy in giving, as well as receiving. We've handed out over a million prizes, but I still get just as much kick out of it as the contestant, providing it's a fun prize—something which doesn't amount to a great deal, but which the person will enjoy using.

"This may be a strange thing for a quiz master to say, but it turns me sick to have a contestant get within reaching distance of a whopping big award and then miss the question. When I see that shocked, dead look come over their faces, I realize that winning, to them, meant getting rid of the mortgage or paying for an operation. I know they'll forever reproach themselves for missing the question."

Penny, well aware of Johnny's habit of carrying his listeners' problems home with him, seeks to switch the conversation to a lighter vein. "I won a quiz prize once. In fact, because of it, I actually got on ABC before Johnny did."

She goes on to tell how, when Johnny came to New York to apply for a job, she waited in the corridor until a man came by and asked if she would like to be on Ladies Be Seated.

Penny says, "I had never heard of a 'regular'—a person who goes to every audience show—and I certainly didn't know that their badge at that time was a red hat. Ed East, with a then-new show to run, thought it wise to choose a few persons who had seen a microphone before. He spotted the red hat I had on and invited me in.

"I answered my questions, and I'd won an ironing board before it dawned on me that would be pretty clumsy to tote home to Milwaukee if Johnny didn't get his job. I also thought of how little cash we had. So I asked East if he would buy it back. He gave me the most disgusted look. He must have figured he had a real nut on his hands and it was worth anything to keep the peace. He gave me three dollars."

The big clock booms three deep notes. Johnny looks up with a grin. "Coffee time?"

"Coffee time," Penny agrees. Leading the expedition into the kitchen, she comments, "After ten years of learning Olsen's Norwegian habits, you'd never guess my ancestors were Irish."

She sets the coffee to perk, then says, "It will take only a minute or two to get dinner started. We're having Johnny's favorite dish — Norwegian hamburger soup."

"It's really like a stew," Johnny explains. "My mother, having ten children,

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used to cook it to make the meat stretch. We'd make a meal of it."

Penny takes a fresh recipe card from her file box. "Let me tell RADIO MIRROR readers how to make it. Giving the recipe is one way to say thank you for the shower. Just follow these directions:"

Norwegian Hamburger Soup

Break an egg into a mixing bowl. Beat slightly, and to it add salt, pepper, a dash of sage, a chopped onion, and just a little garlic.

Add the hamburger, mix thoroughly, shape into small balls, and roll the balls in flour. Melt fat in a dutch oven, and when it's sizzling, drop in the hamburger balls to brown. Add some water, and let simmer for about three hours or more.

When the meat is cooked, add the vegetables—carrots, celery, potatoes, peas, green beans, cabbage and tomatoes. Simmer for an additional thirty minutes.

"Then add one more line," Johnny instructs. "Deeelicious! Penny is my favorite cook."

"And it's just lucky I like it," Penny continues, "for Johnny never wants to go out to eat. I suppose the only way we manage the schedule we do is because when we're through, we come home, get into old clothes and really let our hair down and relax.

"Johnny has his record collection, and I've got my cooking for hobbies. The most fun I've had in a long while was when my niece came here on her honeymoon. I'd always wanted to cook a wedding dinner, so we put all the leaves in the table and called our friends and relatives.

"I set the table with my best linen, and of course there were flowers. First of all, we started with cream of chicken soup, and after that, we had fried chicken, carrots and peas, potatoes and gravy, and green salad. For relishes, I had home made dill pickles, stuffed celery, and radishes. I baked Parker House rolls and served them with melting butter. For dessert, we had strawberry shortcake, followed by mints and coffee."

"Just a simple little meal, tossed together after a day over a hot microphone." says Johnny with a grin.

Penny matches his smile. "Savour the recollection, my lad, for you get store-bought cake with your coffee today. The housekeeping suffers when I fly out to Chicago to watch you televise Fun for the Money."

"It's worth it," Johnny replies. "We've worked together so long that I'm lost without Penny. Even if she isn't on the show, I need her in the audience. We are partners in everything we do. One is no good without the other."

"How's about a little partnership in setting the table?" Penny suggests. "The hamburger balls are almost brown enough, Lena wants to be fed, the coffee's ready, and everything seems to be happening at once."

"Sure," says Johnny, ambling into the yellow-walled dining room. He takes dishes from the china closet, then holds up a cup for inspection. The pattern is a scene which might have been drawn from Penny's Wisconsin hills.

"See," says Johnny, "we can't get away from it, even in dishes. We may live in the biggest city on earth, but Penny and I like to think we're still country kids."



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The Man Who Invented Enterprise

(*Continued from page 36*)

popular radio programs—House Party, People Are Funny, and You Bet Your Life. He's the vice president of John Guedel Radio Productions (there is no president, but there are fifty-nine vice presidents).

He's the guy who invented the word enterprise.

At least four stars date their careers BG and AG—before Guedel and after Guedel.

Granted, Art Linkletter, Harriet and Ozzie Nelson, and Groucho Marx were already radio personalities when they met John. But all four of them are quick to admit that their stars took on a brighter light the day John Guedel stepped into their lives.

Ozzie was a bandleader and Harriet his singer, providing the musical entertainment on The Red Skelton show. Occasionally, they played foil for Red. John was producer of the show in those days and naturally got to know Harriet and Ozzie pretty well. One day, he got an idea for a switch.

"Why don't you and Harriet work up a show of your own?" he said to Ozzie. "Portray yourselves in a situation comedy. Let the music become incidental."

Ozzie liked this idea so much he set to work to write the script himself. Later, when Skelton entered the Army, John sold The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet to replace Red. For the past two years, the show won RADIO MIRROR Magazine's poll for the most popular husband and wife team on the air.

When John Guedel met Groucho Marx, Groucho's movie career as one of the Four Marx Brothers (with the other three no longer around) had come to an impasse. Groucho had made three stabs at a radio show of his own, and now he was doing guest appearances on other, more popular radio comedians' programs.

John dropped by the studio the night Groucho was guesting on Bob Hope's show. In the middle of a scene, Bob accidentally dropped his script. Groucho tossed his script in the air. For the next ten minutes Hope and Marx fought it out—ad lib for ad lib. The audience was weak from laughter when the program came to an end.

The wheels began turning in John's head. What made Groucho so funny tonight? Could it be that the material that came out of his mouth, off the cuff so to speak, was better than that of any script writer? It not only could be. It was.

John approached Groucho and said "Hiring you for a scripted show is like buying a Cadillac for hauling coal. What you need is a show *without* a script—a program that will capitalize on your natural wit."

Thus was born the You Bet Your Life program—the show that won *both* major radio awards in 1949. The radio editors of America picked it as the best quiz show in 1948 and, much to Groucho's surprise, it won the Peabody Award for being the best comedy show.

In the case of Art Linkletter, it was just lucky chance that John Guedel switched on his car radio to a San Francisco station one day while riding to work in Los Angeles. A local show was on the air called Who's Dancing Tonight? John liked the friendly voice coming over the airways. He made a

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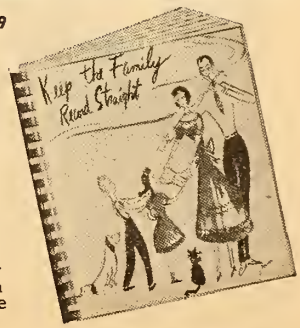
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mental note that he wanted to meet the guy behind that voice—Art Linkletter.

Two years later, in 1941, Art was visiting Los Angeles. A mutual friend arranged a meeting. John says, "We struck it off right away. When we got together, things began to blossom."

"Making things blossom" is not new to John's family or friends.

John's enterprising nature came to the fore shortly after his family moved to Beverly Hills from Portland, Indiana. John decided to go into the pop business. But he wasn't content with just one stand. John had vision. He wanted to be the Pop King of Beverly Hills. He opened a series of stands.

This required finding a lot of stand operators. An easy feat for John. He made the job sound so enticing to the neighborhood kids that they all agreed to work for free. The only remuneration they received was all the pop they could drink—before 9:30 in the morning, and the title of manager—all day. John admits he shamelessly exploited his playmates, but they loved their title so much they became his willing slaves.

In 1931 John graduated from high school and the next fall he entered the University of California at Los Angeles. While he was in high school and during his freshman year of college, John's family changed homes frequently.

"The houses kept getting bigger and bigger," John says, "until one day my father called a family meeting in the living room of our rather spacious Bel Air mansion. He had an announcement to make."

"We're wiped out," John's father stated simply.

In the year 1932 a lot of men were telling this same story to their wives and children. John was shocked but he only felt sorry for himself for about five minutes. Then he began to think of ways and means. He says that lack of money in his instance was a godsend. Until that time, he had no particular ambitions and no goal in mind. Now he had a goal. He would become a writer.

John's father, in the meantime, had decided to become a writer too. He had once been a very successful manufacturer and real estate man, but he had always wanted to be a writer. Besides, to start over in business, he would have to have capital. To be a writer, "capital" need be only one typewriter. They had that.

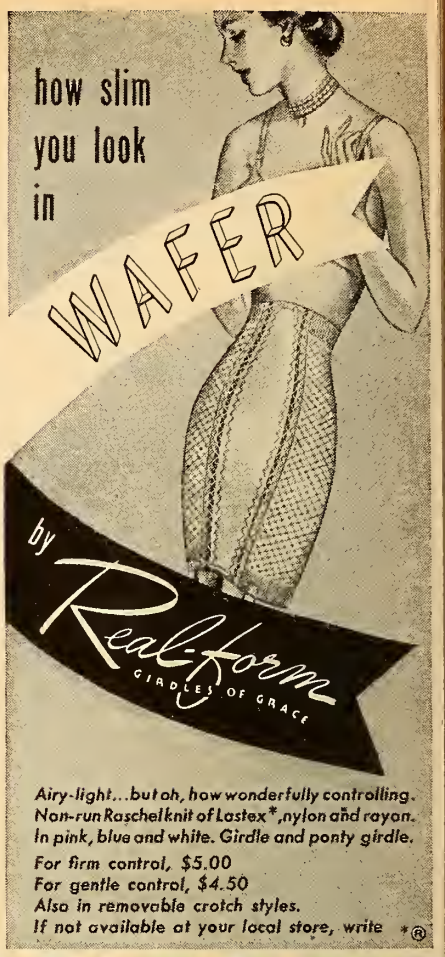
He and John took turns at the typewriter and fortunately Pop began selling stories to the pulp magazines for John didn't sell a thing.

Several rejection slips later, John decided he'd better get a job, if he could, and write on the side.

He got a job selling the kind of paper you see in drugstores, pasted on the mirror to advertise malted milks and ice cream sodas. The company gave John Indiana and Illinois as his territory. And this was all they gave him. For John had to purchase the paper outright. If he could sell it, swell. If not, he was stuck with it. And stuck with it he was. The company went bankrupt.

John returned to California. At least it was warm there.

He kept writing whenever he got a chance. When the rejection slips started piling up, John remembered the advice of his English high school teacher. She said, "Write what you know about." John decided to try this out and started writing the story of his



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If jittery nerves occasionally get you so keyed-up you can't relax, try MILES NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or effervescent tablets.

life. He was nineteen years old then.

John reckons he amassed 187 rejection slips from thirty-five stories written during his sleeping bag period (including twenty for his autobiography). Today, hanging on the wall of his spacious office overlooking Hollywood's radio row are those rejection slips, all neatly framed. John calls his picture, which hangs opposite his desk, "Lest We Forget."

In the Spring of 1933 things began to look up. John sold a cartoon idea to *Esquire* Magazine for five dollars. And a few months later he sold a magazine story for fifteen dollars. This was the extent of his career as a magazine writer, but it did encourage him to keep on writing.

The following Fourth of July found John broke again, still out of a job. He decided to go to the beach. When his family was in the chips, they had belonged to the Bel Air Bay Club, exclusive beach swimming resort. Remembering how clean the sand was there, John went to the public beach a half mile past the Club and worked his way back along the sand. He saw a young man he thought he recognized, sitting near one of the cabanas. The young fellow turned out to be Hal Roach, Jr., whom John had met several years before. Through this chance meeting, John got a job writing "Our Gang Comedies" for twenty-five dollars a week.

He was on easy street now, he thought. Then the studio closed down. Mr. Roach had decided to go bear hunting, and every time he went on a hunting expedition he closed the studio.

The only job open at that time was one John took—working for the Beverly Hills Sewer Department. John was smaller than most of the fellows on the crew so the foreman sent him down into the pipes when he thought gas might be escaping. Luckily, none ever was.

In 1934 he met a cartoonist and they worked out an idea for a comic strip. Then they went down the list of news service agencies in alphabetical order. NEA was the only one that answered. An NEA official wired—"Not interested in the drawings but interested in the man who writes the words."

John wired back, "Does that mean I have a job?"

The reply was vague, so John borrowed enough money to get back to Cleveland, the home office of NEA. The official was so astonished to see him that he put him to work on a daily column, called "Barbs", which appeared in NEA's 733 papers. For this he received twenty-five dollars a week.

But John still wanted to write for pictures. He figured out that the best way to get the attention of the picture people was to write dirty cracks about the movies and send them to the producers. Finally, one producer took the bait—Hal Roach. The studio had reopened. John went back to work in Hollywood for the next two years, during which time Roach shut the studio down six times.

In October of 1936, John married Beth Pingree. Later that month John lost his job at the Roach Studio. (It was bear hunting season again.)

"We had $700 in the bank, between us," John says. "And Beth didn't want me to get just another job. She wanted me to be a writer. So she got a job and I stayed home and wrote. We figured that we could live on $97.73 a month, but by April of the next year



America's favorite boudoir slipper!

Honeybugs®

Made to be worn and worn. In plush with soft fluff of bunny fur. Black, Royal, Light Blue, Pink, White, Red. Sizes 4 to 9, **$2.99**
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At your favorite store, or write to Honeybugs, Inc. — 47 W. 34th St., New York 1, N.Y.

LARGE Bust

WOMEN! Sizes: 34 to 52 Colors: NUDE WHITE BLACK

Special Design "YUTH-BUST" Bra Gives You a More Alluring Youthful Bustline INSTANTLY

Self-Conscious about over-sized spread out, sagging busts? Does your bustline make you look years older than you are? Both Longline and Bandeau styles of "Yuth-Bust" Bra have an exclusive patent pend. feature. Gives busts a bewitching separation. Style No. 101 Longline (pictured) also has SPECIAL V-CONTROL FEATURE of midriff support to help FLATTEN BULGING STOMACH; also girdle attachment hooks.

One of Our Many Satisfied Customers Below Says:
I've always had expensive bras made to order. But I could never get the satisfactory fit, style and attractive bustline for my full bust that your "Yuth-Bust" bra now gives me.
—Mrs. B. Hauft, Norwalk, Conn.



BEFORE Mrs. Hauft wore the "Yuth-Bust" Bra, she looked tired, older, matronly and heavier because of her large, spread out bust.



AFTER she wore "Yuth-Bust" Bra, her glamorous bustline permitted her to wear youthful, smart style clothes and go places with her husband.



Style No. 101 $2.98

Also same style in Bandeau Built-up Shoulder No. 404 $2.75

Look Slimmer and Years Younger
Light and comfortable—yet firm! Built-up shoulder straps of bra fabric. Simple adjustments. Excellent durable fabric—easy to wash.

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON!

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Rush to me my "YUTH-BUST" BRA in plain wrapper in style, size and color checked below. I will pay postman on delivery price plus postage. If not delighted in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

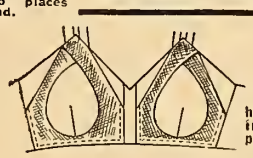
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☐ Check here if you wish to save postage by enclosing price with coupon. Same money back guarantee.



SECRET INSIDE CONTROL
helps correct your individual bust problem!



Illustrated are some of the large bust types who can be helped.

Special patent pend. bust molding feature on inside lifts, supports and cups large busts into the smaller youthful, alluring shape you want, whether they are extra large, spread out or sagging.





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KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. Inc.

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Cleans Pore Openings • Reduces Skin Blemishes • Works Wonders With Tired Lines In Face



Look better, feel better, after the first application with Hopper White Clay Pack®. See for yourself how this amazing facial pack cleans pore openings, helps tighten the tired lines in your face and loosen blackheads which can then be easily removed. Yes, you can thrill at the new loveliness of your complexion, the radiant, tingling feeling that is yours after a facial with Hopper Clay Pack. It's easy to use, costs only a few cents. At drug or cosmetic counters.

we were down to our last twenty-three dollars. That is when I decided to go into radio writing. I got a job in the first advertising agency where I applied. At first I did nothing but write jokes. Then I got a chance at more serious stuff. I began writing half-hour dramas for Forest Lawn Memorial Park."

During this period, John says, he committed two major crimes—he originated the singing commercial announcement and the audience stunt show.

The audience stunt show idea came to him one day while doing research on James Garfield in the public library. He accidentally pulled out an old book called *Games*, and this gave him the idea for a switch on straight quiz shows.

"They weren't new ideas," John admits, "just twists on old ones."

He developed a show called Pull Over Neighbor. The first stunt was simple, but it presaged great things to come. A contestant was supposed to sing "Smiles" and at the end of each line, John shoved an ice cube in the man's mouth. The stunt brought down the house, just as the house comes down today when a contestant on People Are Funny (an outgrowth of Pull Over Neighbor) gets a pie shoved in his face by Johnny's father. Yes, Pop, as everyone calls him, is a vice president in John Guedel Productions too—and a very important one. He's script editor on the People Are Funny program. Sixty-three years old now, he's been earning a living by writing ever since that fateful day in 1932.

John's mighty proud of him. And he's mighty proud of John.

For John's sleeping bag days are far behind him. Today, his earnings average $150,000 a year. He has a beautiful wife and two adorable children.

But John Guedel isn't resting on his laurels. As a matter of fact, he's just getting started, judging from the reports of his nineteen-day European "vacation" this past summer.

Between visits to Napoleon's Tomb and the Louvre, John managed to transact the following business deals:

An agreement to transcribe People Are Funny and House Party into English, Italian, Spanish and French to be broadcast over the forty-seven Luxembourg radio stations . . .

A deal with a London baby carriage factory to manufacture a new-type carriage for countries on the Continent . . .

And a deal to sew up the popcorn concession in 1,700 theatres in France, the Netherlands, Italy and England, as well as street sales.

Popcorn is not yet fashionable in these countries—but it will be, it will be!



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ABC STATIONS

Read **NANCY CRAIG'S COOKING PAGES in this month's RADIO MIRROR Magazine**

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FREE! 8 new knitting instructions for men's, women's, children's sweaters and men's socks. Send 3¢ stamp for postage to Wonderized: 30-20 Thomson Ave., Long Island City 1, N. Y. Dept. T-119.

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When a Girl Marries

(*Continued from page 45*)

normal, healthy, in no way handicapped woman who is so callous to her most fundamental responsibility that she is willing—even eager—to give up her child. That she is being encouraged to do this by the man she intends to marry promises poorly for the marriage, but this, of course, isn't your problem.

Actually, this man has made an important point in saying that the boy would be happier with you than with his own mother, for feeling as they do about him, it is not likely that your sister and her fiancé will exert themselves to make a successful home for the child. It is all very well to insist "He is your child, take him!" but what of the boy himself? Shunted about in this brutal way, it seems almost inevitable that he will build up that dangerous sense of being unwanted which psychologists tell us is at the bottom of so much adult misery and maladjustment. For the sake of the boy's happiness, perhaps you can arrange a compromise with your sister. Make your insistence purely financial. Explain—if necessary, call a family council including her fiancé—that you are willing to give the boy a happy home which it seems evident that he could never have with his mother, but that you positively cannot burden your husband with the increased expenditures that a growing boy entails. If they are willing to contribute adequately to the child's support, the chief reason for your unwillingness to keep him will be removed. If they refuse, I think you must then insist that your sister assume complete responsibility, for you are not justified in penalizng your husband and your own boys for her greater comfort.

But, no matter how the situation resolves itself—will you be careful to keep the boy from being too cruelly hurt? The most crushing unhappiness is likely to fall on his young shoulders unless somebody stands by with understanding help . . . and it looks as though, no matter what happens, you and your husband and your own boys will have to give him that.

BEWILDERED

Dear Joan:

What is the social status of a teen-age girl with an annulled marriage? We were just too young and since I've returned home I realize that and would like to get back into the teen-age activities I used to enjoy. I'm so bewildered at times I'm not sure if I should act as a single girl, a wife, or a widow.

E. A. B.

Dear E. A. B.:

If your marriage annulment and return home have all been rather recent, both you and your friends will naturally feel a certain self-consciousness at your reentrance into the group. Time will ease any strain, however, particularly if you learn to handle yourself with poise and honesty. By all means consider yourself a single girl; even legally your marriage is held not to have existed, and there is no reason why you should carry its memory around with you to blunt the pleasures of your "second chance." Don't talk about it; don't fall into the trap of trying to impress your girl friends with how much more experienced you are than they; and make it plain to the boys you know, in a friendly, quiet way, that you expect to be treated just like any

Small BUST

WOMEN
Sizes 28 to 38
COLORS
NUDE
WHITE
BLUE
BLACK

Special Design "Up-and-Out" Bra Gives You A Fuller, Alluring Bustline Instantly!

NO PADS! NO ARTIFICIAL BUST BUILDUP NEEDED

Self conscious about your flat-looking, small bustline? Figure beauty starts with a glamorous bustline. The sensational "Up-and-Out" Bra has an exclusive secret patent pend. feature that tends to lift and cup flat, unshapely, small busts into a fuller, well-rounded bustline like magic instantly!

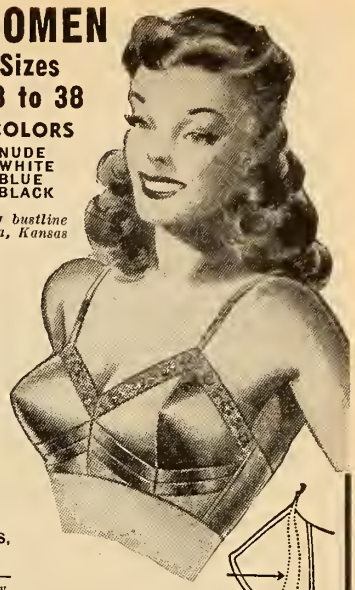
One of Our Many Satisfied Customers Below Says: ". . . *It's amazing how its special feature gives my bustline real glamour.*" —*Miss Doris Harris, Wichita, Kansas*



BEFORE Miss Harris wore the "Up-and-Out" Bra, she was flat, unshapely, and shy.



AFTER she wore the "Up-and-Out" Bra, her attractive bustline gave her poise, confidence.



NOW WEAR ALL FORM FITTING DRESSES, BLOUSES, SWEATERS, Etc. with Bustline Confidence!

Firm elastic back and easy to adjust shoulder straps. Beautiful fabric—easy to wash. Sizes 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38. Only $2.49. Mail coupon now.

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Rush my "UP-and-OUT" Bra in plain wrapper in size and color checked. I will pay postman on delivery $2.49 plus postage. If not delighted in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

Color.....How Many.....Size.....
Name.....
Address.....
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☐ Check here if you wish to save postage by enclosing $2.49 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee.

Profile View Of Hidden Feature in Bra, Which does wonders for your individual bust problem.

Illustrated are some types who can be helped.



Special patent pending bust molding feature on inside of bra lifts, supports and cups your busts, No Matter Whether They Are Small, Flat or Sagging, into Fuller, Well-Rounded "Up-and-Out" curves like magic instantly!



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LOVELY DRESS GIVEN TO YOU!

Ladies, here's your chance to earn up to $23 weekly! And besides, take your pick of dozens of gorgeous Fall dresses—**without a penny of cost.** That's what we offer you for representing us in your spare time. Show our popular frocks to your friends, then send us their orders. Collect handsome cash commissions **in advance.** No canvassing or experience necessary. Get free details of this unnsnal offer and Portfolio of new styles. Everything furnished FREE. Rush name, address and dress size on postcard. **Fashion Frocks, Inc. Desk C5053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.**



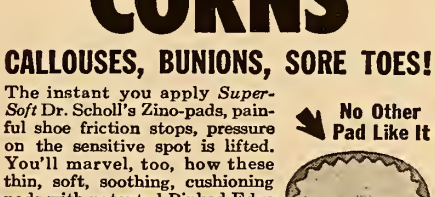
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CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES!

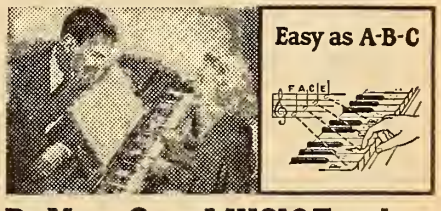
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Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Instrument.....Have you Instrument?.....
Name.....
Address.....

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I had one this morning,
But it didn't last.
I took **Alka-Seltzer**
And got RELIEF fast.

When your tablets get down to 4,
That's the time to buy some more.
Buy an EXTRA package, too—
That's the wisest thing to do.

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High School Course at Home — **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident School work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credits for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.

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Exquisite 20 PC. SET OF DISHES, large size, every piece perfect. Exp. collect. America's Grand Prize offer FOR SELLING ONLY 30 LOVELY XMAS CARDS. Sell on sight at 10c ea. Amazing gifts for selling 15 cards. Send No Money—Write Today. GUARANTY SALES, Dept. 46, LANCASTER, PA.



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MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST!

Just try this **SYSTEM** on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of **ATTRACTIVE HAIR** that can so very often capture Love and Romance for you.

MARVELOUS HELP for DRY, BRITTLE, Breaking-Off HAIR

WHEN SCALP and HAIR CONDITIONS are normal and dry, brittle, breaking-off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer . . . and much more beautiful. Amazing. The **JUELENE** System is not a hair restorative.

SEND NO MONEY—*Fully Guaranteed*

Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** for 7 days. Then let your mirror PROVE the thrilling results. **JUELENE** comes in 2 Forms ☐ Pomade ☐ Liquid. **SEND FOR IT TODAY! C. O. D. $1.00 plus Government charges. It is fully guaranteed. Money back if you are not delighted. Write Now!**

JUEL CO., 4727 N. Damen, Dept. B-610, Chicago 25, Ill.

other girl they date. As time goes by, and especially as you meet new people, you'll find that the brief, unhappy episode has almost passed from everyone's mind, including your own.

SACRIFICE

Dear Joan:

I have been married for ten years to the finest of husbands and I love him with all my heart—so much that I would be willing to give him up if I felt it would be best. Since the second year of our marriage, I have not been well. We have had no children and have not led a normal married life. I have seldom been able to share in his participation in community activities and our social life has been practically non-existent.

Through it all, my husband has been loving, patient, deeply devoted. We still share a deep love. However, more and more I feel like a burden to him, and wonder if he would not find greater happiness if I were to leave him. Should I offer hm a divorce?

Mrs. E. B. B.

Dear Mrs. E. B. B.:

Aren't you going out of your way to look for trouble? This, essentially, is your husband's problem, and from your description of his conduct he has met that problem in a mature, self-controlled, understanding manner—met it so successfully that the deep love you speak of must truly be the motivating force behind his actions. He hasn't given you cause for the slightest suspicion that he may be longing for freedom; on the contrary, it is evident that his relationship with you, your mutual happiness, are the most important things in his life. Why not strive to pattern your behavior on his, rather than allow yourself to fall into the invalid pitfall of brooding?

You don't say to what extent you are prevented from leading a normal social life. In these days, even partially disabled people find it possible to live happily and, within limits, actively. If you can't go out, perhaps you can do some quiet entertaining at home—even if you must do it from your bed. Don't worry about elaborate preparations for guests; a home that is warmed by the loving kindness which you and your husband share is bound to give pleasure to all who enter it. There seems no reason why you cannot enter into some of your husband's mental activities, talk over problems with him, interest yourself verbally in his affairs even though you cannot go about with him to any great extent. There are a dozen hobbies you might work out together, there are music and books and people to be discussed.

Probably you have allowed your mind to become inactive as, more and more, worry and apprehension crept into it. The only way to solve that problem is to pull yourself up by the bootstraps. Take another look at your life from a new point of view; surely there are many avenues of activity open to you. And if the opening of them calls for real effort . . . isn't your husband's increased happiness worth that?

OUT OF THE PAST

Dear Joan:

When I was fourteen my stepmother, who hated me, persuaded my father to have me sent to a reform school for incorrigibility. I stayed there until I was nineteen. It was one of the new, modern schools and I had every advantage

Engaged



Joyce Thoresen (Miss Photoflash of 1948) recently engaged, keeps her hands soft and free from chapping with Italian Balm.

You'll be amazed, the first time you use Italian Balm, by its *extra*-softening effect. In fact, you'll *feel* the difference *over night.* This original Canadian formula prevents chapping—positively softens roughest, driest skin. So rich, one drop serves both hands! Choice of countless doctors, nurses. Get a bottle—see the difference! 25¢, 50¢, $1.

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Italian Balm
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Unusual bargains in dazzling genuine diamonds which have slight imperfections. However, these do not mar the eye beauty of the gems, nor lessen their everlasting flash and fire! You will be amazed at the *low prices.* *Write for FREE catalogue.*

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Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D. D. D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

TINY RADIO—REALLY WORKS!



FITS IN YOUR HAND! Works on new "PERMA-CRYSTAL" so it NEVER NEEDS TROUBLESOME TUBES, BATTERIES OR ELECTRIC "PLUG-INS"! Easy to use—Plays for nothing—Should last for years. Beautiful Red Plastic Case. **GUARANTEED TO WORK** on local programs by following instructions. C. B. of Ala., says "Tiny Radio is just Wonderful"!

SEND ONLY $1.00 (bill, ck., mo.) and pay postman $2.99 COD plus postage or send $3.99 for postpaid delivery. SENT COMPLETE READY TO PLAY on simple attachment. Has personal phone. WONDERFUL GIFTS FOR BOYS & GIRLS. Low priced. Order YOUR Tiny Radio Now!

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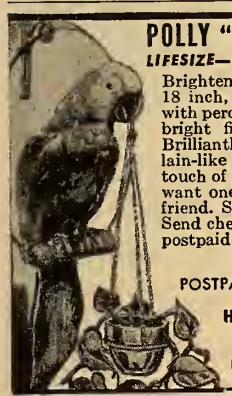
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700 NEW BUTTONS **$1**

Hundreds and hundreds beautiful buttons —all colors, designs and sizes. You can have dozens of "sets" for dresses, etc. These are "left overs" of large manufacturers who make buttons for makers of expensive blouses, dresses, shirts and other fine garments. Biggest bargain ever offered. $1 C.O.D. plus postage SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman. If not pleased, return for money back. I pay postage on cash orders. Clip this.
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LIFESIZE—GORGEOUSLY COLORED

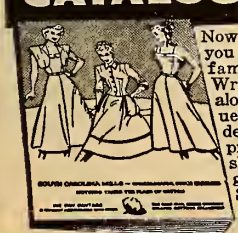
Brighten up your home with this 18 inch, lifesize Polly—complete with perch, mounting bracket and bright finish brass plant bowl. Brilliantly colored. Glazed porcelain-like finish. Gives an added touch of color to any room. You'll want one for yourself—one for a friend. Safe delivery guaranteed. Send check or money order. Sent postpaid in U.S.A. Two for $9.25.

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there I should have gotten at home—good schooling, pleasant living quarters. When I left they got me a job as a stenographer. I owed everything to my housemother, who taught me what a good life could mean.

I married a young advertising man and we lived in Chicago for eleven years. Now we have moved with our two children to a small New England city where my husband has an excellent position. But last week a new family moved into the house next door; it is my housemother and her family. I met her yesterday at the market. We looked into each other's eyes, and I didn't speak.

What shall I do? I couldn't bear it if my husband and my girls ever found out where I knew her. But she meant so much in my life, I feel so ungrateful now.

Mrs. H. S.

Dear Mrs. H. S.:

Reluctant as I am to say so, we all do learn as we grow older that these are times when complete, outspoken honesty is not the wisest course, that under some circumstances it may be advisable for the happiness of ourselves or those we love to recall that silence is golden. I think that yours is to some extent one of those cases. There is no reason to expose your two small girls to what must, to them, be a most upsetting revelation about their mother.

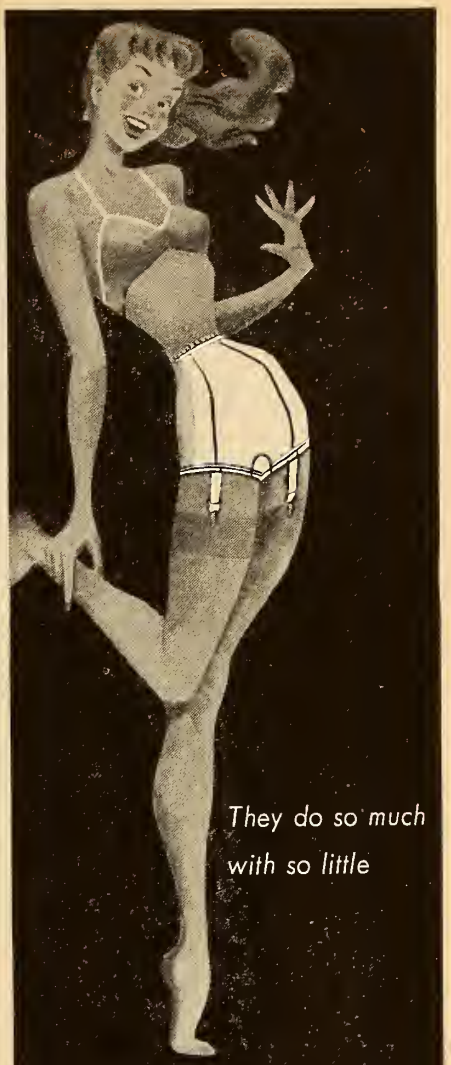
On the other hand, your husband is a grown person, capable of understanding your explanation of the past and of making his own judgment about it. Surely, after so many years of happy married life, you can trust his love and his basic valuation of you enough to tell him of your youthful difficulty. To be sure, there is another course open to you. You can arrange to have a private talk with your former housemother and explain your dilemma to her. Perhaps between the two of you you can concoct a convincing explanation of previous acquaintance which does not mention the reformatory, and you can then resume the friendship that was once so valuable to you. However, this involves a deliberate and sustained deception of your husband, and I can't recommend that you undertake it unless you're absolutely certain that your husband's faith and security would not survive the truth. I'm sure your friend will understand and agree that there's no reason for your children or the rest of the town to know the truth, but your husband is in a different category. Don't put yourself in the position of sharing with another person a secret which so intimately concerns you, and which your husband does not know, except as a last resort.

As this month's problem, I have chosen a letter which I believe will find its echo in many unhappy hearts. Mrs. R. E. has indeed a bitterly difficult choice to make. Can you help her? For the letter which offers the best solution, Radio Mirror will pay $25.

Dear Joan Davis:

I was an unwed mother when my baby girl was born, so my sister took her and raised her as her own. Soon after, I married, and my husband and I had two children. Last month my sister died, and my brother-in-law is unable to keep his own children or mine so he is putting her in a home. Should I claim her and tell my husband about her, or must I keep silent and let my baby be adopted?

Mrs. R. E.



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Be Thankful for These

(Continued from page 56)

PEACH UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

¼ cup butter or margarine
⅔ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
9 canned peach halves
2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ cup shortening
1 cup granulated sugar
2 eggs, beaten
⅔ cup milk
currant jelly
walnut halves

Scatter ¼ cup butter in small bits over the bottom of a greased 8-inch square pan. Place in a moderate oven (350°F.) to soften butter. (Don't melt). Add brown sugar and blend well with softened butter. Place peach halves on top of sugar mixture, round side up. Mix and sift flour and baking powder. Cream shortening with granulated sugar. Beat in eggs. Add dry ingredients, alternately with milk, beating just until smooth after each addition. Pour over peaches. Bake in a moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes, or until toothpick inserted in center comes out dry. Let cool 5 minutes. Then turn out onto plate. Fill center of peach halves with jelly and place a walnut half, in the center of each. Serve hot or cold. Makes 9 servings.

STEAMED APPLE PUDDING
(made from waffle mix)

1⅔ cups waffle mix
1 tablespoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup milk
2 cups chopped eating apples

Mix dry ingredients. Beat egg, add milk and combine. Gradually add to waffle mixture. Place chopped apples in bottom of well-greased ring mold (or individual molds). Place waffle mixture over apples. Cover tightly with aluminum foil, parchment paper or double layer of waxed paper. Steam slowly, covered, 40 to 45 minutes. Loosen with spatula and turn out. Serve hot, topped with nutmeg sauce or sweetened whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.

NUTMEG SAUCE

⅔ cup sugar
1½ teaspoon cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt in saucepan. Add boiling water and cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add butter and nutmeg. Serve warm with apple pudding. Makes 1½ cups.

CRANBERRY RAISIN PIE

1 package pie crust mix
2½ cups sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup water
1 cup raisins
4 cups fresh cranberries
1 tablespoon grated orange rind

Prepare pie crust mix as directed on package. Hold in refrigerator. Combine sugar and cornstarch in saucepan


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and mix thoroughly. Add water and cook 5 minutes. Add raisins, cranberries and orange rind. Bring to rapid boil. Cover saucepan and remove from stove; cool. Roll out half the dough into a circle 11 inches wide and fit into a 8-inch pie pan. Pour in cooled cranberry mixture. Roll out remaining dough, slash, and fit over top. Seal edges well with floured fork. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400°F.) 35 minutes. Makes one 8-inch pie.

PRUNE WALNUT TURNOVERS

1 cup prunes
⅓ cup chopped walnuts
2 tablespoons honey
1 tablespoon butter or margarine, melted
1 box pie crust mix
4 tablespoons water

Stew prunes according to directions on package. Slit and remove pit carefully. Mix chopped walnuts, honey and butter. Place ½ to ¾ teaspoonful in each prune. Make up pastry according to directions on package of mix. Roll out into a rectangle 10 inches by 15 inches (⅛ inch thick). Divide into 6 five-inch squares. Place 2 to 3 prunes on one side of square. Prick other side. Fold diagonally to make triangular turnover. Press edges together with floured fork. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 20 to 25 minutes or until pastry is brown. Makes 6 turnovers.

NECTAR MINCE PIE

¼ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
½ cup raisins
1 cup prepared mincemeat
½ cup chopped nuts
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 recipe pastry (use prepared mix)

Cream together shortening, sugar and salt. Add eggs singly, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add remaining ingredients except pastry and mix thoroughly. Line a 9-inch pie pan with 2/3 the pastry. Pour in mincemeat mixture. Roll out remaining pastry. Make cut out design and arrange on top of filling. Seal edges. Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Makes one 9-inch pie.

PEAR MERINGUE

To Cook Pears:
6 pears
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon ginger
1 stick cinnamon
½ cup sugar
Meringue:
2 egg whites
pinch cream of tartar
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

Peel pears, leaving them whole and stems attached. Cut a small slice from bottom so they will stand upright. Cook water, spices and sugar 5 minutes. Add pears and cook slowly, covered, basting occasionally until tender but still firm (30 to 40 minutes). Drain well. Beat egg whites until foamy. Add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Add sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Add vanilla; beat until smooth. Spread meringue on pears; leaving bottom free. (Use a pastry bag, if you have one.) Stand in baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20-25 minutes. Serve hot or cold.



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Pattern of Faith

(*Continued from page* 61)

innocent, wouldn't you prefer that he have his name cleared?"

Pauline shrugged irritably. "It's because I *am* Clarry's friend that I want her out of this mess. But you'd have to find the real thief first."

"And you don't think that can be done?"

To that question, Pauline had given no answer. Instead that disturbing look came over her face again.

For the time being, Carolyn could do nothing for the Whelans beyond keeping their name out of the *Tribune*. She'd reported to Morse that there was no story in Claribel Whelan. But she hadn't dared admit to him that she'd found something else. How Morse would scoff if he knew she had embarked on a crusade to save the happiness of a girl she had seen once. It was the kind of blind faith he was always warning her against. But Morse faded into harmlessness when she remembered Claribel's parting words, the undaunted hope, "I think it's going to be all right. Don't you? I think we can do something . . ."

Yes, but what? At half past seven that night Carolyn, still asking herself that question, found herself at what was always called "the scene of the crime." You wouldn't have to be a very experienced thief, she admitted to herself, to see the possibilities in Eastview Drive. It was the most luxurious street in town, each huge home stood in its own little park, hedge-bordered or fenced for the greatest possible privacy. The Burgess house seemed remote and forbidding. Still, the Anders couple might be there, using the back entrance. Would it do any good to have a talk with them? Carolyn put a reluctant foot upon the driveway.

Behind her, in the darkness, somebody said, "They're gone." With a gasp Carolyn whirled, and faced Pauline Potter. Soft camel's hair wrapped the girl's slight figure, and she was pulling on the leash of an enormous German Shepherd. In the dimness her eyes were enormous, her pointed face sharply white. She smiled apologetically, "I'm sorry—I startled you."

Carolyn's heart was still pounding. "You did," she admitted ruefully. "I was having a hard time trying to work up courage. Your voice coming out of nowhere was the finishing touch."

"It's an ominous-looking place, isn't it." Pauline, looking toward the house, shivered slightly. She was different this evening, Carolyn thought. Less belligerent, more approachable.

Pauline moved slowly and Carolyn fell into step beside her. "Did you say they were gone?" she questioned. "The Anders couple, I mean."

Pauline nodded. "When the police got through, the Anderses closed the house. They've gone to join the Burgesses down south." She added, smiling up at Carolyn, "I live around the corner, and I walk my dog past here twice a day so I can't help picking up information. I heard the Anderses were afraid to stay." She gave the leash a sharp tug. "Rob—come along!"

Bounding forward, the huge dog caught Pauline off balance. Carolyn reached out a steadying hand. "Don't you mean your dog walks you past here twice a day? He's magnificent. He

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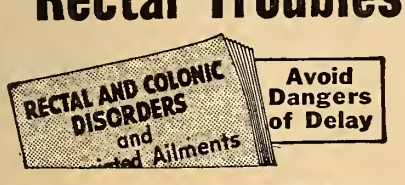
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looks like a puppy. How old is he?"

"About eight months, I believe." Pauline seemed confused. "He's rather new and—his papers haven't come."

"Oh? But I thought you said you walked him every day—"

"I have another dog," the girl explained. Peering at her through the darkness, Carolyn got the fleeting impression that she regretted the turn the conversation had taken. But why? A casual remark about a dog—why should that frighten Pauline Potter?

Frighten—*that was it!* It had been fear, the previous day at the Whelan house, that had edged Pauline's voice with harshness. Carolyn's heart leaped with hope. Intangible as her discovery was, she felt certain that it had some connection with the Whelans' trouble.

She framed her next remark. "Is your other dog a Shepherd too?"

"No, she's a French poodle." Pauline appeared to come to some decision. She went on, "After the robbery I got rather frightened. My aunt and I live alone, and we have some things of my mother's that are valuable."

"Then you got Rob for protection? I think it was a wise move."

Pauline nodded. They had turned a corner and were walking now along the modest street that backed on Eastview Drive. Before one of the small white-fenced houses Pauline halted. "I live here. Won't you come in for some coffee? My aunt would love to meet you."

Glancing at her watch, Carolyn shook her head. "I'd love to, but I'm late now." With friendly smiles, they parted. But all the way up the street Carolyn felt as if Pauline were watching her.

The next day, Carolyn called on the District Attorney.

Probably, if the District Attorney at that time hadn't been Miles Nelson, Carolyn wouldn't have approached him. She had no new evidence to offer in the Burgess robbery. She had nothing but a feeling; and feelings had no official standing. But this particular feeling had grown so strong that she wanted to talk it over with Miles quite apart from his position as District Attorney. And unacknowledged in her heart lay the certainty that Miles would be glad to see her.

But Miles' warm smile disappeared when she mentioned Andrew Whelan. "Carolyn," he groaned, "my dear, I'm a busy man. That case is in our unsolved file. Besides, it's one of our failures. Let's talk about something else."

Carolyn smiled, but refused to be diverted. "You call it a failure because you couldn't get proof of Whelan's guilt, isn't that so?"

"Well, yes." Miles was puzzled. "that's what I call an official failure."

Carolyn's voice challenged him. "I think it's a failure because you never got near the guilty party."

"Do you know something?"

"No . . . no, I . . . Miles, that boy just didn't do it!"

"Carolyn," Miles said sternly, "is this woman's intuition? Because if it is, it has no place in the District Attorney's office."

"Neither has injustice," Carolyn retorted. "Oh, I know that technically nobody has come out and said Andrew Whelan is guilty. But there's a world of difference between 'released after questioning' and 'completely exonerated from any connection with the crime.'"

Miles was becoming a little annoyed. "Look, Carolyn. The Burgess house is locked. Every day Anders makes a tour

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to see that nothing has been disturbed As a matter of fact the day he calls Whelan he's just finished making his tour. All right. Whelan comes in, waits in the hall till Mrs. Anders is ready to see him, goes up, fixes her up, goes home. Carrying his little doctor's kit, of course. Half an hour after he's left Anders comes downstairs, and sees the wall safe has been burgled, the diamonds are gone." Miles shook his head. "We'd have been delinquent in our duty if we *hadn't* called Whelan in for questioning. If you can show me where else to look—"

"The Anders couple?" Carolyn offered without much hope.

Miles' gesture dismissed them. "Impossible. They're on a pension from the family and they're down in Mrs. Burgess's will."

"What did happen to the diamonds?"

"Yes, what? Maybe he buried them on his way home. Maybe he had an accomplice." Miles shrugged. "If I knew what happened to them . . ."

"Miles . . ." Carolyn hesitated. What she was about to say was unpardonable, without proof, but she plunged ahead. "Question Pauline Potter. She's a very good friend of Mrs. Whelan. I'm not making any accusation. She surely doesn't need money—her clothes show that and she's just bought an expensive dog." *All these details,* Carolyn thought. *I sound as though I were trying to convince myself, not Miles.* "Anyway, she's like the Whelans—just not the kind who would even think about somebody else's property."

"Then what brings her into this?" Miles questioned reasonably.

"Nothing you can put on an official report. Just . . . that girl's attitude is wrong. It bothered me all through the interview. Then last night I met her walking her dog and I knew what made her seem so strange. She's *afraid.* She's even scared of her own dog—" Carolyn paused as a piece of the puzzle suddenly clicked into shape. "The dog, Miles . . . why would a small girl who already has a poodle go out and buy a powerful German Shepherd?"

Miles sat up alertly, his excitement beginning to match Carolyn's. "Maybe you've got something after all."

"I know I have! Miles, may I use your phone?" Carolyn dialed Claribel Whelan's number and asked the puzzled girl two questions. Just two . . . but when the answers came, another piece of the puzzle slid into position.

Miles reached for the phone. "I'll get that girl in here this morning."

"No—wait." Carolyn's hand over his stopped him. "If we're right, getting her up to the District Attorney's office five would throw her into a worse panic. I'll make a lunch date with her. I can say I want to talk about Claribel."

Miles was reluctant. "It's most irregular. It's not the way I—"

"Yes, but it will be quicker, and fairer to Pauline. Besides," Carolyn added, with a laugh, "you know what happens to officials who don't cooperate with the press."

Miles gave in. "I'll be there. Now let's hope you're right."

Yes, let's certainly hope I'm right, Carolyn echoed a couple of hours later, as she waited for Pauline at the Fairmont restaurant. But she had no real doubt as, from her carefully-chosen table for three, she scanned the entering lunchers. Her only anxiety was that the girl might have changed her mind about coming. No—here she was! Pauline was out of breath as she slid into the seat opposite Carolyn's.

Carolyn smiled reassuringly. "Thank you for coming. I couldn't make myself very clear on the phone."

"No, but you said it was something to help Claribel and Andy." Pauline picked nervously at her menu. "I'd do a lot to see them out of this mess."

"That's what I'm counting on," Carolyn said quietly.

Pauline's horrified eyes were a wordless confirmation of Carolyn's suspicions. Confident now, Carolyn went on. "My guess is that you've been so frightened and mixed up you haven't known where to turn. My guess is that right now, between your conscience and your fear, life isn't very pleasant." She sent a clear glance across the table, then lowered her eyes to the menu. "Shall we order?"

"No . . . no." Fumbling with her purse, Pauline half rose, then sank back exhaustedly. She whispered, "If you *knew!* It's been a nightmare . . ."

"We'll take care of that." Miles's approach had been silent. Hastily Carolyn introduced him, adding "Mr. Nelson isn't only the District Atorney, but a personal friend. If you're honest with us, I think your trouble is over."

Pauline folded her hands tightly on the table's edge. "All I know is that I can't stand any more of this other business. I won't spend the rest of my life jumping at shadows. I should have come to you at once," she told Miles.

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"Would you ask me some questions?"

Miles smiled down at her. "This isn't official. Just talk."

"Or let me," Carolyn interposed. "You tell me where I go wrong. As I see it, what probably happened the night of the robbery was that you were walking your dog along Eastview Drive in the early evening. That night it was just about the time Dr. Whelan was upstairs with Mrs. Anders and her husband. You didn't know that, of course . . ."

"No, but there was a light in the downstairs hall." Pauline sat forward tensely. "That caught my eye even when I was down at the corner, because the house had been dark for weeks. So I was watching, and that's how I happened to see him. He was just coming down the driveway when I passed, and I realized that for some reason he was trying to stay out of the dim path of light that seeped through the glass doors. The memory of fear made her voice uneven. "He saw me. His eyes . . . I was terrified."

"When you say 'he'," Miles interrupted gently, "I gather you don't mean Andrew Whelan."

"Andy?" said Pauline, "Andy! *No!* It was a man I'd never seen before in my life. He stood there, as close as you are now. Then disappeared into the shadows. I was limp as a rag."

"You saw him again, though?"

Pauline's smile was a mere lifting of her lips over even white teeth. "Saw him again? He's been everywhere. The next day when I'd talked to Claribel and found out about the trouble Andy was in, I knew at once that I must have seen the real thief. I was getting ready to tell somebody about it when the phone call came.

"Oh, it was horrible! A whisper I could hardly hear, telling me the most hideous things would happen to me. That was the beginning. The next day there was a dirty-looking note in the mailbox . . . *left by hand.* There were more calls, and twice I've seen him following me. That's when I got Rob, last week, because I was terrified. And not only me—he threatened Aunt May, too, and she's arthritic and almost helpless . . . You see," she said to Miles with complete conviction, "he meant those threats. I'd seen his face. And his horrible whispering on the phone . . ."

"Yes," Miles said grimly. "I can imagine. But—Pauline, you could have asked for protection."

Pauline put a hand over her eyes. "I know. But you're not at your bravest or most clear-thinking when you're being followed—haunted. I'd have come to you eventually, I think, but maybe I'd have had a nervous breakdown first." She squeezed Carolyn's hand gratefully. "How did you guess?"

Carolyn ticked the items off on her fingers. "You were frightened to death of something. You got a big dog, so big that you couldn't handle him and even a large man might think twice about getting too close to him. You and the Whelans and Eastview Drive are all in the same small section of town. And last I called Claribel this morning and found out that lately you had become terribly jittery; and you were talking of moving out of town. It added up."

Yes, thought Carolyn Kramer dreamily, *it had added up.* Now, three years later, as she sat with the note from Claribel Whelan before her, she recalled how Miles had tucked Pauline under his wing and taken her to police headquarters, where the files had readily yielded the picture and the long record of Pauline's threatener. He'd been found with the jewels. It had added up to a good long sentence for him. And the Whelans . . . they'd decided to leave town anyway, so that Andy could work with an eminent specialist in Harville. Pauline had left town too, a year later—left smiling with happiness, her hand tucked under the arm of her very new husband. Left with a special kiss at the wedding for Carolyn and Miles.

So it was over. But a thing like that, Carolyn thought, is never really over. It leaves its patterns traced in your memory. And the look in Claribel's eyes came back to her: the deep belief when she'd said, "That's what happened." The hope, when she'd whispered, "I think it's going to be all right."

Carolyn felt calmer, more hopeful than she'd felt for days. Pulling paper and pen toward her, she began. "Dear Claribel," she wrote, and told how glad she was to learn of their baby's birth. Then, smiling in a way that Claribel would have recognized, she went on: "You ask me if you can do anything for me. Oddly, I think you've done it. Your note came to me in a time of trouble and by its very coming reminded me of your trouble so long ago, and of the faith and hope with which you faced it. There's been a message in this memory for me . . ."

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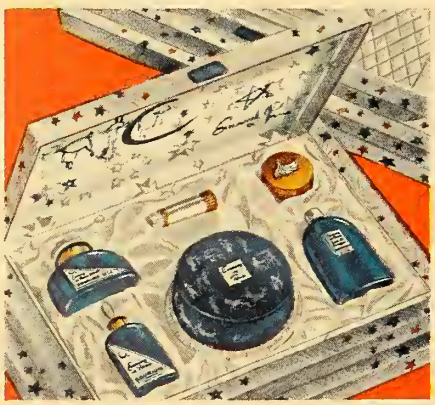
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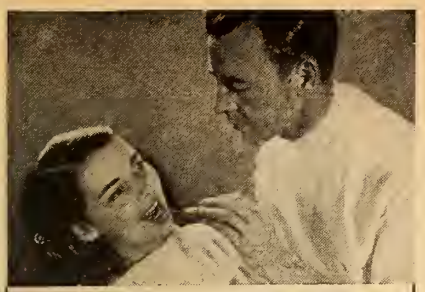


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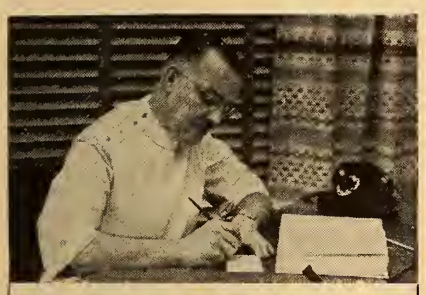
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Coming Next Month



Molly Goldberg and family—in color—in January's Radio Mirror.

A new year, a new decade—and a new issue! Radio Mirror starts 1950 with a feature line-up that is as bright and shiny as anyone's set of New Year's resolutions. Leading the January parade is a brilliant and entertaining history of radio. It's the first installment of a great story that will take you from the early days of wireless to the present development of an industry for which the word fabulous seems too mild an adjective. You won't want to miss the beginning of this new series—or any of the chapters that will follow in future issues.

* * *

Next month's other features are exciting, too—a color portrait of the Goldbergs—The Bronx's most beloved family—Molly, Jake, Rosalie, Sammy—and their friends; an account of those famous Breakfast Club Christmas parties, written by a woman who should know all about them—Mrs. Don McNeill; and a visit to the Jean Hersholts (Dr. Christian by any other name). You'll also find a report on Dunninger, the television mentalist, whose feats astonish some, annoy others but never fail to go unnoticed. And there's a surprise feature in January that'll be a regular part of your 1950 Radio Mirror. As a hint, it can be said that this new feature will be not only pleasing but profitable as well.

* * *

Daytime Diary, your Radio Mirror Bonus guide to daytime dramas, will be back in January, along with all the other regular features—the Bonus Novel (next month's will be a fictionization of This Is Nora Drake); Joan Davis; Ted Malone; Nancy Craig; and the countless interesting regular departments that make Radio Mirror your favorite way of keeping up with network activities. January's issue goes on the newsstands Friday, December 9th. Happy New Year and happy reading!



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HEAD OF THE CLASS

She's tops in her class in the big league now—but glamorous, talented Margaret Arlen, WCBS women's commentator, started at rock bottom in radio.

She got into the business via a small station in North Carolina. A secretary at first, she was graduated to a women's reporter job at eleven dollars weekly. But she is glad she had that grass roots start—says it gives her a realistic, "two feet on the ground" balance in a job that keeps her going at a fast pace from early morning until late night. It's fascinating, all right, but not all glamorous.

Miss Arlen's working day starts early, since she is on the air Monday through Saturday at 8:30 A.M. After the program, she breakfasts with her guests of the morning and members of her staff. The rest of the morning is spent answering listeners' mail. Even lunch becomes a business matter, too, with Miss Arlen meeting interesting personalities who are likely to appear on the program.

Afternoons usually call for conferences with station and advertising executives, program guests and her assistants. Activities are intensified when the show is spearheading a civic or patriotic drive.

Dinner and a "first night" or an advance movie screening usually close her activities for the day. Even these are in the line of duty, for Miss Arlen often gives reviews or interviews entertainers on her broadcasts and her guests are frequently stars of local hits.

Bedtime finds Miss Arlen still pursuing broadcast material—reading a best seller. If the book is good, like as not, the author will be asked to visit the Margaret Arlen Program.

The daughter of a Baptist minister, Miss Arlen was born in Edenton, North Carolina. She majored in psychology at Meredith College, Raleigh, North Carolina. There, an interest in singing, piano, organ and speech was responsible for her desire to get into radio.

The number one "break" in her career came in October 1943, when she started with WCBS. Since then, her rise has been rapid and spectacular. However, her position as New York's outstanding women's commentator doesn't awe Miss Arlen. "I have no desire to do more than I'm doing now," she says. "I'd only like to do it better."

She's doing just that, all the time.

WCBS's Margaret Arlen has often been cited for her patriotic and civic activities.





On the Margaret Arlen Program (Monday-Saturday, 8:30 to 9 A.M.) Miss Arlen interviews actress Corinne Calvet. (Man is John Bromfield, the star's husband.)

R
M

MAN TROUBLE?



What's she got that I haven't got? Janie just couldn't get it through her pretty little head why Bob preferred to let her sit by herself while he danced half the night away with that little snip of a Gray girl. Bob had plenty of reason . . . but, obviously, he couldn't mention it* to Janie.



A darling goes to her doom. Coming down the stairs she looks and feels like a femme fatale. Ha-ha-ha! Before the party's half begun her new boy friend will have her back on her own doorstep, and she'll spend many a day wondering why*.

He tore up her phone number. One date was enough to convince George that Gracie wasn't the flawless pearl he thought she was. Yep, you can lose a man that easy!*



Tonight her charm isn't working. The wonderful new boy she hoped to hypnotize isn't hypnotized at all. In fact, he wants out . . . and out for keeps! Too bad for Harriet that she had to be careless* on this night-of-nights.



Lucy wondered and wondered why, with superior qualifications, she lost the job to the other girl. That kind of thing happens day after day in business if a girl isn't careful*.



***A girl may have** any number of little faults which others gladly overlook, but there's one that's hard to forgive . . . halitosis (unpleasant breath). Why risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is an *extra-careful* precaution against simple bad breath? When you want to be at your best, don't trust to makeshifts, trust to Listerine Antiseptic. It freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually!

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the Extra-careful Precaution Against Offending

NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

NOW! *Proof* that always brushing teeth with Colgate's right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts! Proof—based on hundreds of case histories, two years of continuous research at leading universities—the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay.



Under the direction of eminent dental authorities, one group of college men and women always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—while another group followed their usual dental care. The group using Colgate's as directed showed a startling reduction in average number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst after meals or snacks. When you brush your teeth with Colgate's right after eating, you help remove acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices in teeth where food particles often lodge.

Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

Always Use Colgate's* to
Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth
—and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
**Right after eating*

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF THESE RESULTS

Best Answer

From the Gabriel Heatter Mailbag



Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag is heard M.-F. at 3:15 P.M., over MBS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It was difficult to choose the most interesting, helpful answer from the tremendous amount of mail received in response to the Gabriel Heatter Mailbag letter. That letter, as you remember, was published in the July issue and the editors invited you to answer the problem it posed. The letter which best answered that problem, in the opinion of the editors, was sent in by Mrs. Alice Chaplin of South Weymouth, Mass. To Mrs. Chaplin goes RADIO MIRROR's best wishes—and a check for fifty dollars. Here then is the original Mailbag letter, Mr. Heatter's answer (which we promised to publish along with the best reader answer), and Mrs. Chaplin's letter.

ORIGINAL LETTER:

"I'm married to a kind, generous man. We have two young children and I'm very happy. My sister has begged me to take her into my home for a while. But to tell the truth, she's not a good woman. She left high school to run away with a married man and she's been getting worse ever since. A week ago she wrote to say that she has no money and asked me to let her stay with us. I don't want to turn away my own sister, and yet is it fair to my family to let her live with us?"

GABRIEL HEATTER'S ANSWER

I'd soy it's o gamble. Your husbond moy not like it. It moy hove on effect on your children. Those ore the risks you'd hove to toke. Hoving worned you obout thot, I'd soy toke her in—not becouse she is your sister, but becouse she is o fellow humon being. It's your responsibility os o humon being to sove onother if you con. Tens of thousonds of men ond women hove been soved by one single piece of kindness—thousonds hove been lost when they were unoble to find one lost remoining oct of kindness. With oll my heort I urge you to do it ond I never in oll my life meont it more when I soy good luck to you ond to her.

BEST READER ANSWER

Mrs. Chaplin writes: To revive hope in a discouraged person is often accomplished by assuming that the erring one is worthy of trust. With the consent of my husband, this is the sort of letter I would write to her.

"Dearest Sis: We were, as always, happy to hear from you, even though your news was not good. You are right in confiding in us, and of course you are welcome in our home at any time.

Tom and I discussed your predicament at great length. One fact stood out most prominently. It is this,—that only a busy person is truly happy! We know that, and so do you. All wise counselors base their advice upon it.

Our little menage here keeps me very busy, but there wouldn't be enough work to keep two grown women out of mischief, or really happy.

While trying to figure a way to obtain real contentment for us all, we had a wonderful idea. Why not seek a place for you, where you could keep busy with your own chores, where you would be more independent than you would be with us in our close quarters and have an income to boot? That latter is something to think about as of course the smallest allowance for you couldn't be squeezed out of our budget!

Tom suggests that we put an ad in several papers, so that when you come we shall have a number of situations for you to consider. I am so excited over the possibilities. I can hardly wait to see you. We want you to take your time and choose the best.

Plan to be with us an entire month, so that you won't be forced into a hasty decision. Someone, somewhere, needs you. We'll help you find your place, and soon. I'm sure there is much happiness ahead for you, if you will keep up your courage as you go out in search for it.

Affectionately,"



MADAME SCHIAPARELLI, famous French designer: "You *must* be slenderer to wear the new fashions, you *can* be — with PLAYTEX!"



MARGARET PHELAN, one of year's Best Dressed Women: "I like the way PLAYTEX washes in seconds, dries with a towel."



LILLY DACHE, famous designer: "PLAYTEX is the girdle of the year! No other slims so magically—fits so invisibly."



LISA KIRK, singing star of *Kiss Me, Kate:* "PLAYTEX is the world's most comfortable girdle, not a single seam, stitch or bone!"



PHILIP MANGONE, holder of Golden Thimble award: "I like to see my clothes on women with slim PLAYTEX silhouettes."



VIRGINIA FIELD, one of year's Best Dressed Women: "PLAYTEX slims where it does the most good —and it fits perfectly!"



INVISIBLE UNDER THE SLEEKEST DRESS, PLAYTEX GIVES YOU A SLENDER LINE FROM WAIST TO HIPS TO THIGHS.



COUNTESS POLIGNAC, head of House of Lanvin: "We used to adapt styles to figures. Now, PLAYTEX slims figures to fit styles."



PIERRE BALMAIN, leading French designer: "My 1950 silhouette is *the* slenderest—and best way to a slender figure is PLAYTEX!"

START THE NEW YEAR WITH A NEW FIGURE— THE SLIM, TRIM PLAYTEX® FIGURE

Most frequent resolve of American women is to become slimmer *right away*. Today — the sensational PLAYTEX girdle turns that resolve into reality.

Made of tree-grown latex, PLAYTEX combines amazing figure-slimming power with complete comfort. PLAYTEX trims your figure invisibly—without a single seam, stitch or bone. And it washes in ten seconds, pats dry with a towel.



SONJA HENIE, skating star of Hollywood Ice Revue: "PLAYTEX is the perfect girdle. It slims and trims in complete comfort."



OMAR KIAM, favorite designer of movie stars: "Wearing PLAYTEX is the first step toward looking right in new fashions."



SARAH PALFREY COOKE, tennis champion: "Inches melt away with PLAYTEX. No girdle ever did so much."



ROBERT PIGUET, Parisian couturier: "My creations require a figure that can be revealed, with lines that PLAYTEX gives."



In slim, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLES and PANTY GIRDLES with garters. Blossom Pink, Gardenia White, Heavenly Blue. Extra small, small, medium and large **$3.95**
PLAYTEX PANTY GIRDLE **$3.50**
Extra Large PLAYTEX GARTER GIRDLE . **$4.95**
Sensational PINK-ICE for extra coolness . . . **$4.95**

At all modern corset and notion departments and better specialty shops everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park Dover Del. ©1949

WHAT'S NEW



Lovely Irene Dunne is a featured player on CBS' Family Hour of Stars, Sun. at 6.



Another top favorite, Dana Andrews, appears on the show in a variety of roles.



Academy Award winner Ronald Colman is also a permanent member of the cast.



Loretta Young adds her charm to the distaff side of the Sunday night offering.



When Art Linkletter (l.) opened a bowling alley another owner, Harold Lloyd, was there to help.

How do you feel about it? Out in Los Angeles there's a movement on to "blacklist" all of the giveaway shows. An organization called the Southern California Association for Better Radio and Television has been formed with Mrs. Clara Logan as its president. Mrs. Logan says, "Any broadcasting designed to 'buy' the radio audience by requiring it to listen in the hope of reward rather than for the quality of its entertainment should be blacklisted by radio audiences." Those are pretty strong words, but the organization is already looking forward to expanding into a national one which could, with proper management, form a threat to the giveaways. In one of her speeches, Mrs. Logan pointed out that during one week this past summer, $205,000 was handed out on three radio giveaway shows which "offered nothing in the way of entertainment or creative art. While such exploitation is unfortunate for adults, it is definitely harmful for children" and she has been asking parents to protest vigorously to radio stations. Sounds like everybody is against the giveaways, all the way from radio performers and personnel, who're thrown out of work by the get-rich-for-nothing shows, to up and active listeners—Yes, everybody but the people who win money!

FROM COAST TO COAST



Behind all those telephone calls on Hollywood Calling is this hardworking group of operators and technicians.

By DALE BANKS



That's George Murphy, emcee of Hollywood Calling, telling Ava Gardner whom to telephone next.

The air actor who started toward fame as Ira Groschell and switched his moniker to Jeff Chandler is expected by Hollywood to be the next big film name, surpassing even Howard Duff in the rapidity of his rise and the magnitude of his popularity. Funny, how everybody talked about Duff as being a "new" personality when he hit pictures—as though everyone with a radio and a memory for voices and names hadn't heard him for a long time. Seems like the flickers have to "discover" their own talent, no matter what.

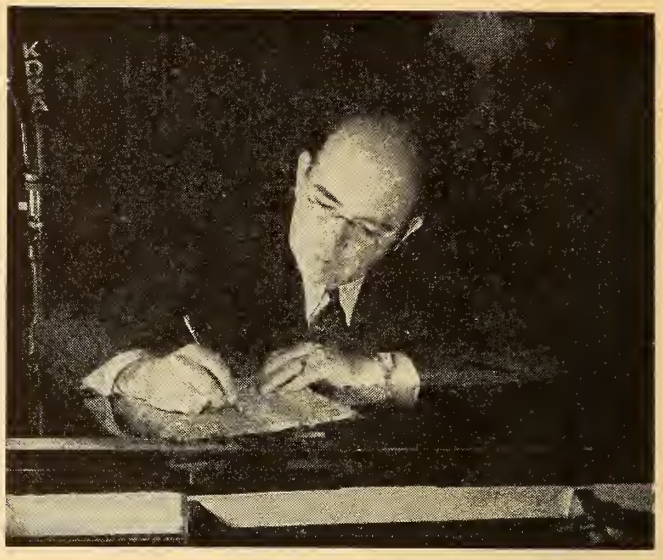
* * *

Apparently those unemployment stories from Los Angeles are not just scare material. Seems that when Shirley Mitchell announced she was leaving the "Gildersleeve" show, sixteen actresses immediately applied for her job. Usually, people wait until they're called for jobs like that. If you're thinking of radio acting as a career, maybe this isn't exactly the time, huh?

* * *

Elliott Lewis has been ordered by Universal-International to stand by for a role in his third picture as a result of his impressive success in "The Story of Molly X"—in (*Continued on page* 19)

FROM ERIN'S SHORES



Radio veteran, organist Aneurin Bodycombe (Irish Songs, Sunday nights at 10:30) has been with KDKA since 1922.



Other cast members are Marion Berger and Bob Carter. Miss Berger is the only harpist in Pittsburgh radio.

Folks in the KDKA area don't have to wait until St. Patrick's Day to hear the songs of Old Erin. They can hear them every Sunday night over the Pittsburgh Westinghouse Station on a program originally titled Sunday Suppertime. Now called Irish Songs, it is heard at 10:30 Sunday nights and tenor Bob Carter handles the vocals.

Music for the ballads and tunes sung by Carter is supplied by organist Aneurin Bodycombe and harpist Marion Berger. Commercials are by Paul Shannon. Practically all the songs are request numbers—"I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" is the all-time favorite. During the heyday of requests for "Galway Bay," one thing stands out in Carter's memory—every day for weeks he got a card reading "It's me again. You know what I want.—Al." And each time Carter featured the song he got a card reading: "Thanks, Al." He never did learn Al's last name.

Carter came to KDKA after two things interrupted a baseball career. In 1931, just about the time he had decided to accept an outfield position with the Johnstown team of the old Middle Atlantic League, he was awarded a state high school vocal championship at Harrisburg, and he received a scholarship to Curtis Institute at Philadelphia. He's been singing ever since—as the co-star with Mary Martha Briney on the KDKA Tap Time show, as a featured tenor in Pittsburgh night spots, at numerous special shows and at personal appearances.

Bodycombe is a real radio veteran, having been associated with KDKA since 1922 as organist, arranger, director of vocal groups and associate musical director. Born in Swansea, Wales, he won a scholarship to Cardiff University, and there, after two terms, his musical education was interrupted by World War I. He later returned to Cardiff and then entered the Royal College of Music in London where he studied piano. He completed his studies at Oxford where he was chapel organist and glee club director.

Miss Berger, who has had more than seven years' experience in every type of music, has been with KDKA for six years. Aside from the regular curriculum, she studied music and harp. Though there are eight harpists in the district, she's the only one in radio in KDKA's area. When she gets a breathing spell from her radio work and her teaching (she limits her classes to six students), hazel-eyed, black-haired Miss Berger is a great baseball fan. She is a pianist, though not professionally, and does her own arranging.

Announcer Shannon is among the top announcers in the Pittsburgh area. Two-time winner of the 50,000-watt station division of the H. P. Davis Memorial Announcers' Award, Shannon is in constant demand, not only for commercial programs, but for various public service and civic activities. He teaches speech and is the narrator for various industrial motion pictures produced in Pittsburgh. He has appeared as an announcer on every National Broadcasting Company show that has been broadcast from Pittsburgh.



When I was filming "Mrs. Mike", we actually used real snow on the sets. While the rest of the country was sweltering in summer heat, I spent day after frostbitten day working in machine-made snow drifts at sub-freezing temperatures...



In scenes like this, with Dick Powell, my hands froze . . .



In another scene, they were in soapy water for hours . . .



But Jergens Lotion kept my hands from chapping . . .



Made them soft and lovely for romantic close-ups . . .



A liquid, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin . . .

CAN YOUR HAND LOTION PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion should be *absorbed* by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains *quickly-absorbed* ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it yourself by making the test described above . . .



Discover why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret . . .

Jergens Lotion

used by more women than any other hand care in the world

still 10¢ to $1 plus tax

And is used in Hollywood 7 to 1 over other hand cares.

R
M

FOLLOW YOUR CHRISTMAS STARS

By DORRY ELLIS



★ Are you shopping for someone special? If she looks anything like lovely Vicki Vola, NBC actress, she's the perfect type for perfume. How about Mais Oui? It's a sparkling gift by Bourjois; costs only $2.00 plus tax.

★ Here are two favorites! The girl is Kay Starr, stunning songstress, and the fragrance is Cheramy's April Showers. This gift is sure to make a hit. Smartly packaged in a handsome bottle and so smartly priced at $4.50 plus tax.







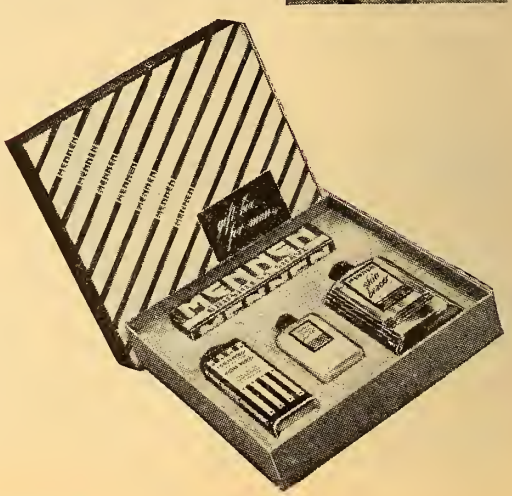


★ Lorna Lynn, CBS actress, is pretty and well-groomed down to her nails! Why not please some pretty girl with this Revlon Manicure Kit. It comes in handsome grained leatherette or suedine. $2.50 plus tax.

★ Does the man in your life look as smooth as TV emcee Bill Berns? If he does, surprise him with this Mennen gift set of four-way grooming, he'll look smoother and smoother to you! Priced at only $1.10.







Now Yours! A Complete Hair Beauty Routine ...yet All you do is use New Drene Shampoo!



NO SPECIAL RINSES
yet your hair is naturally shining and soft!

NO SPECIAL LOTIONS
yet hair is so easy to set!

NO SPECIAL POMADES
yet waves stay put—hair beauty lasts and lasts!

Yes, just shampoo with New Drene —and you'll have a *complete* hair beauty routine.

Natural sheen and softness that will make you *proud* of your hair . . . and pleased as punch with New Drene. Hair that sets like a dream—"stays put" so long! All this without rinses, lotions or pomades. When you shampoo with New Drene, you have your *whole routine*. Just see how *simple* hair beauty can be!

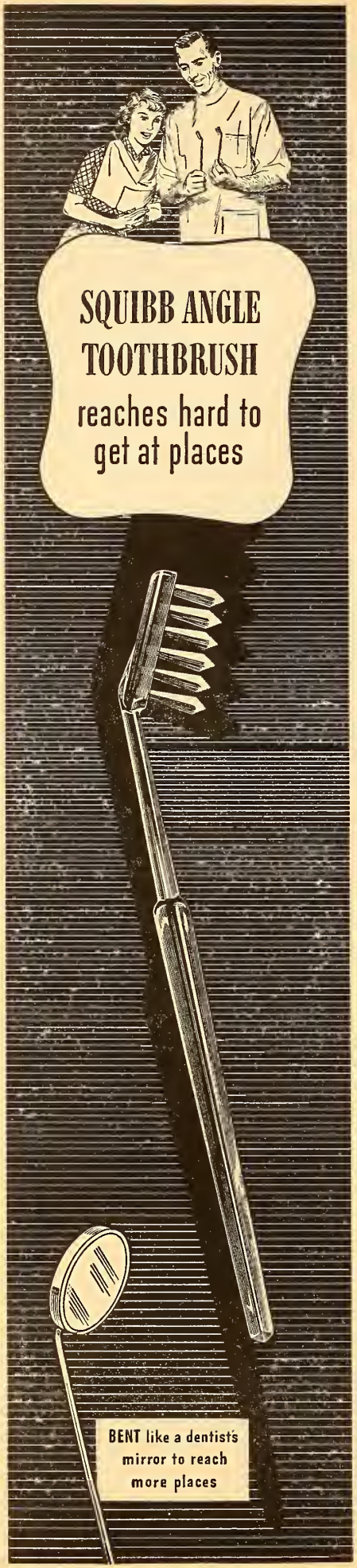
What's the secret? There's beauty magic in New Drene . . . an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid. That's why New Drene cleans your hair so thoroughly, so gently . . . rinses out so completely. That's the reason New Drene leaves your hair so springy, curls last and last. Be sure to make *your* next shampoo a wonderful New Drene Shampoo!



NEW! *Different!*
A Procter & Gamble Exclusive

For Complete Hair Beauty...

Get NEW *Drene* Shampoo!



INFORMATION BOOTH

Step Up And Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

MARTIN BLAINE

Dear Editor:
Can you send or publish a picture of the actor who plays William Sheppard on the FBI in Peace and War program?
Miss M. K.
Hillsdale, Michigan


MARTIN BLAINE

Here he is . . . Martin Blaine.

RADIO VETERAN

Dear Editor:
Could you please tell me if Hal Peary (The Great Gildersleeve) had a program of his own before he joined the Fibber McGee and Molly show some years back? My husband says that he heard Hal Peary on a program of his own six or seven years ago. I was under the impression that he just got his own show three or four years ago, after leaving Fibber McGee and Molly.
Mrs. L. B. M.
Middletown, Ohio

Harold Peary had his own show several years before he joined the Fibber McGee and Molly cast in 1935. His first regular program was with Charlie Marshall, the cowboy singer, in Mr. Marshall and Mr. Peary. And for several years before joining the Fibber McGee and Molly cast, Peary was a member of the NBC dramatic staff in Chicago.

NEW SHOW

Dear Editor:
Where can I hear Frank Sinatra?
Miss S. P.
Miami Beach, Fla.


DOROTHY KIRSTEN

He's on Light Up Time, with Dorothy Kirsten, heard daily at 7:00 P.M. EST., on NBC.

DATES, PLEASE

Dear Editor:
How long have the following daytime serials been on the air: Big Sister, Ma Perkins, Young Dr. Malone, and The Guiding Light.
Miss M. T.
Princeton, N. J.

Big Sister had its premiere on September 14, 1936; Ma Perkins on January 3, 1938; Young Dr. Malone on November 20, 1939; and The Guiding Light on June 2, 1937.

VITAL STATISTICS

Dear Editor:
Would you please print a picture of Fletcher Markle? Also his date and place of birth, and if married or single.
Miss E. L. M.
Clinton, Mass.


FLETCHER MARKLE

Mr. Markle was born in April, 1921 in Winnepeg, Canada. He is married to former radio singer, Blanche Willis.

BARBARA EILER

Dear Editor:
For several Thursdays now I have listened to the program The First Hundred Years. I am curious to see what the cast looks like.
Miss P. B.
Rio Vista, Calif.


BARBARA EILER

We don't have space to print pictures of the whole cast but here's Barbara Eiler who plays the role of Scotty. She is also heard as Mildred, Dennis Day's girl friend, on NBC's A Day in the Life of Dennis Day.

MIDWEST ONLY

Is the National Barn Dance still on the air?
Mrs. A. M.
Lennoxville, Quebec

Yes. The program is broadcast every Saturday night at 9:00 P.M. Central Standard Time on ABC. However, it can be heard only in the Middle West.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

Are you in the know?



What Has A Free Country Got To Do With A New Dress?

THE BIG DANCE is only a few weeks away. How to wangle that dream dress you've set your heart on? Dad wouldn't *understand* that a girl's got to blossom out in something "special." So? You decide to *earn* it. In an after-school or Saturday job.

And right here's something that may never have occurred to you: Except for getting the family's permission, you don't have to ask anyone else. Certainly not Uncle Sam. (That's one big "plus" in our Free Choice System!)

Now . . . which job? Baby sitting? Clerking at the corner drug, or at your town's department store? You figure. And you make your choice. Whichever job you choose, you find you can snag your heart's desire in time for the shindig.

It Only Happens Here

But—if you lived overseas, you'd learn things just don't happen that way. Because in one country across the Atlantic, it would take *twice* as long to earn the price of that dress . . . while in other countries abroad it would take *up to 10 times* as long.

Only one example of how much it can mean to *you* to live in this free country. Whether it's a matter of earning some little special luxury—or your daily bread—you know you have a *free choice*. A chance to "take it or leave it." A chance to earn more in *less* time than any other people on earth. And that's how it can always be, as long as you do your part to keep our American way of living the very *best* way.



At a large party, how should you introduce a late guest?

☐ *"Everybody—this is Jim Brown"* ☐ *Give him the gauntlet routine* ☐ *Lead him to the nearest group*

Would *you* like being tossed to a sea of unfamiliar faces? Or run the gauntlet, mumbling "how-d'you-do's"? Be a *considerate* hostess. Guide newcomers to the nearest group. Let them get to know your guests by easy stages. And at calendar time—ever think how considerate *Kotex* is, of you? Yes, because with those *flat pressed ends*, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. And because that special *safety center* gives you *extra* protection, all the evening's an "easy stage" for you!



Should a present for her Sigh Man be—

☐ *Expensive*
☐ *Personalized*
☐ *Strictly for laughs*

Come any "what to give him" occasion—your beau'll welcome some little remembrance that says *you*. Maybe a wallet equipped with your picture. Or mittens you've knitted to match your own, in your school colors. Or a box of your chocolate chip cookies. It's the personal angle, not price, that counts. You know . . . at certain times, with Kotex you can have really "personalized" sanitary protection. For one of the *3 absorbencies* is sure to meet your own personal needs. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex!



To keep your formal frock outstanding—

☐ *Wear a wiltless petticoat*
☐ *Dance more waltzes*
☐ *Avoid sitting down*

Dig up an old bed sheet you can prestochange to a petticoat. Make it in three tiers, ruffle edged. Starched to a stand-alone stiffness—*voila!*—this petticoat holds its shape. For *comfort* (on "those" days) you'll want *softness* that holds its shape. Choose the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. And don't forget the new Kotex Wonderform Belt made with *DuPont nylon* elastic. Won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Light weight; dries in a flash. Keeps your confidence wilt-proof!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

R
M

Fred Waring at a session of his annual Music Workshop. Students are music teachers and choir leaders who come from all over to learn the Waring technique.



FACING the



Three generations of McNultys: l. to r., father Patrick, son Dennis James—and if you think the man at right is Dennis Day, you're correct. Day's real name is McNulty.

Keep your eye on Mario Lanza, who did such a fine job in the MGM musical "That Midnight Kiss." The versatile young singer has been signed to do four more films—"Kiss Of Fire," "Show Boat," "Jumbo" and, perhaps, the "Life Of Caruso." He's got a new RCA Victor recording contract, too, and his operatic discs are something to hear.

* * *

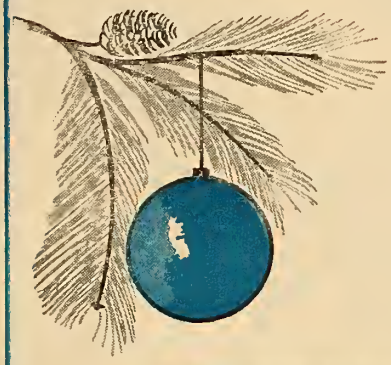
For those who've been asking, we'd like to report that Stop The Music's Dick Brown can be heard on Rondo Records these days . . . Remember "Red Roses For A Blue Lady"?—the same tunesmiths have written a sequel called, "Thanks Mr. Florist." . . . Pat Lockwood, a pretty little miss, has been signed to sing with Artie Shaw's new seventeen-piece orchestra . . . The Ink Spots just wound up a sixteen-week theater tour in the British Isles.

* * *

The classical music-minded will find plenty of interest in a series of forthcoming television pictures that will feature such great names as Artur Rubinstein, Jascha Heifetz, Gregor Piatigorsky, Marian Anderson, Jan Peerce, Patrice Munsel, Isaac Stern, Andres Segovia and the Don Cossack Choir. Each of the subjects will get a full half-hour of time on the films. Watch for them on your local station.

Fran Warren: living up to her 1948 title, "most promising girl singer."







MUSIC

By MARTIN BLOCK

Martin Block conducts Make Believe Ballroom daily on New York's WNEW. He's also heard on NBC's Supper Club, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 P.M. EST.

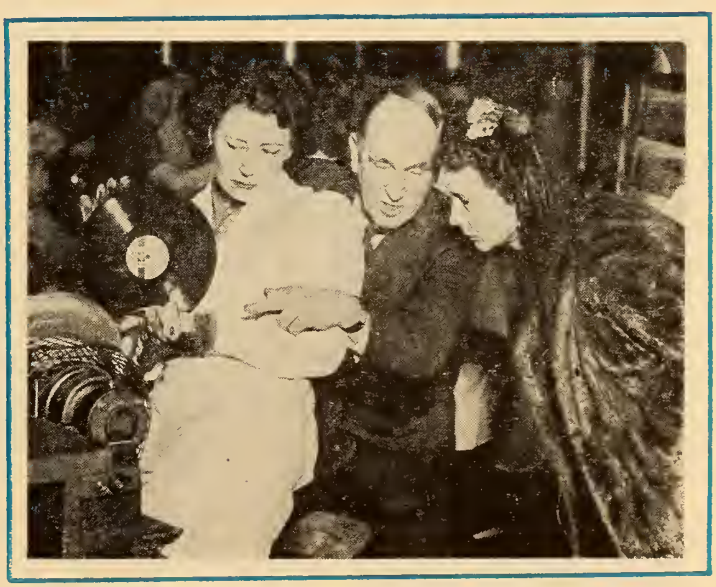
After all this time, Warner Brothers finally put the finishing touches on "Young Man With A Horn." For the record, Kirk Douglas has the title role and is supported by Doris Day and Lauren Bacall. It's Harry James' trumpet you'll be hearing when Kirk puts a trumpet to his lips in the film. Other musicians who worked on the film were Jimmy Zito, Buddy Cole, Nick Fatool and Artie Bernstein—all famous jazz men.

* * *

Lovely Fran Warren, whose appearance in the Broadway musical "As The Girls Go" was nothing less than a hit, is now making a movie short on teen-age careers. The flicker will be called "So You'd Like To Be A Singer." Fran is also the featured female vocalist on the Henry Morgan Show (NBC, Wed., 9 P. M. EST).

* * *

This kind of thing doesn't happen very often in show business . . . that the understudy of the star in a successful musical show is called on to record the show tunes for an album. But Sandra Deel, who understudies Mary Martin in "South Pacific," is terrific enough and talented enough to have rated her own recording contract. Sandra recorded the show's songs for a Victor album, while Mary Martin and the original cast made the album for Columbia.



Even royalty is fascinated by the record-making business! Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent, (r.) visited E. M. I.'s factories in Hayes, Middlesex, Eng.



EVERYBODY'S UNCLE



The Murray Sisters (otherwise Mrs. Pete and Mrs. Elmer Newman) are on WFIL's Hayloft Hoedown.

Everybody's uncle, Elmer Newman, who's been spinning yarns for many a year on radio, has taken to spinning records. The boss man of the famed ABC Hayloft Hoedown show is now a disc jockey on WFIL, Philadelphia—and doing nicely, thank you.

Elmer's radio career, now in its eighteenth year, started in Des Moines, Iowa. A singer as well as a mean man with a fiddle himself, he was soon joined by his guitar-playing brother "Pancake Pete."

In the mid-thirties, the Murray Sisters joined the Newman brothers and made it an even firmer partnership when Julie married Elmer and Sophie became Mrs. Pete Newman. Now there are four more Newmans: Elmer and Julie's Danny and Charlie; Sophie and Pete's Kenny and Mary Eva.

In 1940 the group bought a large tract of land in Quakertown, Pennsylvania, some fifty miles from Philadelphia, and developed a lively amusement center featuring hillbilly and western entertainment. They named it "Sleepy Hollow Ranch" and their Sunday shows draw such large crowds that Uncle Elmer arranged with a transit company for a regularly chartered bus trip which leaves from the WFIL studio building.

Elmer has added to the store of mountain music such jukebox favorites as "Within This Broken Heart of Mine," "I Wasn't Born Yesterday," and "I'm Lonesome Now." His most recent tune, "I've Lived a Lifetime For You," was introduced in London by Linda Stevens and has been recorded in this country by Eddy Howard, Elton Britt, Gene Autry and Eddie Kirk.

What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 9*)

which his wife, Cathy is also featured, by the way—and "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Town."

* * *

From Irene Beasley. Grand Slam emcee, comes a surefire recipe for nerves. Irene uses it on nervous contestants on the program and it works every time. She just urges them to bend their knees in a slight up and down movement. Irene says its absolutely impossible to be tense with the knee muscle relaxed.

* * *

Love the little slogan CBS has been tacking on the end of all its press releases—"This Fall . . . You'll Hear Them All . . . On CBS". Can't help thinking—how true, how true—but how much does it cost?

* * *

We've been hearing a rumor that a new expression is beginning to make the rounds. Since Marie Wilson's success in the radio show My Friend Irma, silly giddies who are always pulling some dumb stunt or other are being called Irmas.

* * *

Well, well—J. Carrol Naish has made it at last. For years, Naish has been playing all kinds of foreign roles in the movies and on radio, except Irish, although he's Irish to the core and even owns a kind of a castle in Ireland. Now, he's getting a break in his next picture—he'll be Irish in his next picture—MGM's "Please Believe Me."

* * *

Everybody wants to get in on the act item—and this one strictly from the writer's point of view. As if they weren't both busy enough with their acting, Dick Kollmar—radio's Boston Blackie—and Jackson Beck—radio's Philo Vance, are now collaborating on a syndicated column based on crime prevention, juvenile delinquency and allied subjects which is appearing in several dozen high school newspapers throughout the country.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM HITHER AND YON . . . Ralph Edwards is planning a TV version of his This Is Your Life show. . . . Tony Martin is heading New York way toward the end of the year. . . . Attention Christmas shoppers! Howdy Doody, TV favorite of the children's set, is now featured on Victor records. . . . Sounds like Jack Bailey will be set soon with a movie deal that will feature his Queen For a Day routine. This is one deal which has been on the fire a long time. . . . Ricardo Cortez (remember him, the sloe-eyed romantic lead from the silent flickers?) is a regular member of the cast on ABC's The First Hundred Years. . . . Warren Hull fooling around with the idea of doing a Broadway musical this season. . . . Latest rumors have it that all the major recording companies are going to manufacture records in all three speeds. Only a rumor. . . . Maybe soon you'll be hearing Mary Pickford and her husband, Buddy Rogers as stars in a radio series on inspirational success stories. . . . Gregory Peck may do a movie based on the radio script of Nightmare, having liked the play so well when he did it on the Suspense series that he's been finagling to have it bought by his pic company. . . . A very Merry, Merry Christmas to you all . . . and happy listening. . . .

KEEP KISSABLE WITH Flame-Glo LONGFELLA

The new Flame-Glo Longfella is an *instant* success with lovely women everywhere! Here's a longer, stronger, better-balanced lipstick with *twice* as many applications as other pencil types. Your lips can be more alluring, more magnetic with Flame-Glo . . . no smears, smudges or blurry edges to worry you! Lasts *hours* longer because of its water-repellent beauty film. Only 39¢ in seductive shades for *every* beauty type. Also regular 49¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes.

NEW 39¢ LONGFELLA IN STREAMLINED GOLD FINISH CASE

now with FASTENOL for longer-lasting color brilliance



BARBARA PAYTON, star of "TRAPPED" in a romantic scene with Lloyd Bridges. An Eagle Lion Film

Flame-Glo® LIPSTICK

POPULAR 25¢ SIZE IN GOLD FINISH CASE

THERE IS ONLY ONE GENUINE FLAME-GLO AT ALL POPULAR-PRICE COSMETIC COUNTERS

Quadruple threat man: Fred Keller is the executive producer of WBEN-TV.



Clue to KELLER

Back in his grade school days in South Buffalo, Fred Keller had a neighborhood dramatic club. He wrote, directed and produced plays in which he also acted. Today the young Buffalonian is still a quadruple-threat man. He is a director, producer, writer and actor and is rated one of the top television idea-men in the East. As executive producer of WBEN-TV, Fred directs the activities of other producers and supervises such TV shows as the musical Club Canandaigua and The Clue.

It is for the latter whodunit series that Fred is best known. The original scripts for this mystery series, which has attracted national attention, are written by Mr. Keller and by Ray Wander, television production manager of a Buffalo ad agency.

For nearly a year now, Fred and Ray have written the scripts for this weekly series in which a crime is committed, a private eye is consulted, a choice of "suspects" is given TV fans and a sponsor's commercial messages are packed—in fifteen fast minutes.

Fred came to WBEN in 1942 as an announcer but a few months later went into the Army. He was a captain in military intelligence in the European Theater.

After the war he came back to WBEN as announcer and director of dramatics and produced a notable juvenile delinquency series which he wrote. He has been with WBEN-TV since the television station's inception in the spring of 1948 and a year later was made producer.

He is married to Joyce Dennison, a former Buffalo teacher.

Keller advises TV aspirants to "get all the theatrical experience you can—particularly in little and summer theaters."



Keller writes, produces, directs *and* acts. Here he's setting the mood for the players in WBEN-TV's mystery series, The Clue.

Collector's Corner



By JEFF CLARK

(Jeff, a tall, dark and handsome singer, is only twenty-two years old but already is the singing star of NBC's Henry Morgan Show and has handled the vocals on the Hit Parade on Parade series. Born in Sharon, Pa., Jeff attended Westminster College and was a radio announcer on Sharon's WPIC before coming to New York. He also did a one-year stint on New York's WNEW as a vocalist and was once a control engineer for the Office of War Information.)

I'm one record collector who has little or no trouble picking out my ten favorite discs. I can rattle off my list quick as you can push a reject button on a record turntable. Right off the bat, I'll name Frank Sinatra's "They Say It's Wonderful." That is about the only popular song of which I've never tired. Then too, I think it's Frank at his very best—than which there is no "bester."

Next on my list would be the recent Charlie Ventura recording of "East of Suez." Whether or not you want to call it bebop makes little difference. It's a fine example of the new modern trend in music and one that's not too far off the beaten track—so that the average record fan can easily understand what is being played.

Peggy Lee's "A Nightingale Can Sing the Blues" is the example of the finest vocal background arrangement I know. It was done by Frank DeVol, who also arranged "Nature Boy."

Charlie Spivak's "I Surrender, Dear" has some of the best group singing I've ever heard. I'm a frustrated group-singer myself.

Bing Crosby's platter of "Dear Old Girl" is one of my favorites because it's the smoothest solo singing I've ever heard.

My favorite vocal group is the Snowflakes; that's why one of my best-liked discs is Claude Thornhill's "Something to Remember You By." The group is better than excellent on this.

As for Stan Kenton's "Sleepy Lagoon," it shows what wonderful sounds can come out of a saxophone section with just a little imagination. It's a wonderful departure from standard orchestration and a pleasure to hear.

(For ethical reasons, actual doctor not used in this picture.)



Doctor develops new Home Beauty Routine!

Try these 4 simple steps to a lovelier-looking complexion

● If you want a more alluring complexion . . . if you've ever suffered from dry, rough skin, *externally-caused blemishes, or similar complexion problems—here's some real news for you.

A skin doctor has now developed a new home beauty routine that really works! It has been clinically tested. In fact, 181 women took part in these tests conducted by 3 doctors, and results were amazing! Of all these women tested, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin! Try this new beauty routine yourself:

4 Simple Steps

Morning—1. Apply Noxzema all over your face and with a damp cloth "creamwash" your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin *looks* and *feels*! **2.** After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "creamwash" your face. So refreshing!

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Remember—it's greaseless. And that's very important! Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them.

Follow these 4 simple steps for 10 days. A trial will convince you that this doctor's discovery is a truly remarkable new beauty aid. Do it now while this Big 85¢ Jar of Noxzema Skin Cream is yours for only 59¢.



Lovely Deena Winslett of Ft. Worth says, "I was bothered with annoying blemishes* but Noxzema helped heal them. I've used it as my regular night cream ever since."



Pretty Margaret Wilson of Detroit always uses Noxzema as her protective powder base. She says, "I love its clean, refreshing smell—it doesn't stain or feel sticky."

MONEY-SAVING OFFER

You get 43% more for your money than in the Small size when you buy the

Big 85¢ Jar of NOXZEMA

for only **59¢** plus tax

Limited Offer. Stock up now!

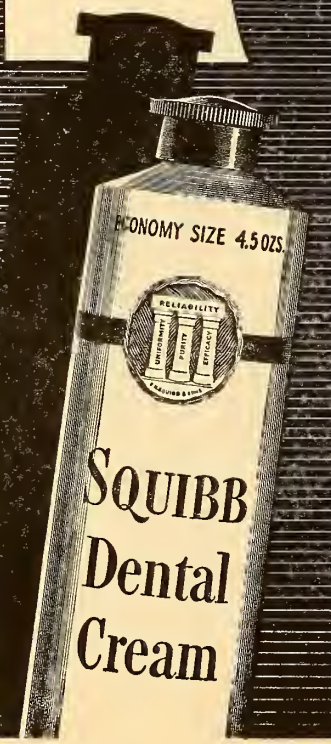
3 reasons for the extra clean feeling



Pleasant . . .
real mint for
taste and breath.

Gentle . . .
contains the finest
known polishing
ingredients.

Effective . . .
made with
antacid
magnesium
hydroxide.



"If you don't have money for clothes," says sewing authority Mary Brooks Picken, l., "make them yourself."



Why Don't YOU Make it

So many women look longingly at a dress in a shop window and then look hopelessly at their pocketbook. What to do? Mrs. Mary Brooks Picken, world's foremost authority on sewing, says, "Simple, make the dress yourself."

And that's not idle advice coming from Mrs. Picken, because she has taught half a million women how to sew and is the author of ninety-three books on the subject. Recently, when Mrs. Picken visited the Burtons as a Family Counselor I asked her if she had any tips for our listeners.

The first thing Mrs. Picken said was, "You don't have to know everything about sewing before you can make a dress. Like making a cake, all you have to do is follow a recipe.

"The ingredients are the ability to make a plain seam, a dart, a hem finish, and a fastening. Of course you need to practice. First learn how to blend the materials, then practice the essentials on scraps of material. Learning to stitch straight on a sewing machine is easy too—with a piece of lined writing paper and an unthreaded needle."

I asked Mrs. Picken if she had any other suggestions, and she said. "This one I'd like to direct to all sewers, and especially to the novice. Make sure your pattern and material are made for each other. If they aren't, nine times out of ten

FAMILY COUNSELOR

By Terry Burton

Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard on CBS. Mon.-Fri. at 2 P.M.



Yourself?

you'll end up with an out-and-out failure. In other words, don't try to make a dinner gown of gabardine or a casual dress out of voile. Another thing, tackle first things first—dresses and blouses. There's time enough, as your skills increase, to make a tailored suit."

Mrs. Picken summed up by saying, "Home-sewn clothes don't have to have a home-made look. If you can't make a dress look as well as a ready made one, better in fact—it's because you don't approach your work with love and respect for it. Everything you cut and stitch should be done with care for the work and consideration for the people who will use the article."



Send Only $1

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY ITEM YOU CHOOSE FOR APPROVAL UNDER OUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Simply indicate your selection on the coupon below and forward it with $1 and a brief note giving your age, occupation, and a few other facts about yourself. We will open an account for you and send your selection to you subject to your examination. If completely satisfied, pay the Expressman the required Down Payment and the balance in easy monthly payments. Otherwise, return your selection and your $1 will be refunded.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG



Price Includes Federal Tax



A203/C98 **$55**

5 Diamond Engagement Ring, matching 5 Diamond Wedding Band. 14K yellow or white Gold. Send $1, pay 4.50 after examination, 4.95 a month.



A407/C204 **$100**

5 Diamond Engagement Ring, matching 5 Diamond Wedding Band. 14K yellow or 18K white Gold. Send $1, pay $9 after examination, $9 a month.



D403 **$75**

Man's Ring with 3 brilliant Diamonds. 14K yellow Gold. Send $1, pay 6.50 after examination, 7.50 a month.



F172 **17.50**

1 carat genuine Zircon, 4 gleaming side Zircons. 14K yellow or white Gold. Send $1, pay $1 after examination, $2 a month.

SEND $1 WITH COUPON — PAY BALANCE OF DOWN PAYMENT AFTER EXAMINATION

L. W. Sweet, 25 West 14th St. (Dept. M2)
New York 11, N. Y.
Enclosed find $1 deposit. Send me No._____
Price $_____. After examination, I agree to pay $_____ and required balance monthly thereafter until full price is paid, otherwise I'll return selection and you will refund my dollar.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____

New York's Largest Mail Order Jewelers
Established 1878

L. W. Sweet

MAIL ORDER DIVISION FINLAY STRAUS, INC.
25 W. 14th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y. Dept. M2

CAN THEY

Stop the Music?

"They should!" say some.

"Impossible!" say the others.

Who will win the fierce battle

of the giveaways where there's

no such thing as a middle ground?

Are you wondering if your favorite giveaway program will have to leave the air? And, if it must, exactly why there is a ban against such shows? The controversy between the Federal Communications Commission and the broadcasting industry has made headlines of interest to all radio listeners. RADIO MIRROR now gives you an unbiased presentation of the facts in the case from which you may draw your own conclusions. Should giveaways leave the air, or are they a favorite form of radio entertainment the public has a right to hear?

As this issue goes to press, it is still uncertain just which giveaway shows are under fire. Because of the vague language of the FCC ruling, the broadcasting industry assumes the stipulation is directed against listener participation shows, such as Stop the Music, rather than against audience participation programs such as Queen For A Day. However, it is highly probable that all giveaway programs will be investigated before a decision is reached.

On August 18 the FCC passed down a ruling that certain types of giveaway programs, such as Stop the Music, were lotteries in violation of the United States Criminal Code. Therefore, they were to be banned from the air effective October 1. Immediately, the National and American Broadcasting Companies, and Radio Features, Inc. in Chicago filed counter suits, and on September 21 obtained restraining orders. These prevented the commission from enforcing its ruling until the courts could decide whether it was legal or not. The temporary postponement of the commission's ban makes it possible for the programs in question to be aired during the period of litigation.

The networks' main bones of contention center around two points. One, definition and interpretation of the term "lottery," and two, the extent to which the FCC should be allowed censorship of radio broadcasting.

The term "lottery" is defined as "distribution of prizes as determined by chance or lot, especially where such chances are allotted by sale of tickets, or other consideration." The networks interpret the phase "other consideration" as meaning "other financial consideration." Therefore, according to the American Broadcasting Company, Stop The Music, Chance of A Lifetime, Kate Smith Calls, and Ladies Be Seated are not lotteries. Using this same interpretation, the National Broadcasting Company defends the legality of Hollywood Calling, Break the Bank, Take It or Leave It, Truth or Consequences, Double or Nothing and This Is Your Life, as does the Columbia Broadcasting System the legality of its Hit the Jackpot, Sing It Again, Winner Take All, Give and Take, Beat The Clock, and Grand Slam. Except for the "Hush" type contest occasionally (*Continued on page 77*)

Bert Parks, right, emcees Stop The Music, broadcast Sundays 8:00 P.M., EST; telecast Thursdays 8:00 P.M., EST, both over ABC stations.



Q as in LEWIS

"No one for us but Arthur!" cry Godfrey fans. "Except," they have begun to ad



ert Q." Here's the cause of that amazing statement

By now everyone knows that the Q, which separates Robert and Lewis in the name of the studious-looking, glib-tongued young man with the horn-rimmed glasses and the yen to get married only he's too busy, doesn't stand for anything. It's just an initial. Robert put it there himself, one night as he stood before the microphone in a local New York station, about to say to listeners, "This is Robert Lewis . . ."

It sounded, all of a sudden, very bare. Almost indecent. Why, there were already six other Robert Lewises on the air, and they ran rampant in the Manhattan telephone directory. What Robert needed was something to distinguish him from all the rest, to make his name stand out, so that when he announced it listeners wouldn't stifle a yawn and ask, "Which *one*?"

Inspiration visited him in the form of the seventeenth letter of the alphabet. Clearing his throat and drawing himself up to his full five-feet-ten, Robert said, "This is Robert Q. Lewis speaking . . ."

It's been that way ever since. But the Q doesn't stand for anything, even yet. You'd think that a bright young fellow like Robert would have decided on a name long ago, something to back up that bare letter, to give it substance and reality. Some nice, dignified name—like, maybe, Quigley. Or Quartermaine. Or Quinters.

Feeling that Robert, although a very funny radio performer, (when he pinch hit for Godfrey last summer, listeners reacted with the kind of delight that usually does not mark the hiatus of a vacationing star) has been remiss in this one respect, it's the purpose of this story to find the fellow a middle name. And high time, too. Unlike the hit-or-miss proposition that naming a new-born baby always is, in this case there are facts to go on. Facts which begin on April 5, 1921, when he was born.

Aside from the fact that he's a born-and-bred New Yorker, a rare bird you often hear about but seldom see, Robert's childhood was just about like any other little boy's. Like any other little boy, he went to school, to dancing school, to Sunday school. Well, on second thought he didn't go to Sunday school *exactly* like any other little boy. He had a different way, as his mother found out one day when she ran into seven-year-old Robert's teacher on the street.

"How is Bobby getting along in your class?" she asked his teacher pleasantly. (*Continued on page 92*)

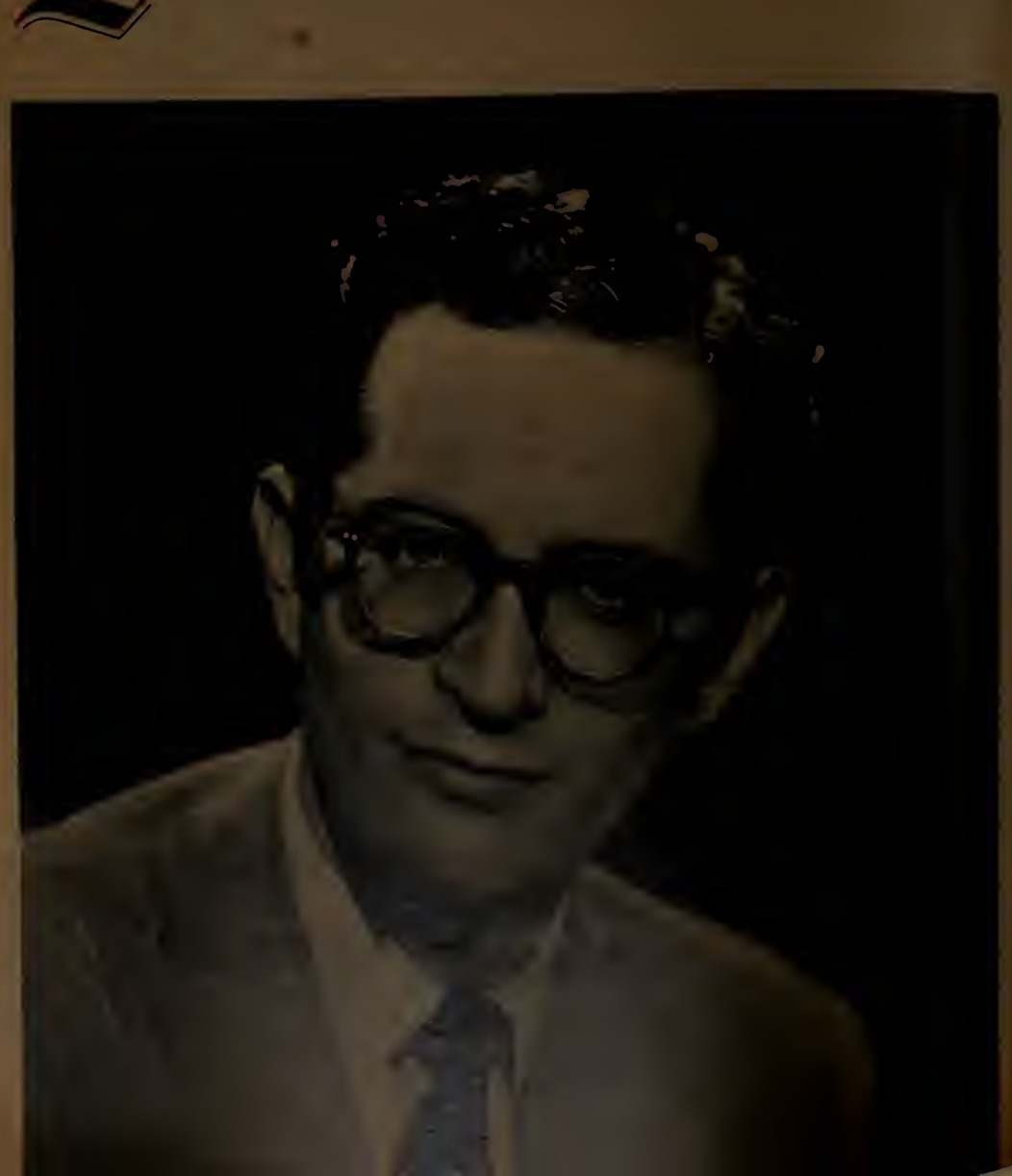


Robert collects totem poles and they collect dust. This leads to workouts with the vacuum, a chore his wife would do—if he had a wife. But what woman in her right mind would marry a totem pole collector? It's a vicious circle.



Q as in LEWIS

"No one for us but Arthur!" cry Godfrey fans. "Except," they have begun to add, "Q." Here's the cause of that amazing statement



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"How is Bobby getting along in your class?" she asked his teacher pleasantly. (*Continued on page 92*)



Robert collects toys—old ones and new ones and dust. This lends to wife's collection a chore his wife would [illegible]. But what woman in her right mind [illegible] a totem pole collection?




Christmas
At the happiest time of the year, Ma Perkins gathers together with her family for a festive holiday celebration

with Ma Perkins



In her Rushville Center home, Ma Perkins pauses in the numerous preparations of the day to open Christmas gifts from an adoring family. Seated under the tree is Baby Paulette; her father, Willie Fitz, stands behind Shuffle's chair; the Fitz's son, Junior, is seated on Ma's right, Fay Henderson on her left. Behind Ma stand Evey Fitz and Joseph, Ma's adopted son. And Pa, whose presence, though not earthly, is always felt, seems to be looking on the happy scene with pride from his place over the mantel.

Ma Perkins is heard M. - F. at 1:15 P.M. EST on CBS.

Christmas with Ma Perkins

At the happiest time of the year, Ma Perkins gathers together with her family for a festive holiday celebration



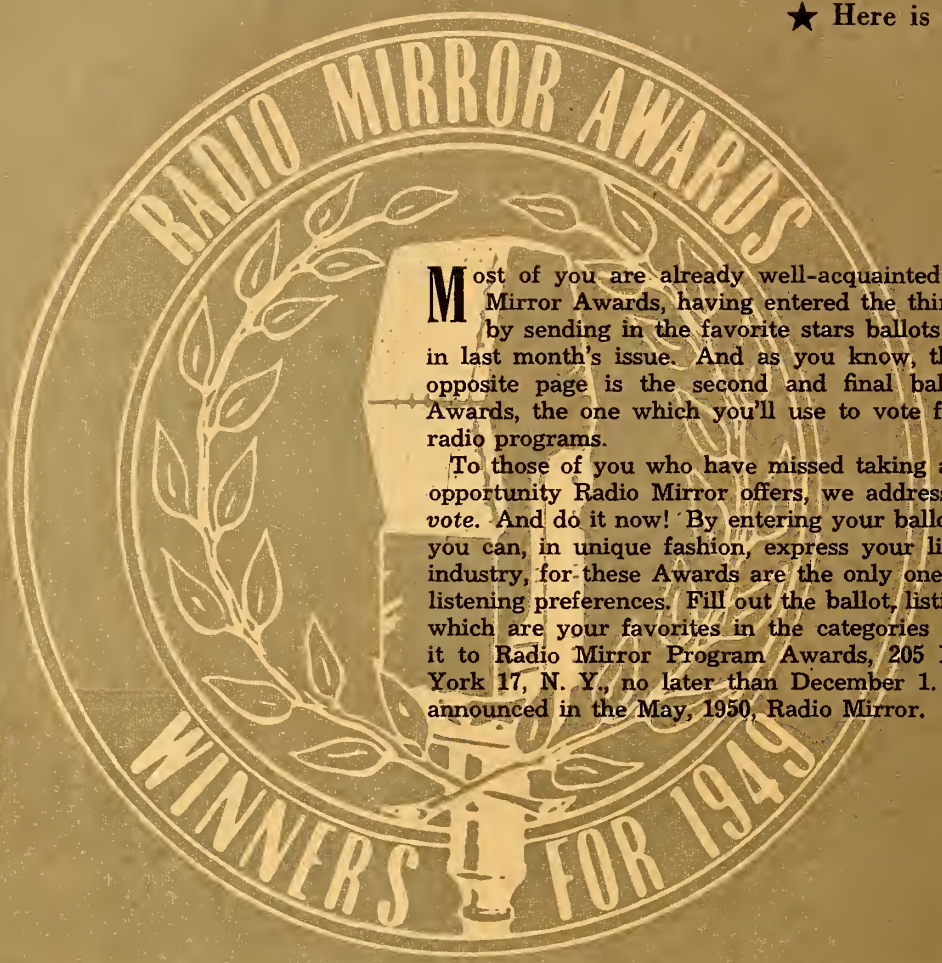


In her Rushville Center home, Ma Perkins pauses in the numerous preparations of the day to open Christmas gifts from an adoring family. Seated under the tree is Baby Paulette, her father, Willie Fitz, standing behind Shuffle, and the Fitz's son Junior seated on Ma's lap. Fay Henderson is at left. Behind Ma are Evey Fitz and Ma's adopted Pa, whose presence though not earthly is always felt, seems to be looking on the happy scene with pride from his place over the mantel.

Ma Perkins is heard M– at 1:15 P.M. EST on C–

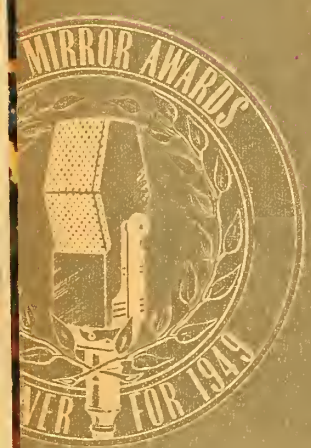
The RADIO MIRROR

★ Here is the second and final



Most of you are already well-acquainted with the Radio Mirror Awards, having entered the third annual voting by sending in the favorite stars ballots which appeared in last month's issue. And as you know, the ballot on the opposite page is the second and final ballot in the 1949 Awards, the one which you'll use to vote for your favorite radio programs.

To those of you who have missed taking advantage of the opportunity Radio Mirror offers, we address a special plea: *vote.* And do it now! By entering your ballot in the Awards you can, in unique fashion, express your likes to the radio industry, for these Awards are the only ones reflecting *your* listening preferences. Fill out the ballot, listing the programs which are your favorites in the categories named and mail it to Radio Mirror Program Awards, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y., no later than December 1. Results will be announced in the May, 1950, Radio Mirror.









AWARDS for 1949

Awards ballot—use it to vote for the radio programs which bring you the most listening enjoyment

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAMS

My Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL is.....

My Favorite CHILDREN'S PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite DRAMATIC PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite VARIETY PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite MYSTERY PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite AMATEUR PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite QUIZ SHOW is.....

My Favorite MUSICAL PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite COMEDY SHOW is.....

My Favorite EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite COMEDY STORY PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite RELIGIOUS PROGRAM is.....

My Favorite (non-quiz) AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION PROGRAM is.....

I Think This Year's BEST NEW PROGRAM is.....

I Think The BEST PROGRAM on the air is.....

I Think The WORST PROGRAM on the air is.....

(It is not necessary to answer the following questions unless you have TV in your community.)

MY FAVORITE TELEVISION PROGRAMS ARE:

Program For Women.....

Variety Show.....

Comedy.....

Quiz Show.....

Children's Program.....

Amateur Program.....

Dramatic Program.....

Best TV Show on the air.....

(Cut out this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror Program Awards, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., postmarked no later than December 1.)









OUR HAPPY

It's an old-fashioned holiday for the Harrises—and Phil's Dad says it's the best time of all the year for being a grandfather



Christmas portrait of a happy family: Phil and his father a background for the three girls they love best.

CHRISTMAS STORY



One of the joys of being a grandfather: Harry takes over the evening story-reading hour.

By HARRY P. HARRIS

Being a grandfather, let me tell you, is no cinch—that is, if you're interested in doing the job so that the children can point you out, with pride and warmth, as "That's my grandaddy." It involves all sorts of things, like knowing the answers to questions you've never heard before, solving problems that the philosophers have been pondering for generations, and being a high-grade combination of doctor, dentist, mechanic and mind reader.

But, on the other hand, being a grandfather is just about the most rewarding thing there is. And on special times, it's more fun than ever—times like birthdays, and Fourth of July, and Christmas. Especially Christmas. That's when being a grandfather really pays off big dividends in the kind of joy you can't get anywhere but from little children. That's when I'm proudest of all to hear Alice and Phil Harris's children call me Granddaddy!

It won't be long, now, until the big day. Already you can see the Christmas stars lighting up the eyes of little Alice and Phyllis, and the house is full of plans and preparations and secrets, and doors that are locked, and packages that are smuggled into the house and whisked out of sight. (*Continued on page 34*)

Alice Faye and Phil Harris are heard every Sunday night at 7:30 EST, over National Broadcasting Company's stations.



Grandaddy is always called on to officiate at Alice's tooth-pulling bouts.

With my son, Phil, and his wife, Alice, Christmas starts long before the actual date, and about two weeks before the really intensive bustle gets under way. It starts for me about that time, too, because it's along about two weeks before Christmas that the children and I start scouting around the lots in the Valley, looking for the perfect Christmas tree for Alice and Phil's big living room. Pretty soon after that come the trips down to Hollywood Boulevard with the girls to watch the Santa Claus parade in the evenings. Yes sir, things'll begin to hustle around here pretty soon—and I don't mind saying that I'm just about as anxious as the kids are!

Baby Alice and little Phyllis are firm believers in Santa Claus—and I'm old-fashioned enough to want to keep it that way as long as we can—so it's sometimes pretty hard to find out what it is that'll make them happiest under that tree on Christmas morning. They've written their letters to Santa Claus and that's that as far as they're concerned, and unless you're good at mind reading on the side you have an awful time picking up clues. I took to carrying around a notebook early this season and jotting down hints as I picked them up.

Like a few days ago when, searching for inspiration, I climbed the stairs up to the children's wing and looked in on them as they sat there in the nursery, busy as all get out. I went over to the tiny twin tables where they were sitting to get a peek over their shoulders, and found that they were pasting and painting the Christmas gifts they were making for their mother and father.

Those cute little merry-go-round lamps of theirs, on either side of the big stone fireplace, cast a pinkish glow on their downy blonde heads as they worked, a study in concentration. Miss Roclaire, their nurse, gave me an understanding wink as I stood behind Baby Alice and watched her laboriously lettering her mother's name on a cookbook cover.

Suddenly she looked down and discovered a dab of green paint on her fuzzy pink sweater. Her mouth rounded with woe, and she wailed, "It's the only pink sweater I've got, and I *love* it! Now what am I going do?"

"Maybe Santa Claus will bring you another one," I soothed.

Phyllis looked up from the chicken she was painting on a bookmark for Phil. "I want a new sweater, too," she chimed in, as she always does—I guess it's natural for one to want what the other does.

So there was one hint. As I went back downstairs the girls had already returned to their work. I whipped out that notebook of mine and added to the list, "Sweaters, Pink. Fuzzy. Twin sweaters, maybe."

Incidentally, trying to think up gifts for my son and daughter-in-law is another tough problem. They seem to have everything. As of now, I haven't made up my mind, but I'm thinking about glassware. Alice and Phil entertain a lot, and glasses, not matter how many of 'em you have, have a way of getting broken and needing replacement. Yes, the more I think about it the better that sounds—maybe I'll take a run down to the stores a little later on and get that off my list. Assorted kinds of glasses, I'll get—to fit in with Alice and Phil's assorted entertaining. Alice loves getting things for her house—the most truly house-proud girl, in the nicest sense of the term, that I've ever run across.

And when Alice puts on her traditional Christmas dinner this year, I know from experience it'll be one that the guests, no matter how many of them—and there are bound to be a lot—won't forget until the next Christmas brings another such treat their way. There are sure to be guests, although Alice doesn't know, yet, how many—probably won't know, I'll venture a guess, until shortly before we sit down to the table. Alice and Phil, being such a family-loving, home-loving pair themselves, can't bear to think of others being lonesome, especially on Christmas, so the guest list is likely to grow and grow right up to dinner time!

Of course, the dinner's going to be the traditional one—centering around turkey, and carrying all the trimmings. It just wouldn't seem right to the kids without turkey, and Alice and Phil feel that Christmas is mostly the children's day. I agree with them. Discipline—in small doses, mind you—is fine the rest of the year round, but cut loose and spoil 'em good and plenty at Christmas, I say! They're young only such a little while, and it's such a time of enchant-

Grandpa isn't the only story reader in the Harris house. The girls think Phil's a pretty good one, too.





What, asks Alice, could be a better Christmas present for two little girls than two little puppies?

ment for them, when they live in a world of exciting new toys and wonderful surprises every other minute.

But just the same, they begin to understand the true, blessed meaning of Christmas pretty young, at that. I was telling you a little while ago about the day when Alice and Phyllis were making presents for their mother and father. That same day, a little later in the afternoon, Baby Alice came scampering down the stairs with her finished cookbook clutched tightly to her, just about at the boiling point of excitement and pleasure about her own handiwork.

"You know, Grandaddy, I just found out something!"

She gave me her wonderful gap-toothed smile as I ruffled her hair and asked, "What is it you found out, honey?"

"It's almost more fun to give presents than to get them!" She looked at me anxiously. "Do you feel that way, too, Grandaddy?"

Yes, Baby—I feel that way, too. And she didn't know it, but she was giving me a present right then and there—the gift of happiness that she'd stumbled, so young, on such an important discovery. Probably next year little Phyllis will make the same discovery, as most children do when they get to be six or seven. They learn what Christmas really means to all the world, what the true spirit of the season is.

I guess I'm a pretty lucky man to have such a son, such a daughter-in-law, such grandchildren to spend Christmas with. Come to think of it, with a family like that it's Christmas three hundred sixty-five days a year for a fellow like me—especially as far as the children are concerned. Their shining little faces, their bright, questioning eyes, are like a present to me every time I look at them.

Makes you sort of nostalgic, too, the holiday season does. You take to looking back through the years, thinking of the good times as even better than they were, and the bad times as not so bad after all.

For instance, the other day I was down on my knees at the shallow end of the swimming pool, looking for Baby Alice's front tooth. (That's one thing about the Christmas season in Holly- (*Continued on page* 86)

The Greatest Story Ever Told



THE ELEMENTS OF GREATNESS ARE IN THIS PROGRAM.

It was two years ago, in the Christmas season of 1947, that the Nativity was first re-enacted on The Greatest Story Ever Told, when the program was new. Immediately, letters poured in from all over the country, and they all struck the same note.

"It was so real," listeners wrote. "It was as if we were there ourselves."

Christmas Day, 1949, which falls on a Sunday, will hold an added beauty for the millions of listeners who will be able to hear the miracle of the Nativity dramatized on The Greatest Story. For them, more than ever, it will be the most urgent story ever told, because it can touch them in a way that only the modern miracle of radio makes possible.

This is what a young Midwestern housewife wrote, after hearing the first of last year's two Christmas broadcasts: "The wonder and awe of that Holy Night with the shepherds in the Judean Hills was portrayed so vividly, it was almost as if we were there ourselves. No sermon we ever sat through touched our very hearts as this program did."

And from an elderly, bed-ridden listener in the South: "I was there last Sunday—I forgot that I was listening to the radio and I found myself trembling with exaltation and delight as the magic words of the Angel Gabriel poured out into my room as if they were addressed to me."

The simple Hebrew shepherds to whom the fateful message was given that Holy Night as they beheld a new star in the sky could hardly have imagined this new wonder—that almost two thousand years later, millions upon millions of men, women and children would be listening together to the same marvelous words at the same time. These Americans have made The Greatest Story Ever Told, with its illuminating dramatizations of Christ's life and teachings, a part of their lives.

Ever since the program went on the air in the fall of 1947, more and more people have been drawing new inspiration and faith from the age-old lesson of brotherhood and peace which it re-tells. Last year, for example, New York's Governor Dewey wrote to Fulton Oursler, who first had the idea of using the best techniques of radio to present the message of Jesus in concrete, human terms.

"If every American would listen, this would be a better country," wrote the Governor.

Last Christmas, the second of the two holiday programs concerned the search of the three wise men for the new-born Prince of Peace. Men of different lands, they had yet been able to join together in their common goal. Listening to the dramatization, a devoted listener got an idea.

"I don't see how anyone could resist the appeal of your program," she wrote in. "I'd like to try something which may seem foolish, but which I feel could do wonders for mankind in our sorely troubled world.

"I want to try—to make an attempt anyway—to get some of the world's key figures to hear your Christmas broadcast. I want to send them recordings of that program. Is it possible to get such recordings? I don't care how much it would cost."

The producers of the show wondered what to tell her. It happened that this program was not among those which were being made available for popular distribution on records. While they were wondering, the telephone in the office rang one morning, and their correspondent explained that she had just arrived in New York.

She explained, "My husband and I came here to meet a refugee child we've adopted. We'd like to get the recordings off at the same time."

The producer gulped and paused.

"Look," he said, "I wouldn't care if those recordings were made of diamonds and cost a king's ransom, I'll see to it that you get them with the compliments of our organization. There's just one question I have. How can you be sure that the big men you send them to will listen?"

He could almost "hear" the woman's gentle smile over the phone, he said later.

"This is the Christmas season, isn't it?" she asked. "This is the time we commemorate the greatest miracle of the world. Shall I have so little faith then as not to believe that somehow, some of these men, maybe some of their assistants, will listen?"

A few days later, (*Continued on page* 82)

The Greatest Story Ever Told is broadcast on Sundays at 5:30 P.M. EST, ABC.

AS IN ITS STORIES—TRUTH, BEAUTY, UNDERSTANDING...



Pauline wakens via double alarm system at 4 A.M.



5:10 A.M. and Pauline's waiting for the bus.



In a MAN'S

A woman—if she's Pauline Frederick—can do a man's job, male prejudice notwithstanding. Pauline proves it every day!

By MARTIN COHEN

"Women know of suffering so why shouldn't they be interested in news of floods, fires and other disasters? And can only men understand prices and supplies of goods when women must shop for the family food and clothing?"

That was the way Pauline Frederick answered Ted Malone during an interview when he asked her why she was trying to do a man's job. For Pauline who reports on Headline Edition and on her own news program five mornings a week at 8:50, is one of the rarest of human species existing in radio. She is the only woman reporter on all of the networks.

Legend has it that she got her first reporting job as a result of confusion on the part of a news editor who thought Pauline Frederick, the cinema actress of yesteryear, was asking for an interview. Radio's Pauline, who neither resembles nor was related to the deceased actress, knows too well that her success was not due to any comedy of mixed identities. When ABC hired her, they defied a prejudice against female news announcers as old as radio itself. For Pauline it was a well-earned victory after many heartaches.

"Sometimes I almost gave up and would go off for a good long cry," she admits. "But it was the anger more than anything else that made me stick it out."

She felt it was a righteous anger, for there was no complaint about her ability—only the prejudice against women. Yet Pauline won in spite of the fact she has none of the hardboiled characteristics you might expect to find in a career woman who has had to fight for her

Pauline Frederick's news commentary may be heard every morning,



By broadcast time at 8:50, Pauline has breakfasted, studied latest news, made up her script and is ready to go.

World—

success. Tall and handsome, she displays a surprising softness and kindness that comes from a lifetime of living the Golden Rule. When other reporters got tough, Pauline found that she could answer them firmly by sticking to the virtue she respects above all: honesty.

"I believe in being a reporter, but with it all being womanly," she'll tell you. "And by being womanly I *don't* mean being a coy, kittenish female!"

In her extensive travels as a reporter, Pauline has never asked for any concessions but she also has refused to be brushed off merely because of her sex.

When the Air Force asked networks and newspapers to cover a B-29 mission to Uruguay, ABC assigned Pauline Frederick. Army brass frowned and, in effect, said, "This is not for women. (*Continued on page* 74)

Monday thru Friday, at 8:50 EST, over American Broadcasting Co. stations.



At the U.N., Pauline meets Yemenite delegates.



She covers U.N. Assembly for ABC listeners.



Interviewing Kim Dong Sung, Korean observer.



And time for fun—entertaining friends at home.



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And time for fun—entertaining friends at home.

BETWEEN THE



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday afternoons, 3:55 P.M. EST over ABC.

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Home Place

You say you went back there? How did it look?
They've planted apples, as we wanted to,
Beside the kitchen window, dammed the brook,
And screened the porch? I wonder how they knew
To do all that! We talked about it so,
And planned just how we'd fix things if we could,
I guess they almost couldn't help but know
From living in the house. Well, well, that's good.
It's nice to know they've realized all our wishes—
I know that woman does her housework well
Looking at apples while she dries the dishes . . .
I only hope they never have to sell.
Go look at it myself? Well, no. Somehow
I couldn't say goodbye again—not now.
—Jane H. Merchant

Homespun Hero

The master complains that his little son
Considers him better than any one
Of the fabulous creatures that roam the comics
Dispensing with various fates and atomics;
The master would have you believe the distress
He takes so much diligent care to profess
Over the fact his adoring lad
Thinks he's a miracle-working Dad . . .
As if that most elegant reputation
Wasn't three-quarters his own creation—
As if he could ever quite manage to hide
That bountiful feeling of fatherly pride!
—S. H. Dewhurst

MARY JANE'S SONG

Cookies are chickens
And bunnies and pigs;
They're sugary stars
And whirligigs.

They're scalloped, they're crinkled
They're crispy and chewy;
They're cocoanut-crunchy
Or marshmallow-gooey.

Oh, everyone knows
They should never be plain;
And the best ones are frosted
To spell Mary Jane!
—Ethel Jacobson

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. Each poem must be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.

BOOKENDS

RACHEL'S GROVE

"We'll need a wind-break," Jacob said, the spring
They settled on the plain. "The blizzards here
Get quite a sweep without a tree or hill
To cut their force upon this whole frontier."

The pines above the sea were far behind,
And Rachel carried water to the shoots
Of cottonwood and willows Jacob found
Along School Creek, until they put down roots.

A century of winter wind has lunged
Against the stubborn trees of Rachel's grove,
But man and beast still find protection in
The quiet island that their branches wove.

—Maribel Coleman Haskin

For New Friends

Sing all the praises that you will
Of "friendships tried and true"—
But spare a note or two, I beg
For friends who still are new.
These only know us at our best
And never think absurd
Our telling over some pet joke
They had as yet not heard.
A year or so—the bloom will fade
And these (O sad to tell!)
Will join the rest, however dear,
Who know us all too well.
But in this golden interval
Their friendship is a star
By whose bright ray we seem more wise,
More witty than we are!

—Virginia Scott Miner

FOR COLLECTORS ONLY

Some collect matches,
Postcards and folders,
Crazy-quilt patches,
Trivets and holders;
Idols and vases
Or condiment sets,
Viennese laces,
Frail statuettes;
Photos of screen stars,
Demi-tasse cups,
Elephants, bean-jars,
Porcelain pups;
Buttons or candles,
Money or stamps,
Knockers and handles,
Old copper lamps;
Bow-legged tables,
Hand-painted covers,
Parisienne labels,
Perfume and lovers;
Some collect cheeses,
And interesting tins—
But I collect wheezes
And wrinkles and chins.

—Cosette Middleton

TRACKS

A little boy delights in making tracks
On soft, new snow, a wave-washed ocean shore,
Fresh-smoothed cement (when workmen turn their backs)
A raked seed-bed, a scoured kitchen floor.
And, when he's grown, this urge may make him go
Exploring in some far, uncharted place.
A mountain slope, a jungle or plateau
May hold his tracks for weaker men to trace.
And in some mapless region of the mind,
What helpful imprints he may leave behind!

—Sudie Stuart Hager

My Love Song

My song is made
Of bits of money
Spent for fireshine,
Bread and honey,
Christmas candles,
Croquet wickets,
Valentines,
And circus tickets.
Garden roses,
Kitchen spoons,
Bingo prizes,
Toy balloons . . .
My song of love
Is made of shine
From anything
That's YOURS and MINE.

—Glodys Mortin

When a Girl

How can I afford a child? That was the question asked by Mrs. G.T.N. in the September issue of RADIO MIRROR. And in overwhelming numbers our readers have answered, in effect, *how can you afford not to have one?* The best letter of all, I feel, was sent in by Mrs. Dorothy M. Greene, of Wollaston, Massachusetts. Here it is . . . and in Mrs. Greene's mailbox there's a RADIO MIRROR check for $25.

Dear Joan Davis:

I am forty-two years old and childless by choice. My husband and I are deeply in love. We love children, but I had rheumatic fever five times, which left me with a permanently damaged heart. Nevertheless, if I were G.T.N.'s age today, with the great strides made in medical science, I would have a baby. My husband and I have had a marvelous life together—we are interested in the young people of our church and have been active with them. My husband is interested in the Boy Scouts . . .

However, here we are with nothing much to look forward to but a rather lonely old age.

Why didn't we adopt children? Well, first the desperate depression prevented us. Then we were buying furniture, and other things: we wanted to 'give them everything.' So we waited. Then the war came, and we expected my husband to be drafted. So we waited. Housing was a problem in the immediate post-war period, and we did want to own our own home.

Now we are comfortably fixed. But we waited once too often. We are too old.

If G.T.N. is sincere, we advise her to have her baby as soon as possible. The right time to have a baby never comes if you think only in terms of material things. The bills are always with us—and life can so easily be wasted on non-essentials!

GRIN AND BEAR IT!

Dear Joan Davis:

I am a young married woman with two children.

Marries

By JOAN DAVIS



Joan Davis, played by Mary Jane Higby, is the heroine of When A Girl Marries, heard M.-F. at 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

We live in a house owned by my husband and his mother, who lives with us. She has six other children and they all expect part of her estate when she dies, but they will not even take her to live with them for one week so that I may have a rest. She is seventy-seven and a semi-invalid. She is a very good mother-in-law in most respects but has her old country ideas on a woman's place. She was horrified when I taught my husband to change diapers when the children were born. But on the other hand she will see that I get most anything I want and need. But I am not allowed to correct the children in front of her—though I do it anyway for I do not want them spoiled and when they need discipline they are going to get it. Do you think I am wrong in forcing her other children to take her for one week between them? It means only one day apiece and will give me a rest in preparation for the winter when I usually have her in bed for five or six weeks.

Mrs. F. S.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

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RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION

SECTION



MAN on the STREET

When Dan Peterson played football at Yale he little thought he was getting in training to handle New York's noonday crowds. Now, as DuMont's Man on the Street, he knows. Monday through Friday, 1:30 to 1:45, with walkie-talkie strapped on, he takes his post on Madison Avenue at 53rd Street while television cameras nose through second-floor windows above him. Without pre-arrangement, the crowd converges on Dan. Cab drivers slow down to listen and add a few words of their own. Ambulances and fire engines clang by, buses shriek to a standstill while passengers try to see what this 6′ 3″ 210-pounder is selling that makes customers come swarming.

The fact is that he's merely selling talk. Random opinions on what to do about Germany, whether Junior should monopolize the family car, if husband or wife should administer the finances. Home viewers often send in questions, and anybody with an opinion can express it over Dan's mike.

Folks from all over the world have joined the throng on Dan's corner. Visitors who have watched from their home cities make it a point to tell Dan so. Men have come up out of manholes to participate—literally! Dan took his mike over to a worker one day who was half below the street and half above, and got some stimulating opinions on the merits of the Marshall Plan. Dan believes in his program. "Gives people a chance to speak their minds," he says.



Dan Peterson draws as many crowds as a huckster with a red hot bargain. The only thing he has to sell, though, is talk.



Bob Dixon's TV personality may be dual, but these smiles prove it's no Jekyll-Hyde affair.



The SHERIFF and Mr. MITTENS

Persuading viewers to stop, look and listen to the commercial on a television program is often a bit of magic in itself. So what more natural, argued Bob Dixon, than to give them a real magic trick to keep them interested? He had a whole bag of such tricks when he began his Mr. Mittens stint on Ireene Wicker's Singing Lady Show (ABC-TV Sunday night from 6:00 to 6:30 EST).

Bob got christened Mr. Mittens on the Singing Lady show because one chilly day in the studio he grabbed a child's mittens and stuck one on each ear. "Will you look at Mr. Mittens!" Ireene jeered. The kids liked the name. Bob designed the suit and hat, appliqued with big mittens, that he wears on the show. "I'm not sure I want to take credit for it," he says. "I suspect my own kids think it's kind of corny."

Bob's kids are Roy, a big boy of fourteen, and eleven-year-old Roberta. "I don't get as much attention at home as I do at the neighbors'," Bob says. "My children take me and my job in their stride. They really like me best on my own program, as Sheriff Bob in Chuck Wagon (on CBS-TV Monday through Friday afternoons from 5:30 to 6:30 EST). That's because they like the authentic western stuff."

When the studio receptionist recently announced that a traffic policeman wanted to see Bob, he thought this might be one of his buddies from (*Continued on page* 85)



Bob's children are Chuck Wagon fans, but he claims they're much more interested in their own pets. Right, Mrs. Dixon.

John Cameron



1. "Your papers, John," Mrs. S. reminds him as he dashes off for train from Old Greenwich, Conn., to New York. Suzanne and John Cameron Jr. help send him off to his NBC-TV News Caravan chores.



2. All the way in to Grand Central Station his eyes stay fixed on the newspapers, as he marks items for further checking the moment he gets to his office.



6. After quick clothes change, Swayze lunches with Milton Caniff (creator of the popular Steve Canyon cartoon strip) and gets a tip on a hot news story.

Television's top commentator counts every minute—for every minute counts in the complex job of keeping the world informed on the state of its affairs



9. Swayze and director Thoman go over last-minute changes in news bulletins as cameraman sets up for close-up that opens Monday through Friday telecast.

John Cameron Swayze, seen and heard on WNBT News Caravan, M.-F. 7:45 P.M. EST and on Who Said That? Sat., 9:00 P.M. EST, WNBT.

Swayze – HIS DAY



3. Dashing into Radio City, he stops in NBC newsroom to scan late teletype bulletins.



4. The big job of condensing the news. Hat (right) holds things he'd forget to take home.



5. He uses newsroom's international clocks to check the time on important foreign news.



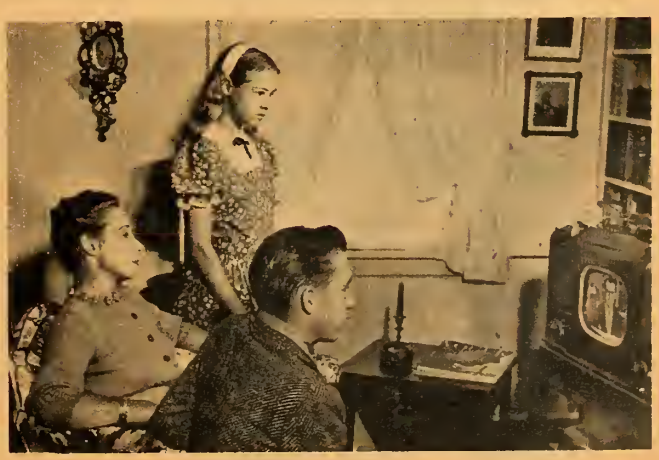
7. Back in newsroom he scans news film insert and plans commentary with director Clarence Thoman, TV news manager Ad Schneider, editor Ralph Peterson.



8. New note in newsroom furnishings is make-up table improvised on top of two-drawer file. TV reporters, seen as well as heard, must mask 5 o'clock shadow.



10. Saturday's Who Said That? show, with Bob Trout, is a cinch for well-informed Swayze. Guests here are Earl Godwin, the Quentin Reynolds, Bob Considine.



11. Swayze's family judges his programs at home. Wife watches his ties, tells which look best on TV. Conservative ones do, but he likes them loud!

MAMA



Katrin (Rosemary Rice)



Nels (Dick Van Patten)



Aunt Jenny (Ruth Gates)



Uncle Chris (Malcolm Keen)

The Hansens of San Francisco, after many media, possibly have found the most perfect one of all in TV

If you stop in at the big restaurant in New York's Grand Central Station almost any Friday evening you'll find a gay family party at a big round table in a corner. There will be Mama and Papa, teen-agers Katrin and Nels, and eight-year-old Dagmar. Aunt Jenny and Uncle Chris are usually present, together with any Hansen relatives and neighbors who may figure in that night's telecast about the American adventures of Norwegian-born Mama and Papa and their brood.

Seeing them seated happily around the dinner table in the one hour of rest they get between their all-day rehearsals and the actual CBS telecast of Mama, it's hard to believe they aren't really a family. In fact, you couldn't convince some people that they aren't. Peggy Wood, who plays Mama, reports that one of her friends heard a couple talking over the program one Friday night as they left a bar and grill that featured television. "It must be a real family," one of them was arguing hotly. "For to what else but a real family could all those things happen!"

Judson Laire, who plays Papa, thinks no real family could get along any better than the actors and the others responsible for the show.

"Everybody gets along with everybody else," he says, with a note of surprise in his voice that this sort of thing should be happening in the theater. "There are no quarrels. No one worries whether his part is large or small one week. He knows it will even up some other week.

Mama is telecast Fridays, 8:00 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.



Mama
(Peggy Wood)



Papa
(Judson Laire)

We have a lot of fun there." And he pulls on his pipe contentedly, just as Papa does on camera when he is pleased with the world and his family.

It's a fact that everyone connected with the program seems pleased. Carol Irwin, who acquired the rights to enlarge on the original characters in Kathryn Forbes' book *Mama's Bank Account* is delighted with the scripts turned out by writer Frank Gabrielson. So is producer-director Ralph Nelson. So is Kathryn Forbes herself, who thinks Mr. Gabrielson has kept completely to the spirit of her characters. And all the players are pleased, too.

Mama made her TV debut last July 1, and only a few words have been cut out of any script in all these weeks. Actors are handed their scripts on Friday, come back on Tuesday with lines learned, knowing that they won't have to unlearn them again. "Outside of playing the classics, in which a line cannot be changed, this has never happened to me before in the theater," Peggy Wood marvels. Mr. Gabrielson, it seems, has an uncanny sense of timing.

Miss Wood, hereafter called Mama because all the people in this play are addressed on the set by their character names, was sitting in the old-fashioned green-papered parlor between scenes, crocheting a pink and white coverlet for a new baby. Next to her is the upright piano, and visible through the open door are the delicately scrolled cupboards, the bright-colored plates displayed on the plate rail, and the big dining table where the Hansens gather for their television meals. And beyond that, is the stove where the coffee bubbles merrily in the big coffee pot.

Mama wears a costume copied from one in an old *Delineator* in the files of the Public Library. It is striped vertically in bright blue, and between the narrow stripes are little moss rosebuds with tiny green leaves. The neck is cut high, the waist narrow, the skirt long and full, and a bow ties it together at the back.

Mama's softly waving hair is worn high on her head, protected during rehearsals by a tightly wound veil. She goes on with her crocheting and tells you what fun it is to play the same character on a weekly television program, how much more satisfying it is than doing the same things and saying the same lines at every performance.

"When you play a role on the stage you have to study the words and actions of that character in the circumstances of that particular play, and you also have to decide what she would say and do in any other set of circumstances. Only in that way can you express in the round what the author has given you in, let's say, linear dimensions. But no actress can show how much she knows about the character she is playing until she has an opportunity like this, to play all its facets as the weeks go by."

So thoroughly has Peggy Wood become Mama that she's apt to slip into Mama's accent (carefully coached by the Norwegian Information (*Continued on page* 85)

Coast to



Grand Ole Opry's Minnie Pearl, hat and all, joined Lee Hogan for a four-finger duet on KNBH's Designed for Women.



Triple-threat Jimmy Scribner (producer, writer, actor) uses all three talents on his Sleepy Joe show (KECA).



WAVE's Junior's Club, program for listeners, j.g., combines ventriloquism and guest stars from the animal world.



Dream come true: NBC guide Beverly Phillips broke into TV with the Bonny Maid Versatile Varieties.

Tv Tidbits: Jack Benny is dipping his toes into television before he makes the dive off that radio springboard. Present plan is to make guest appearances and perhaps do a few shows of his own from the east, before taking the plunge into a regular TV program . . . Maybe you don't remember it, but Ed Sullivan, now host of CBS-TV's Toast of the Town, was the fellow who brought Benny to the mike for his first radio broadcast, back in 1932 . . . Paul Tripp, Mr. I. Magination of the Sunday night CBS-TV show, wrote the well known musical story for children called "Tubby the Tuba" . . . The O'Neills, lately transplanted from radio to television by DuMont, is based on the doings of an actual Long Island family by the same name. Famous graduates of roles in the radio version are Cornel Wilde, Martha Scott, Jay Jostyn and Richard Widmark. Widmark was fired from his role, however. "Unsuitable," they said of the fellow who is now the dream-boy of millions of movie-goers! . . . Pretty model Terry Thomas won the Miss Telegenic contest from a total of twenty-one other comely contestants at the big Waldorf-Astoria party that Motorola gave to launch its 1950 television line. Judges included pulchritude experts Earl Wilson, Al Capp, Harold Lloyd, Freddie Martin, CBS cast-

Coast in TELEVISION



Ex-gridiron great, Tom Harmon, who carried the ball for Michigan, will do UCLA games for KECA.



Maggi McNellis, Leave It to the Girls femcee, had to develop whole new wardrobe techniques for video.

ing director Eleanor Kilgallen and Paul V. Galvin, Motorola's president. The door prize, a 1950 television console, was won by an NBC man who looked as smug as anything as he gazed on his king-sized loot.

* * *

Beverly Phillips, at twenty-one, is on her way to where she wants to go in television. A few months ago she was pursuing her job as a guide at Radio City, New York, when her friend Carol Ohmart told her that a third Bonny Maid was needed on George Givot's Versatile Varieties show (NBC-TV every Friday from 9 to 9:30). Beverly auditioned and got the job, joining Carol and the original Bonny Maid, Anne Francis. Now the three girls sing and act out the commercials that are an integral part of the show.

Beverly is a pretty blue-eyed blonde who came east from Salt Lake City on a Rotary Club scholarship for further study in music and dramatics. She had been working with a theater group in Salt Lake and had been on the radio two years, so joining Radio City's guide staff was merely her way of being on the premises when an audition came up. Her friend Carol is a stage and radio veteran too, starting at three in a song and dance act and joining radio at thirteen. Being chosen Miss Utah, and runner-up to Miss America in 1946, brought her to New York and big city radio and TV.

The third member of the trio, Anne Francis, is Bonny Maid herself. Anne's experience in television goes back to 1941, but she too was a radio veteran before she was eight. You'll see Anne in the movies soon, in a picture with Paul Henreid called "Runaway."

To get back to Beverly, the girl who started us off on this little piece. Maybe you think that now she's in television Radio City has lost an efficient guide. 'Tain't true! A good job is a good job to a girl on her way up, and Beverly is hanging on to both of them.

* * *

"Television," says Maggi McNellis, "has brought about a fashion revolution." Miss McNellis speaks with some authority, for she is already a TV vet and is currently seen as narrator of "Leave It to the Girls," heard via NBC-TV on Sundays at 8:30 P.M.

"I had to completely replenish my wardrobe for television," says Maggi. (*Continued on page* 81)

Through the Years with

JUST PLAIN BILL



1. The three persons nearest Bill Davidson's heart are his daughter, Nancy; her husband, Kerry Donovan and their son, Wiki. Their love for Bill is equally strong.



2. Kerry is reckoned the best of lawyers by Hartville and the nearby county seat of Hiawatha, where he has his office. Kerry often finds Bill's advice a big help.

"Just Plain Bill" Davidson, the local barber in Hartville, is beloved of the townsfolk for his many kindnesses and help. The story of Bill and his friends is similar to that of people we all know. Playing their parts as you hear them on the air are:

Bill Davidson.....Arthur Hughes
Nancy Donovan.....Ruth Russell
Kerry Donovan.....James Meighan
Elmer Eeps.....Joe Latham
Dorothy Nash.....Theresa Keene
Ned Shepherd..... .Cliff Carpenter

Just Plain Bill, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard over NBC, Monday through Friday, at 5:30 P. M., EST.

Radio Mirror reviews the life of a man devoted to kindness and good deeds. He could be anybody's neighbor in anybody's town, but Hartville knows him as Just Plain Bill



JUST PLAIN BILL

THROUGH THE YEARS with JUST PLAIN BILL

(Continued)





4. Bill gives his old friend, Elmer Eeps, a shave. Elmer keeps the general store across the street and also keeps up with the village gossip, which he always passes along to Bill. The years have mellowed the close friendship between Bill and Elmer and hoth enjoy it to the fullest.



5. There are times when even the local representative of the law, Sheriff Roberts, calls on Bill for help. Here, Nancy and Kerry admire Bill's deputy hadge which shines with sympathy as well as justice. Bill's reputation for fairness has never been challenged.



3. Nancy and Kerry's little boy, Wiki, is the apple of his grandfather's eye. And Wiki, in turn, doesn't think there is anyone quite like the man Hartville calls Just Plain Bill. On Christmas Eve, after the stockings have been hung and the packages wrapped, Bill observes his long-standing custom of reading *'Twas The Night Before Christmas*. Wiki sits in rapt attention on his grandfather's lap while Wiki's admiring parents look on. Bill's love for them—and their love for Bill—is typical of every American family.



6. Highly respected by all his fellow citizens, Bill is frequently asked to speak on such occasions as Memorial Day or the Fourth of July. With his simple words of faith and his homespun philosophy, Bill's messages touch every heart in his engrossed audience.



7. Among the many who have come to Bill and found an answer to their problems were Dorothy Nash and Ned Shepherd. Their young lives were in danger until Bill showed them the way to happiness. Hartville's love for Just Plain Bill Davidson continues to grow.

THROUGH THE YEARS with JUST PLAIN BILL

(Continued)



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Come and Visit

Linda and Tony flank their parents as Kelley, the nurse and Nora bring up the rear on a walk around the grounds. Despite five acres and a swimming pool, the Hope home is unpretentious by Hollywood standards and does not reflect Bob's great earning power.



The Hopes found out that canine Chuckie's mixed ancestry didn't prevent his having thoroughbred qualities.



Dolores and Bob, by keeping their private life simple, are able to make the most of whatever free time they have.

Bob Hope can be heard on Tuesday evenings at 9:00 EST over NBC stations.

BOB HOPE

By PAULINE SWANSON

Radio's busiest comedian does find time for his family but just *how* he does it, nobody knows

Dropping in on the Bob Hopes at home is an experience unlike anything else that can happen to a visitor in Hollywood.

And a first-time guest would do well to prepare himself with a sedative and a good night's sleep.

In the first place, finding the Hopes at home all together and all at once takes some doing.

On weekends or during school vacations, Mrs. Hope and the children are generally to be found at the family's winter hideaway in Palm Springs, or at the house on Balboa Bay where they escape for a little peace and quiet in the summer. And, of course, Bob, himself, is as apt to be phoning in from Tokyo or Berlin as relaxing in his big armchair by the fire.

But when the Hopes *are* at home—and home is a vast and confusing establishment on five walled-in acres in North Hollywood—they are home with a vengeance. (*Continued on page* 78)



The healthy, handsome Hope family poses for its portrait: Bob and Dolores, Tony and Linda. Missing are little Kelley and Nora—they probably had more exciting things to do.

The Sugar Plum CHRISTMAS



By EVELYN FIORE

Sadly Julie thought: They'll open their gifts, full of eagerness, and what will they find? Socks and shirts! Children want toys at Christmas—there must be some way to make their dreams come true . . .

Hilltop House is heard Monday through Friday at 3:15 P.M. EST, over CBS network stations.

On the crest of a hill on the outskirts of Glenwood stands the orphanage, Hilltop House. It's not a large place—which makes it easier for the supervisor, Mrs. Grace Dolben, and her young assistant, Julie Paterno, to create an atmosphere of friendly security for their young charges. There's a family feeling at Hilltop House; even Michael Paterno, Julie's lawyer husband, has a share in it as a member of Hilltop's Orphanage Board.

Right now Clementine, who's six and a half, is Hilltop's youngest. Julie and Mrs. Dolben fear that things are going to be harder for Clem than they are for the other children for, although she came to them as an orphan, she refuses to believe that her father, a soldier, died overseas; she talks constantly of the "family" she'll belong to when he returns. Out of Clementine's deep desire for someone of her own to love—and out of Mike's Christmas inspiration—grew the Hilltop House story which Radio Mirror has fictionized for its readers as this month's Reader Bonus.

The sharp late-fall wind sent dry leaves bowling along the streets of Glenwood, and whipped smartly around the old white house on the crest of the hill. Julie Paterno, who had been looking out of a window at the stripped trees, felt suddenly bleak. With a slight shiver she dropped the curtain and turned back to the warm room.

Over in one corner, Dolbie—Mrs. Grace Dolben, supervisor of Hilltop—was still murmuring aloud at her desk over a laundry list; in another, Julie's husband Michael sat half-nodding over a book. *And upstairs,* Julie thought, *Hilltop's children are asleep—as happy and as comfortable as Dolbie and I can make them. What's the matter with me?*

Moving quietly in order not to disturb Dolbie, Julie crossed the room and settled on the arm of Michael's chair. "At times like this I wish Hilltop House were Valleybottom House," she whispered. "We're so exposed and unprotected up here."



Trying to picture Christmas for Mary Ann, Julie could envision it the way it should be—the way it *must* be, this year. She saw Dolbie, Michael, herself, surrounded by bright, happy faces. "Christmas is sharing," she said. "Christmas is love!"

Before Michael could answer, Dolbie looked up crossly from her list. "Never mind whispering. I can't make it come right anyway. Julie, did we or did we not have six pairs of size four overalls only last week?"

Julie did a quick mental count and nodded. "I think there were six. Yes—I remember folding them. Clementine outgrew hers last month, and I was thinking I'd put them away among the stores because now that Butch has been adopted it doesn't look as if we'll need any size fours for a while."

"That's what I thought," Dolbie said even more crossly. She held up her list as though it were on trial for some crime. "This shows only five in the store closet. And there was that heavy sweater that disappeared last week. Heavens, this orphanage isn't the richest place in the world, that we can afford to start losing things. Michael—you get busy and find out what's going on."

"Not me," Michael said promptly. "I'm purely a legal-type lawyer. What you have in mind is one of the lawyer-detectives like Perry Mason. You find me the criminal and I'll prosecute, but that's all."

The room settled back into quiet, broken only by an occasional irritated sound (*Continued on page* 94)



Christmas goodies designed to delight: the brownies (left center) and ginger cookies (in cornucopia) are Nancy's own recipes.

Christmas IN THE Kitchen



By
NANCY CRAIG
Heard at 1:15 P.M. EST, Mon. - Fri., on ABC. (Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

THE HOLIDAY KITCHEN

Christmas is the nicest day of the year at our house. On Christmas Eve, six-year-old Billy and three-year-old Alice develop a case of restlessness—and the whole house wakes up at dawn. The day begins with pretty packages, wonderful gifts and the glorious tree.

We have a very special custom in the Craig family. We always decorate our tree mostly with presents—small, inexpensive gifts for unexpected guests, old or young. Most of these presents are from the kitchen. I make tiny jars of jelly and decorate the tops with straw flowers. The jar top is then dipped in paraffin and it makes a dainty package. The jelly sparkles like a bright tree ball.

And ginger cookies! These always seem especially sweet, because the children make them. I mix the dough and roll it out—and Billy and Alice cut out all their favorite turkeys, trees and gingerbread men. These are wrapped to go on the tree.

During the holiday season, we always keep cookies and candy on hand. Friends drop in and it's wonderful to be able to dash into the kitchen for some special treat. The fudge squares head the list—but important, too, are the traditional candies, the rich, light fruit cake. Springerle, the Swedish Christmas cookies, always cause comment. I like to make all things in double batches in advance. Half goes to friends, near and far away, as presents. The rest we keep for eating and for guests.

We feel that the most fun of Christmas lies in preparing for it—and a Kitchen Christmas, with the children helping, is one of the best!

CRISP GINGER COOKIES

1 cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg
1 cup dark molasses
1 tablespoon vinegar
4 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons ginger
dash cayenne pepper (optional)

Beat the shortening until light and fluffy. Add sugar a little at a time, beating until light. Beat in egg, molasses and vinegar. Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and ginger and cayenne. Combine with sugar-shortening mixture. Chill. Working with a small amount at a time, roll very thin on floured board and cut out with floured fancy cutters. Bake on cookie sheet in moderate oven (350° F.) 8 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen cookies.

(*Continued on page* 100)

DAYTIME DIARY

For the benefit of those of you who didn't become acquainted with it last month, Daytime Diary is a new Radio Mirror Reader Bonus designed to bring you reviews of the latest events in daytime dramas. If you've missed listening to one of your favorite serials lately, Daytime Diary will keep you in touch with what went on during the period when you weren't able to listen. If you want more information about a certain program before tuning it in, Daytime Diary supplies that information. Whatever your reason, you'll find that Daytime Diary is a handy guide in charting a course for daytime drama listening.

These pages contain all but a few daytime drama reviews. As was noted last month, all daytime radio dramas are brought to you by sponsors, who work through advertising agencies. Before including a review in Daytime Diary, Radio Mirror must have the cooperation of the sponsor and the agency that handles the show. We still have not been able to include a few of the shows as this issue goes to press. But the editors are confident that eventually you'll have reviews of *all* the dramas. A complete Daytime Diary is Radio Mirror's goal!

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Larry Noble
heard on
NBC 4 P.M.

CAST: Mary Noble, married to Larry Noble, handsome actor; Larry Jr., their small son; Tom Bryson and Maude Marlowe, who are frequent visitors at the Noble home in Rosehaven, Long Island.
BACKGROUND: Mary does not like to interfere with Larry's career, but lately she has been trying to help. The summer theater production in which Larry starred was so successful that everyone feels it could be a success on Broadway as well. Larry and his friends have been trying for some time to find an "angel"—somebody who will put up the necessary money for such a venture.
RECENTLY: It looks very much as if wealthy Rupert Barlow is really impressed by Larry's play. His response to Mary's efforts to capture his interest has been most gratifying. Neither Mary nor Larry suspects the true position—that Rupert's interest has indeed been aroused, but more by Mary herself than by Larry's play. In fact the beautiful press agent Rupert hired has a dual purpose; Rupert hopes to throw Beatrice Dunmore and Larry together so adroitly that the Noble marriage will be broken up.

BIG SISTER



Ruth Wayne
heard on
CBS 1 P.M.

CAST: Ruth Wayne, "big sister" to her friends; Dr. John Wayne, her husband; Dr. Reed Bannister, whose friendship with John has been marred by many clashes; Valerie, Reed's wife; Parker, a millionaire whose greatest pleasure lies in wielding power.
BACKGROUND: Two years ago, John, suffering a mental disturbance, vanished from Glen Falls and from Ruth's life. By the time he returned she was almost ready to turn to the arms of Reed, who had always loved her. But she reestablished her home with John, and Reed married Valerie.
RECENTLY: Reed had once falsely accused John of jealousy. Now, if he made the accusation, it would be true; John is finding that he cannot stand competition with Reed. He leaves the Health Center, of which Reed is the head, and becomes personal physician at a fabulous salary to Parker, though he dislikes and distrusts him deeply. And his nervous strain becomes so apparent that Valerie stops coming to him for her prenatal care. Apprehensively, Ruth notes the signs that point to trouble. Will John fail her once more, as he did two years ago?

BRIGHTER DAY



Rev. Richard Dennis
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Elizabeth Dennis, who will always feel responsible for the rest of her family; her father, the Rev. Richard Dennis; her brother, Gray; her sisters, Patsy, Babby (the youngest) and glamorous Althea.
BACKGROUND: Since time after time her efforts to get to Hollywood have been frustrated, Althea decides to do the second best thing and marry wealthy, adoring Bruce Bigby, thinking that somehow his father's money may come in handy for her Hollywood plans.
RECENTLY: For a time it looks as though Althea has guessed wrong, for Mr. Bigby is so furious at the unexpected marriage that he threatens to cut Bruce off. But as Liz and the rest of the Dennises watch with worried but admiring eyes, Althea goes to work on the Bigby family and—as always—her charm is successful. In no time at all, Mr. Bigby agrees not only to reinstate Bruce in his affections but to finance both him and Althea until Bruce can finish college in an Eastern town. But the crisis leaves Liz wondering . . . just what kind of person has little Althea grown up to be?

DAVID HARUM



Aunt Polly Benson
heard on
CBS 3:00 P.M.

CAST: David Harum, one of Homeville's most beloved citizens; Aunt Polly Benson, his sister, who shares his big white house on Catalpa Street—and all his problems; Mrs. Elaine Dilling, who comes to Homeville on business with her daughter, Dorothy, and Dorothy's fiance, Jack Wallace.
BACKGROUND: Because David is president of the Homeville Bank, he's an important person in Homeville. But he would be important anyway, because he has a talent for helping out in other people's troubles.
RECENTLY: Homeville is a small town, and when Mrs. Dilling, with her daughter and the young man named Jack Wallace, arrive in town, it isn't long before the news gets around that they have come to claim an inheritance. In making their claim, they have to have dealings with the Homeville Bank, of which David is president—and this means trouble for David. For there is something peculiar about the two young people—something—so sinister that even Dorothy's mother seems to be afraid of them. What will David discover when he learns about the background of these newcomers?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



Sally
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M.

CAST: David Farrell, the newspaperman who's known as "Front Page" Farrell; Sally Farrell, his charming and devoted wife.
BACKGROUND: David Farrell who is by profession a reporter—in fact, the *New York Eagle's* star reporter—can't seem to keep from being a detective too; and where David goes, Sally follows, especially if she thinks the man she loves may be going into danger. Besides, Sally used to be a newspaperwoman herself, and she's just as curious as her husband is.
RECENTLY: There's a certain sixth sense without which no reporter can be a success—the talent for being right on the spot *before* the news is made. David has this talent in abundance. In fact, it was David and Sally who found the body of a murdered man in a night club, a discovery which led to many startling developments. Working closely with the police, David and Sally uncovered the trail of a gigantic gambling ring, and the stories David was able to give the *Eagle* as a result of his inside knowledge of the case have considerably enhanced his already enviable reputation.

GUIDING LIGHT



Charlotte Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M.

CAST: Charlotte Wilson Brandon, who realizes that in spite of all her efforts her marriage to lawyer Ray Brandon is entering a period of crisis; Julie, Ray's first wife, to whom he shows signs of turning for comfort; Sid Harper, actor's agent who once managed Charlotte's radio career, and has never stopped loving her.
BACKGROUND: When Charlotte and Ray were married, she hoped against hope that he had forgotten Julie. And her hopes seemed justified, especially when they adopted Chuckie and became a real family. But now Chuckie has been taken from them as his real parents fight over his custody, and Charlotte is afraid that the barrenness of their married life will drive Ray back into Julie's arms.
RECENTLY: Waking to day after day of emptiness, Charlotte begins to go to pieces. Unsure of Ray's love, she confesses to Sid Harper that she thinks all that keeps Ray with her now is his kindness. A child at least would fill her arms and her heart, but there is no child . . . and Sid wonders how to help her fill the meaningless days of her life.

HILLTOP HOUSE



Michael Paterno
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Julie Paterno, assistant to the supervisor, Grace Dolben, at the orphanage called Hilltop House; Michael Paterno, Julie's lawyer husband, a member of Hilltop's board; Hilltop's children.
BACKGROUND: It's the aim of Julie and Mrs. Dolben to provide a real home for the children of Hilltop, rather than an institution. And the children respond to Julie's understanding treatment by giving her their confidence.
RECENTLY: For once, the problems of Hilltop have taken second place in Julie's mind as she struggles with a major difficulty in her own marriage. She has never told Michael much about Kevin Burke, the man she was in love with years ago. But Michael has sensed that the affair left a deep mark on Julie, and is very disturbed when once again Kevin comes into Julie's life. Now a widower, Kevin is about to undergo a dangerous operation, and has begged Julie to take care of his little boy. Fortunately there is room for the youngster at Hilltop . . . but what will his coming do to the marriage of Julie and Mike?

JUST PLAIN BILL



Nancy Donovan
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M.

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; Nancy, his daughter; Kerry Donovan, the young lawyer Nancy married; Wiki, their son; Wesley Franklin, who may be about to ruin Bill's friend John Ross; Karen, John's daughter, who hopes to captivate Franklin; Vera, Franklin's downtrodden wife.
BACKGROUND: Wesley Franklin's return to Hartville has meant trouble for John Ross, for Franklin knows how to use his money to get the things he wants. He has retained Kerry to look after his expanding Hartville interests.
RECENTLY: Bill Davidson is patiently trying to convince lovely Karen Ross that her campaign to flirt with Franklin can only lead to grave trouble for everyone, but Karen can see no other way to save her father's business. She receives support for her plan from a very surprising quarter—Vera, the neglected wife of Franklin, seems actually anxious to encourage his interest in Karen and makes opportunities for them to be together. Meanwhile Nancy and Kerry are caught between the two factions, since Kerry must be loyal to the man who is paying him.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



Papa David
heard on
NBC 3:00 P.M.

CAST: Papa David, whose own life proves that life can be beautiful; Chichi, the waif who some years ago found shelter in Papa David's "Slightly Read Book Shop" and has grown up to be like a daughter to him; writer Douglas Norman, Chichi's fiance; Chuck Lewis, leader of a youthful "gang" which is causing considerable worry in Papa David's neighborhood.
BACKGROUND: Sooner or later, all community problems find their way to Papa David's Book Shop. But Chuck Lewis and his gang of young desperadoes are something new in Papa David's experience, for these youngsters may be not merely delinquent, but dangerous.
RECENTLY: Years ago, before Papa David took her in, Chichi used to run with a "gang." She knows, first-hand, the kind of home that forces a youngster into the street —the loneliness that drives him into banding together with others of his kind. Because she understands Chuck Lewis, it's Chichi who gains his confidence, her instinct triumphing over the kindly efforts of those older and wiser than she—but without her experience.

LORA LAWTON



Theodore Blaine
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Lora Lawton, who works in a New York dress shop and shares an apartment with May Case; Theodore Blaine, millionaire whose interest in Lora infuriates actress Rosalind Ray; Ira Cullen, Blaine's lawyer; Sidney Markey, Rosalind's manager.
BACKGROUND: The glamor and excitement that wealthy Theodore Blaine brought into Lora's life are not without danger—both emotional and physical danger. Rosalind Ray is a temperamental, ruthless woman who apparently will stop at nothing to remove Lora as a rival for Ted's affections.
RECENTLY: Rosalind's truly deadly earnestness was brought home to Lora by the recent accident in which Lora might have been seriously injured. Ira Cullens, suspecting that "accident" may not be the right word, is determined now to protect Lora from whatever Rosalind may have in mind. But Rosalind, bent on getting Lora out of Ted's life, is a dangerous adversary—particularly since she has the support of her wily manager, Sidney Markey. They may find a way to make Ted forget Lora . . . or to get her out of the way.

LORENZO JONES



Belle Jones
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M.

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, who would rather invent than eat—almost; Belle, his wife, who wants Lorenzo to be happy—but who definitely likes to eat.
BACKGROUND: No matter what kind of job Lorenzo has, his real work is inventing. One day, he's convinced, one of his brainchildren is going to make a million dollars for him and Belle. For years Jim Barker, owner of the garage where Lorenzo is a mechanic, suffers along with Lorenzo's ups and downs, but all of a sudden his patience gives out . and so does Lorenzo's job. Belle goes to work at Madame Cunard's beauty salon, but when Madame criticizes Lorenzo, Belle flares up. So she has no job.
RECENTLY: Things look grim for the Joneses with both of them out of work. But Lorenzo, to everyone's surprise, comes home one day with a new job. He has gone to work as a foreman for the building concern of Trapp and Sweeney. Both he and Belle are delighted at his prospects. But there's something strange about Trapp and Sweeney . . . something that may mean trouble ahead for Lorenzo and Belle.

MA PERKINS



Ma Perkins
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M.

CAST: Ma Perkins, whose simple, kindly heart is always open to anyone in trouble; Evey and Fay, her daughters; Shuffle Shogran whose friendship with Ma's family dates back far into the past; Joseph, the boy whose close resemblance to the son Ma Perkins lost years ago has won him a unique place in her life; Alfred Sinclair, a successful writer; Ann Morrison, his glamorous secretary.
BACKGROUND: Some men can love only once, and when his adored Starr died, Joseph felt that his time for love was over. But with the coming of Ann Morrison, something has awakened in Joseph's heart.
RECENTLY: How, Joseph wonders, can Ann be interested in him? Surely he must appear clumsy and countrified beside the urbane, brilliant man with whom she travels and works. And yet . . . she seems to like him very much indeed. It's strange—so strange, indeed, that even Ma is wondering about it. In fact, she's wondering about Sinclair himself. What is he doing in quiet Rushville Center? And why is he so anxious to become friendly with Ma Perkins?

MARRIAGE FOR TWO



Roger Hoyt
heard on
NBC 10:30 A.M.

CAST: Vikki Adams, who marries Roger Hoyt in spite of the serious temperamental differences between them; glamorous Pamela Towers, who plans to use those differences for her own purposes; Roger's Aunt Debbie, who doesn't believe that Vikki's desire for quiet security and Roger's need for constant excitement can combine in a happy marriage.
BACKGROUND: Though Vikki wants to honeymoon quietly in Glenwood, she gives in to Roger's insistence that they go to New York for a more glamorous whirl. And the big city is wonderful—so wonderful that even Vikki stops worrying about the money they're spending because it's such fun to watch Roger enjoying himself.
RECENTLY: But the most marvelous of honeymoons must end sometime. Back to Glenwood go the Hoyts—Roger resentful of the dull, small-town routine he must fall into, and Vikki (though she won't admit it) fearful that love alone may not be enough to make Roger "grow up." Not with Pamela making opportunities to assure Roger that he was meant for a more exciting life.

DAYTIME DIARY—A NEW

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Lord Henry heard on CBS 12:45 P.M.

CAST: Sunday Brinthrope ond her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, who live at Black Swon Holl in Virginio; Peter and Irene Golwoy, their good friends ond neighbors; Roy Kingsley, Peter's cousin, who goes to work for Lord Henry os o farm hond; Lewis Corter, his doughter Hozel, and his ward Joyce Irwin, newcomers to Foirbrooke.
BACKGROUND: The Brinthropes first meet Corter when his crippled doughter Hozel finds her woy to Block Swan Holl one night. She soys she is lost, but Sundoy suspects thot Hazel wos not lost . . . but frightened.

RECENTLY: Though Sunday does not yet know the whole truth, the Corter household is fully os stronge os she senses it moy be. Between the crippled, ploin Hozel ond the glomorous Joyce there is a sinister tension—o tension which Lewis Corter either does not feel, or chooses to ignore. Hozel feels she must get away—but only she ond her old nurse shore the full knowledge of whot it is that Hozel fears so desperately. Meanwhile, Lord Henry puzzles over taciturn Roy Kingsley, who is obviously not a real form hand but insists on working os one.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Pepper Young heard on NBC 3:30 P.M.

CAST: Pepper Young, red-headed Americon boy who grew up in Elmwood and settled down there when he morried Lindo; Peggy, his sister, morried to Carter Trent; Hol, Peggy's little boy; Mother and Father Young, Pepper's parents, still the moving spirits in the family circle.
BACKGROUND: Like millions of boys, Pepper grew up, went to school, married, and found a place for his own family in the same small town. From Mr. Young down to little Hol, it's a close-knit family that Pepper belongs to . . . and that's why the problem of Corter's mother is so upsetting.
RECENTLY: Peggy ond Carter are very happy together, but Corter's mother, Mrs. Ivy Trent, hos o disrupting effect on people who don't happen to live the way she does. There's no getting around the fact that if Mrs. Trent and Mother Young saw much of each other they would get along even less amicably thon they do. Mrs. Trent's visit to Elmwood has the whole family upset. Peaceful Dad Young maneuvers his wife into inviting Mrs. Trent to dinner—but he may end up regretting his politeness.

PERRY MASON



Della Street heard on CBS 2:15 P.M.

CAST: Perry Mason, lawyer-detective; Della Street, his secretary; Wilfred Palmer, whose murder upsets Perry's vacation plans because he may have been killed by Gertie Lade, Perry's receptionist (she'd been going out with Palmer); by Martha Herold (she came to Perry for help because Palmer was blackmailing her); or by Don Smith, Martha's hot-tempered fiance (he had discovered that Wilfred was victimizing Martha).
BACKGROUND: Circumstantial evidence makes Gertie the police's first suspect, when Wilfred's body is discovered. But she is released when she proves that she knew the dead man only as an exciting date, and was unaware of his criminal activities.
RECENTLY: Martha and Don are much more likely suspects—so likely, in fact, that they suspect each other. Desperately in love and seeking to protect one another, they decide to get married at once, knowing that husband and wife cannot be forced to testify against each other. Will Perry discover in time that among Wilfred's enemies was attractive, frantic Allyn Whitlock . . . who is definitely copable of murder?

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Walter Manning heard on NBC 5:15 P.M.

CAST: Portia Blake Manning, lawyer, who is defending her husband Walter against the charge of murdering Joan Ward; Clint Morley, prosecutor; Murray Lathrop, co-counsel for Walter's defense; Mrs. Lathrop, who does not believe in Walter's innocence.
BACKGROUND: If Clint Morley is particularly anxious to convict Walter of the murder it is partly because, for personal reasons, he would like to see Portia a free woman. He is picking up evidence against Walter from every possible source, and Portia becomes increasingly desperate as she realizes that only a miracle will save Walter now.
RECENTLY: Lathrop's wife is not making things easier for Portia. Suspecting that Walter may really have killed Joan, she is trying to persuade her husband to drop the case. But all other worries have paled in Portia's mind beside the dreadful fear that Dickie, her little boy, may be called upon to testify against his father. Even Dickie, young as he is, realizes that his testimony may hurt his father, and his childish mind is under a terrible strain.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Dwight Kramer heard on NBC 3:45 P.M.

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, who is divorced from Dwight Kramer, and is fighting him for custody of their son Skippy, with the help of lawyer Miles Nelson, to whom she is engaged; Arnold Kirk, Dwight's unscrupulous lawyer; Constance Wakefield, the new Mrs. Kramer; Ted, Constance's son by an earlier marriage; Harlow Sloane, Miles' partner.
BACKGROUND: Miles, who hopes to run for governor, has to interrupt his conduct of Carolyn's case to obey a call from his party chiefs in the state capital. Harlow Sloane takes over, but he cannot fight the wily Kirk. When Miles returns, Carolyn has almost resigned herself to losing custody of Skippy.
RECENTLY: Meanwhile, Connie Wakefield faces the loss of her own son, Ted. In the days when Connie was Carolyn's best friend, she never dreamed that one day, married to Carolyn's divorced husband, she would be standing by, helpless, as he tried to ruin Carolyn's happiness. Ted, however, refuses to stand by; he has the bitterest contempt for Dwight's conduct, and, over Constance's heartbroken protests, decides he can no longer make his home with her.

ROAD OF LIFE



Beth Lambert
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, who plunged desperately into his work at Wheelock Hospital ta farget his wife, Carol, who deserted him and their small daughter Janie; Maggie Lowell, who helped Jim forget; Beth Lambert, who is sent to Merrimac, posing as Carol Brent, by a gang that wants information about Jim's tap-secret work.
BACKGROUND: With Beth's startling natural resemblance to Carol made perfect by plastic surgery, she deceives bath Jim and Janie. It looks like a good beginning for her spying job—but something goes wrong.

RECENTLY: While nursing Janie through an illness, Beth realizes that she has become as fond of Janie as though she were really her mother. And as fond of Jim as though she were really his wife . . . But Jim, during Carol's absence, fell in love with Maggie Lowell. Now, though loyalty to "Carol" forces him to break off with Maggie, he has no love left for his wife. But Beth's talented play-acting—and her genuine warmth for him—begin to penetrate Jim's armar. With increasing hope, Beth wonders: can she win Jim's love for herself?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Agatha Anthony
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M.

CAST: Helen Trent, successful Hollywood designer; Agatha Anthony, with whom Helen lives; Gil Whitney, who loves Helen; Carl Dorn, sinister "mentalist"; Rex Carrall, producer, who can no longer lay plans ta sweep Helen off her feet; Cynthia Swanson, who has never given up her pursuit of Gil; Daisy Parker, vicious gossip columnist.
BACKGROUND: The tempestuaus Rex Carrall clashed once too often with mysterious, evil Carl Dorn. Gil will no langer have to worry for fear Helen will become toa deeply involved with Carroll. His fears have now been realized in a way more horrible than he could have dreamed.
RECENTLY: Summaned by a mysteriaus phone call to Rex Carroll's apartment, Helen arrives there breathless—to find herself standing over Carroll's murdered bady. Paralyzed by horror, she realizes she must get away—but it's too late. Daisy Parker catches her just as she gets to the door—Daisy, who has never forgiven Helen for taking Norman Hastings away fram her. Can Helen prove her innocence, with such circumstantial evidence against her?

ROSEMARY



Bill Roberts
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Rosemary Dawson Roberts, whose husband, Bill, has taken a jab in a New York ad firm; Jane Springham, Bill's co-worker, who refused to go with Bill ta N. Y., then changed her mind; Mrs. Dawson, Rosemary's mather, wha decides ta marry her dear friend, Dr. Jim Cotter; Jessie, daughter af Bill's first wife and gangster Lefty Higgins.
BACKGROUND: When Jane Springham jumps on the train that is taking Bill ta New York, she starts a lat of gossip in Springdale. But Rasemary needs no gossip to make her suspect that Jane loves Bill.

RECENTLY: Though Jane has canfessed her love for Bill, she realizes that Rosemary has possession of his heart. Neither of them knows that Rasemary, back in Springdale, is no longer quite so sure of that. Rasemary would be even more disturbed if she knew that Lefty Higgins is alsa in New York, hiding out with his old friend Joe. Married now to Sally, Joe wants to go straight, but Lefty's girl friend Audrey has forced him to take Lefty in. And where Lefty is, there's always danger for Jessie, whom Rosemary and Bill are trying to protect.

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Stan Burton
heard on
CBS 2:00 P.M.

CAST: Terry Burton, wife of Stan Burton, wha owns an apparel shap in Dickstan; Brad and Wendy, their children; Mrs. Burton, Stan's mother.
BACKGROUND: When Jane Winters, Stan's store assistant, is ardered to Arizana far her health, Mrs. Burton takes her jab and moves out af Terry's guest room ta a place af her own. Shortly thereafter, Terry's father, a professor in a Wiscansin university, writes that an old friend af his has just died, leaving an 18-year-old daughter with the problem of earning her living. Can Terry and Stan help Barbara Wright to get started in Dickston?
RECENTLY: Terry offers not only help, but a place to live, and Barbara's grateful answer tells them when to expect her. On the train she becomes friendly with a mysterious girl named Helen Greene, telling her of the Burtons' kindness. Suddenly there is a crash. Barbara is taken from the wreck unconscious, and Helen, learning that she has amnesia, claims Barbara's purse and plans ta pass herself aff ta the Burtons as the girl they are expecting.

STELLA DALLAS



Laurel Grosvenor
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M.

CAST: Stella Dallas, the courageous, self-sacrificing mother who refuses to interfere in the life af her daughter, Laurel, after Laurel's marriage to wealthy, socially prominent Richard Grasvenar; Minnie Grady, Stella's good friend.
BACKGROUND: Stella steadfastly refuses ta play a naticeable part in Laurel's married life because she feels that she and her daughter are living in different worlds. However, in response to an urgent plea from Laurel, Stella finally agrees to visit the Grosvenor mansion on Beacon Hill. Loyally, Minnie Grady goes with her.
RECENTLY: Laurel's insistence that Stella visit her gave Stella happiness, in a way, for she still recalls the hard, solitary days when she was trying to bring Laurel up praperly, and she is very proud of the gracious, lovely waman Laurel is today. But her happiness is dimmed by the presence in Laurel's home of Gordon and Mercedes Crale and Ora Mount. When she and Minnie end their visit, these three remain in the Grasvenor home, and Stella wonders anxiously just how they will affect Laurel's marriage.

R
M

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Dr. Ken Martinson
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M.

CAST: Nora Drake, a nurse, in love with Charles Dobbs, Special Prosecutor; Tom Morley, who holds Nora and Charles responsible for the death of his father, Big John Morley; George Stewart, Charles's brother, whose nervousness since Big John's death has greatly upset his wife Dorothy.
BACKGROUND: While Charles is collecting evidence to indict Big John, the latter is drowned. Tom accuses Charles of having hounded his father to death—perhaps to suicide; and though Big John's elaborate plans to escape trial indicate that his drowning was probably an accident, Nora is disturbed by Tom's threat of vengeance.
RECENTLY: One night Tom surprises George Stewart breaking into Big John's office, and forces from George the admission that he is after a check which he once forged, and which came into Big John's possession. Vengefully — because George is Charles's brother—Tom prosecutes him. Then, because he knows that Charles's ward Suzanne is in love with her guardian, he brutally tells her the truth about Charles and Nora . . . o truth thot may break her heart.

WENDY WARREN



Nona Marsh
heard on
CBS 12:00 Noon

CAST: Wendy Warren, brilliant reporter—glamorous woman; Mark Douglas and Anton Kamp, who want to marry her; Nona, Mark's estranged wife; Sam Warren, Wendy's father; Aunt Dorrie, who takes care of him.
BACKGROUND: It's difficult for Wendy to choose between Anton and Mark, but she finally decides that when Nona's divorce from Mark goes through, she will want to marry him. But suddenly Nona discovers she is going to have a baby, and tells her lawyer to withdraw the case.
RECENTLY: Once agoin Wendy's romonce is interrupted, for Mark cannot insist on freedom from Nona if she is about to have a child. In the meantime, Sam has had a serious heart attack which, for Wendy, supersedes all other problems, for her father is very dear to her. The doctor has ordered six months of complete rest for the rebellious Sam, and has advised so strongly that he go to a sanitarium that finally even Aunt Dorrie and Sam himself are convinced that it would be the wisest thing to do. Rather than stay alone in Elmdale, Dorrie will keep house for Wendy in New York.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Kathie Stanley
heard on
NBC 5:00 P.M.

CAST: Joan and Harry Davis, who are together again after a grim separation; Sammy and Hope, their children; Phil Stanley, an old friend, married to Kathy; Terry MacDonough, who knew Harry in New York.
BACKGROUND: The peace that reigns over the Davis farm in Beechwood is upset by two startling events: a visit from Terry, who has news for Harry which he doesn't quite know how to break, and an excited coll from Phil.
RECENTLY: When Phil Stanley's wealthy mother died, she left her money to her friend Anne Dunn, with a clause in her will that was to be read one year after her death. That time has come, and Phil discovers that his mother's last wish was that if Anne had not spent the legacy wisely, the balance of it was to revert to him. Investigation shows that Anne has indeed squandered Mrs. Stanley's gift. But Phil has an unusual problem. He and Kathy have made a happy, useful life for themselves; he is afraid that if his mother's estate comes to him this life will be disrupted. Can Harry help Phil preserve his happiness?

YOUNG DR. MALONE



An . Malone
heard on
NBC 1:30 P.M.

CAST: Nurse Ann Malone ond her husband, Dr. Jerry Malone, who have recently agreed to a temporary separation; Lucia Standish, influential member of the board of the Institute where Jerry works; Eric Cartier, who suspects that Jerry's charm for Lucia won't last; Mother Malone, who hopes that her son and Ann will come together again: Sam Williams, Three Oaks industrialist whose interest in the Dineen Clinic may be the result of his interest in Ann Malone, its Superintendent.
BACKGROUND: With each doy that passes, the distance between Jerry in New York and Ann back in Three Oaks grows wider. The separation was supposed to be temporory, but . . .
RECENTLY: Mother Malone's obvious dislike of Sam Williams finally provokes bitter words from Ann, words that make it plain that Ann no longer believes she and Jerry can ever be reconciled. And in New York, Lucia, not satisfied with her control of Jerry's career, plans to take over his emotional life as well. But Eric Cartier may have something to say about that!

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Ellen Brown
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M.

CAST: Ellen Brown, young widow who supports herself and her children, Mark and Janey, by running o tearoom; Dr. Anthony Loring, whom she loves; David Campbell, who wants to marry Ellen; Amanda Cathcart, David's sister; Angela McBride, who hopes to take Anthony away from Ellen.
BACKGROUND: Though Ellen's children know she loves Anthony, they have been so opposed having him as a stepfather that Ellen and Anthony have had to content themselves with being engaged . . . and hoping. A plane crash in which Ellen lost her memory has recently made things harder for Anthony, who fears that in her confused state, she may accept David Campbell.
RECENTLY: Despite the threat David represents to his happiness, Anthony feels he cannot stand by to see David's life ruined by his unscrupulous sister, who is trying to make it appear that David was responsible for the long-ago death of his brother. David decides to leave town temporarily. But this may interfere with Angela's plan to entrap Anthony, and when Angela wants something she doesn't allow *any* interference.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
8:45				Memo From Lake Success
9:00		Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News
9:15	Wormwood Forest			E. Power Biggs
9:30	Cameos of Music	Wings Over Jordan		
9:45			Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Children's Hour	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45				
11:00		Christian Reform Church	Victor Lindlahr	Allan Jackson News
11:15		Reviewing Stand	Frank and Ernest	Newsmakers
11:30	News Highlights		Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Mr. Fixit	College Choirs		Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	News	Foreign Reporter	Meaning of the News
1:15		Organ Music		Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	American Warblers	National Vespers	Syncopation Piece
1:45				
2:00	NBC University Theater	Mutual Chamber Music	This Week Around The World	Longine Symphonette
2:15		Bill Dunningham	Mr. President	You Are There
2:30		Veteran's Information	Drama	
2:45				
3:00		Treasury Variety Show	Harrison Wood	CBS Symphony
3:15			Betty Clark Sings	
3:30	The Quiz Kids	Juvenile Jury	The Lutheran Hour	
3:45				
4:00		House of Mystery	Show Tunes	
4:15				
4:30	News	Martin Kane, Private Eye	Milton Cross Opera Album	Skyway to the Stars
4:45				
5:00		The Shadow	Family Closeup	Choraliers
5:15				
5:30	James Melton	True Detective Mysteries	Greatest Story Ever Told	"Broadway's My Beat"
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Hollywood Calling	Nick Carter	Buzz Adlam's Playroom	Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet
6:45				
7:00		Adv. of the Falcon	Think Fast	The Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	The Saint		Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Four Star Playhouse	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	Theater Guild on the Air	Enchanted Hour		Lum and Abner
8:45				
9:00		Opera Concert	Walter Winchell	Earn Your Vacation
9:15			Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Sheilah Graham	Go For The House	Our Miss Brooks
9:45		Twin Views of News		
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions		Life With Luigi
10:30	Pet Milk Show, Kay Armen	Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	It Pays to be Ignorant



IVAN CURY—as Bobby Benson, introduces a new generation of youngsters to the B-Bar-B Ranch, heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5:00 P.M., EST, over Mutual Network stations.



JOAN LORING—who plays Suzanne Turrie in CBS's This is Nora Drake was born in Hong Kong. Emigrating to the United States when eleven years old she was heard on the radio a year later in Dear John with Irene Rich, and moved into her teens as leading lady in many Suspense productions. She has also appeared in pictures, winning an Academy Award for her performance as the supporting actress in "The Corn is Green."

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Margaret Arlen
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		This is New York
9:30	Clevelandaires	Tennessee Jamboree		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		This is Bing Crosby
10:30	Marriage For Two	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home		Victor Lindlahr	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Behind the Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	We Love and Learn	Your Marriage		
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Pick A Date	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton			Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Doubleday Quiz		Aunt Jenny
12:30		Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Music	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick	Light Crust Dough Boys		Young Dr. Malone
1:45		Misc. Programs		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Ladies Fair	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:30	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Talk Your Way Out of It	David Harum
3:15	Road of Life	Heatter's Mailbag		Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young		Ladies Be Seated	
3:45	Right to Happiness		3:55 Ted Malone	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Galen Drake	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoedown Party	Melody Promenade	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown			
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Bobby Benson	Challenge of the Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Tom Mix	Jack Armstrong	Hits and Misses
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30				Herb Shriner Time
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00		Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30		Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	I Love A Mystery		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	The Railroad Hour	Straight Arrow		Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Peter Salem		Talent Scouts
8:45			Henry Taylor	
9:00	Telephone Hour	Murder by Experience	Kate Smith's Music Room	Lux Radio Theatre
9:15				
9:30	Cities Service Band of America	Secret Missions		
9:45				
10:00		News	Arthur Gaeth, News	My Friend Irma
10:15		Mutual Newsreel	Kate Smith's Music Room	
10:30	Dave Garroway	Dance Bands		The Bob Hawk Show



WALTER KIERNAN —began meeting people some forty odd years ago in New Haven, Connecticut. His youth, after leaving school was a blur of odd jobs. Somehow, he drifted into police reporting and a short time later became a star reporter for the AP and INS. In addition to his radio program, One Man's Opinion (ABC 12:25 P.M. EST, daily), his column under the same title appears in newspapers from Maine to California.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N.Y. Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two Dorothy Dix at Home	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick A Date	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	 Betty Harris Show Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Doubleday Quiz Lanny Ross	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Music Light Crust Dough Boys Misc. Programs		Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated 3:55 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	 News of the World The Smoothies Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Me and Jane	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective Bill Henry	Carnegie Hall America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	John Steele Adventure Mysterious Traveler	Erwin D. Canham	We, The People Strike it Rich
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands		Hit the Jackpot Mr. Ace and Jane

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers We Love and Learn Marriage For Two Dorothy Dix at Home	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick A Date	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:30 12:15 12:30 12:45	 The Play Boys Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Doubleday Quiz Lanny Ross	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Music Light Crust Dough Boys Misc. Programs	Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Heatter's Mailbag	Talk Your Way Out Of It Ladies Be Seated 3:55 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Bobby Benson Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	 News of the World Dardanelle Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 6:30 8:45	This is Your Life Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? International Airport	The Amazing Mr. Malone Adventures of Sherlock Holmes	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Scattergood Baines Family Theater	Starring Boris Karloff The Croupier	County Fair
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Lawrence Welk On Trial	Beat The Clock Capitol Cloak Room



EILEEN WILSON —female vocalist on NBC's Your Hit Parade started her vocal training in childhood. She has a B.A. degree from UCLA where she majored in music. After graduation, Skitch Henderson signed her as vocalist with his radio show. Later she became featured singer with the Les Brown orchestra when Doris Day left the band. Eileen is married to Ray Kellogg, singer with Les Brown.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Tennessee Jamboree		
9:45	Inside the Doctor's Office			
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Marriage For Two	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home		William Song	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Behind the Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	We Love and Learn	Your Marriage		
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Pick A Date	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton			Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	Betty Harris Show	Doubleday Quiz		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From the	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45	Tropics			Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Music	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick	Light Crust Dough		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Boys	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Ladies Fair	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole		David Harum
3:15	Road of Life	Heatter's Mailbag		Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young		Ladies Be Seated	
3:45	Right to Happiness		3:55 Ted Malone	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Galen Drake	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas		Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoedown Party	Melody Promenade	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown			
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Capt. Midnight	Sky King	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell			Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Lionel Ricau			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy			"You and—"
6:30		Local Programs	Local Programs	
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00		Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Echoes From the Tropics	Gabriel Heatter	Counter Spy	Club 15
7:45	Richard Harkness	I Love a Mystery		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Aldrich Family	California Caravan	The First Hundred Years	The F.B.I. In Peace and War
8:15				
8:30	Father Knows Best	Fishing and Hunting Club	Ozzie and Harriet	Mr. Keen
8:45				
9:00	Screen Guild	Comedy Playhouse	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour	Suspense
9:15				
9:30	Jimmy Durante		Name the Movie	Crime Photographer
9:45			Robert Montgomery Speaking	
10:00	Chesterfield Supper	News	Name the Movie	Hallmark Playhouse
10:15		Mutual Newsreel		
10:30	Dragnet	Dance Bands	Someone You Know	First Nighter



JACK WEBB—has always been active in dramatics; he worked for California radio stations several years before entering the Army Air Force in 1942. In 1945, after his discharge, he resumed his career in San Francisco, originating the title role of Pat Novak for Hire. His current radio role is that of Joe Friday in Dragnet, NBC, 10:30 P.M. EST, Thursdays. He is married to Julie London, former actress.



ARMINA MARSHALL—daughter of an Oklahoma sheriff, she came to New York for an acting career. She not only succeeded, but became a successful playwright and producer as well. An associate director of the Theatre Guild, largest theatrical producing organization in the world, Miss Marshall is executive producer of Theatre Guild on the Air, which is broadcast Sundays, 8:30 P.M., EST, over NBC.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Tennessee Jamboree		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Marriage For Two	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00		Behind the Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	We Love and Learn	Your Marriage		
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Pick A Date	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton			Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Local Programs	Wendy Warren
12:15	The Hometowners	Doubleday Quiz		Aunt Jenny
12:30	U. S. Marine Band	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Vincent Lopez	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick	Light Crust Dough		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Boys		
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Ladies Fair	Bride and Groom	This is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Talk Your Way Out	David Harum
3:15	Road of Life	Heatter's Mailbag	of It	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young		Ladies Be Seated	
3:45	Right to Happiness		3:55 Ted Malone	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Galen Drake	Beat the Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas		Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoedown Party	Melody Promenade	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown			
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Bobby Benson	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life			
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Tom Mix	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell			Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Program	Local Program	"You and—"
6:30				Herb Shriner Time
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00		Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The UN is My Beat	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	I Love a Mystery		Edward R. Murrow
8:00		Plantation Jubilee	The Fat Man	Jack Carson Show
8:15				
8:30	A Tree Grows in	Music	This Is Your FBI	My Favorite Husband
8:45	Brooklyn			
9:00	Screen Directors			Ford Theatre
9:15	Play House	Local Programs		
9:30	My Good Wife		The Sheriff	
9:45				
10:00	Dr. I. Q.	News		Philip Morris Playhouse
10:15		Mutual Newsreel		
10:30	Sports	Dance Bands	Fights	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00			Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Follies
9:30	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News		
9:45		Misc. Programs		Garden Gate
10:00	Fred Waring Show	Magic Rhythm	Introduction to Music	Music For You
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Jerry and Skye		Tell It Again
10:45		Albert Warner		
11:00	Frank Merriwell	Coast Guard on Parade	Modern Romances	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Man on the Farm		Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Man on the Farm	Girls' Corps	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	Campus Salute	American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute	Concert of America Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15				
1:30		Dance Orch.		Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Musicana	Football	Metropolitan Opera	Handyman
2:15				Get More Out of Life
2:30	Edward Tomlinson			Columbia's Country Journal
2:45	Report From Europe			
3:00			Metropolitan Opera	Report From Over-Seas
3:15	Local Programs			Adventures in Science
3:30				Cross Section U.S.A.
4:00	Your Health Today		Metropolitan Opera	
4:15				
4:30				Saturday at the Chase
4:45	Contrasts Musica'			
5:00		Concert Hall		
5:15			Dance Music	Local Programs
5:30				
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Albert Warner, News	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		The Church and the Nation	Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony Orchestra	Bands For Bonds		Saturday Sports Review
6:45		Mel Allen		Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Here's Hollywood	Spike Jones
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30		Quick as a Flash	Russ Hodges	Camel Caravan with
7:45		7:55 John B. Kennedy	It's Time For Music	Vaughn Monroe
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Let's Listen to Music	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Heinie and His Band	Adventures of Philip Marlowe
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80	Tommy Dorsey's Orch.	Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	A Day in the Life of	Guy Lombardo	Musical Etchings	Tales of Fatima
9:45	Dennis Day			
10:00	Richard Diamond,	Theatre of the Air	Record Show	Sing it Again
10:15	Private Detective			
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Dance Music	



VINCENT PRICE—who plays the title role in The Saint, MBS, Sundays, 7:30 P.M., EST, received his first theatrical break, in 1935, playing opposite Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina." An outstanding art authority of Southern California, Price's taste runs the gamut from Tintoretto to modern Orozco. And in literature, his taste ranges from de Maupassant to James Hilton.



HESTER SONDERGAARD

One of the busiest of radio actresses, Hester Sondergaard, still keeps up her active air schedule, although she no longer lives even near New York. A resident of Cleveland today, Hester flies to New York once a week, staying from three to five days as circumstances demand. A familiar voice to both daytime and nighttime listeners, she is heard regularly on Portia Faces Life (NBC, Mondays through Fridays, 5:15 PM, EST), Road of Life (NBC, Monday's through Fridays, 3:15 P.M., EST) and on Wendy Warren (CBS, Mondays through Fridays, at 12 Noon, EST). At night she has appeared on practically every major dramatic show. She is especially proud of the fact that ever since she played in the Experimental Theatre production of "Galileo" with Charles Laughton he almost always requests her to appear with him.

Miss Sondergaard was born in Litchfield, Minnesota. As a child, she played the violin well enough to travel with Chautauqua companies out in the Middle West. And when she entered the University of Minnesota she intended to become a public school music supervisor.

In her Junior year at college, however, she became interested in dramatics, but she was the younger sister of the then campus star, Gale Sondergaard, and she didn't think it would be fair for her to compete with her wonderful and talented sister. In fact, she didn't think she could. But friends practically pushed her into trying out for the part of Nina in the "Sea Gull." After her success in that, Hester was determined to make acting her career Like a good daughter, she continued her schooling as a music major and eventually received her degree. But immediately after graduation she went off to the west coast with a theatrical company and she's been an actress ever since.

Around 1933, she arrived in New York, where she immediately registered with an agent for radio acting. Almost at once, the agent asked her to audition for the part of a Dutch girl. Hester knew nothing about Dutch, but she boned up on the dialect—she says her musical ear has always been a help in that—and got the job. Hester says she worked for the same director on an average of once a month for the salary of thirty-one dollars a show—and, she adds, she used to live a whole month on that.

However, little by little other work came to her, and she soon became one of the standbys in New York radio. Hester built up one of the largest repertories of dialects of any actress and now she can play parts with an authentic Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, German, Czech, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese or French accent.

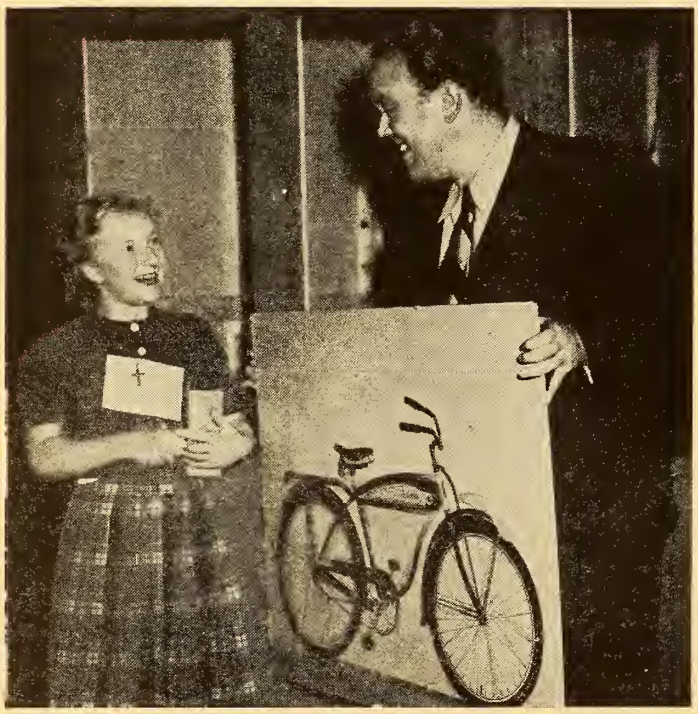
Her last theater appearance was as the grandmother in William Saroyan's "My Heart's in the Highlands," a role in which she spoke only in Armenian. Armenians insist that no one but a native can speak their language so Hester was always being visited by incredulous Armenians, who had heard of the American girl who could speak pure Armenian, and who would come backstage to see for themselves. Hester, it seems, had learned her lines from hearing them read over and over by the wife and daughter of an Armenian restaurateur.

TRAVELER OF

To the delight of hundreds of Americans stationed in Europe, emcee Tommy Bartlett himself turned traveler—and wound up as his own Traveler of the Month



It's "bumps-a-daisy" for Tommy and these American airmen,



Patricia Smith, awaiting transportation to the U. S., was the recipient of a bicycle (reproduced here) on one of emcee Bartlett's European broadcasts for NBC.

Traveling the air lanes as well as the air waves was Tommy Bartlett's thrilling experience recently when he and his Welcome Travelers staff were guests of the U. S. Air Force Command, Washington, D.C., on a 15,000 mile junket of Europe.

Reversing his usual routine of bringing travelers to his NBC microphone at the College Inn of Chicago's Hotel Sherman, Tommy and his working crew of twenty-nine—which included network representatives, writers, technicians and secretaries—flew to meet his guests in some of Europe's most historic and beautiful theaters.

The tour was started after the broadcast on Friday, August 12. At La Guardia field in New York, the plane landed just long enough to collect the Page Cavanaugh musical trio, which was featured in the hour-long variety bill that followed each broadcast. A C-47 carried the two-week supply of gifts—ranging from a string of pearls to a bicycle—which were to be given to the guests who appeared on the program.

From there the plane went to Chicopee Falls, Mass. and bright and early the next morning it headed for Stephensville, Newfoundland. Activities on this island base included the dedication of the 800-seat Ernest Harmon theater and two of Tommy's audience participation shows, highlighted by the first appearance of the Cavanaugh trio with the group.

The next day, flying eastward over Luxembourg

Tommy and his many interesting guests can be heard on

THE MONTH



guests of Welcome Travelers in Frankfurt, Germany.



W. T. staffer Betty Bean helps Tommy unload at one of the many European air bases visited by the show.

and Western Germany, the air strips at Weisbaden were finally sighted and the plane came down at 3:15 A.M., German time.

There, at Weisbaden's Schwarzer Bock hotel, the party enjoyed a three-hour rest before the first broadcast in Celle, Germany. Like a circus arriving, Welcome Travelers took over the Union Club in Celle. The "Blue Room"—named for the room in Chicago where the programs are planned and writers and secretaries hold forth—was established, typewriters and office equipment were moved in, work began and that evening, guests began arriving for the show.

Tommy never sees his guests before he interviews them on the NBC microphone. They are screened by the writers and the final decision of who is to appear on the air is made by the program's director, Bob Cunningham. When Tommy says, "Hi, what's your name?" to his guests, he really means it.

Celle was an important point in the career of Welcome Travelers. All of the staff wondered if a strange audience would be as friendly as studio audiences back home, but they were quickly reassured by the audience that night.

Days and nights telescoped from there on for two weeks. The next stop was Fassberg Air Force base, a busy spot whose roomy installations are crowded by British and American airmen. Fassberg's Cinema Theater, tucked away in a beautiful pine forest, was packed with an audience which enjoyed the broadcast that brought a bit of home to them in the stories they heard, in the gifts they received stamped "Made in USA," and in the rarely heard (in Europe) commercials.

Berlin was next on the agenda and although there was little time for sightseeing, the bus ride from Tempelhof airport to Onkel Tom's theater—where W. T. was to hold forth—gave the group enough time to see the great devastation of the once beautiful city. Tommy and his gang settled down at the theater long enough to give a variety program in the afternoon as well as a regular broadcast in the evening. American correspondents were in the audience, in addition to the customary servicemen and airmen, their families and friends.

Time passed quickly in Berlin. It was 1:30 A.M. when the bus driver returned the group to the plane after making a circuitous trip under the Brandenburg Arch, past the ruins of the Reichstag, and the few remaining trees that once gave the name to its main boulevard, Unter den Linden. From Tempelhof to Weisbaden and the Schwarzer Bock, where comfortable rooms were waiting, was a short hop.

Returning to the hotel was a touch of home—almost. At least it was a familiar scene and the warm mineral baths, with the rectangular tubs which one walked into, rather than (*Continued on page* 99)

Welcome Travelers. Mon.-Fri. at 10 A.M. EST, over NBC.

In a Man's World

(*Continued from page* 39)

These are combat planes."

Pauline answered, "If the men can stand it so can I."

Unhappily, the army allowed her to make the trip. She found the mission rugged. She was the only woman among a hundred and thirty-five men. Sometimes the planes stayed aloft for as long as fifteen hours, and there was only a hard metallic floor to sit on. The general in command, disapproving of Pauline's presence, scowled all the way down to South America. Pauline didn't once whimper.

"As a woman I was very conscious of my responsibility to be self-sufficient. And especially not to keep anyone waiting," she says.

For this reason she always wore her flying suit—a baggy pair of size forty coveralls—even when the B-29s stopped over at Puerto Rico. At that port she had to be flown to the east end of the island for a special broadcast to the states. The other reporters, all men, decided to go along for the ride.

When they returned, Pauline glanced at her watch, noted that she was back in time for the take-off and thought, "Thank goodness I won't keep the General waiting."

But the men, perhaps the same ones who frequently complain that women waste too much time in dressing, begged Pauline to wait for them.

"We can't go right to the planes," they explained. "We've got to go to the barracks for our clothes."

They had, of course, slicked up for the excursion. And when the whole of them finally rolled out to the airfield, the General was impatiently glaring at his watch.

"What could I say, being a woman?" Pauline asks.

Nevertheless, at the end of the trip the General admitted she had been a good sport, proposed a toast to Pauline and kissed her.

This is only one of many times that Pauline has been put on the spot for no reason other than that she is a woman. The situation she encountered in radio was by far the worst. When she asked the various networks for a job as a reporter the executive reaction was, "We don't like women reporters and won't have them—so stop bothering us."

Their specific objections were, and still are, rather strange considering that most of these vice-presidents and directors are grown-up men. As children they must have known the guiding voice of their mothers, and as married men their wives certainly wield some power in the household. Yet the chief objection is, "A woman's voice does not sound authoritative." They describe women as being "emotional and non-objective in handling news."

To overcome these obstacles required the zeal of a crusader and heart of a fighter. Pauline believes she learned perseverance as a child. Born and raised in the vicinity of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, her parents were industrious, church-going people who taught that life is real and earnest —and that anything worth having is worth fighting for.

"I had two ambitions as a child," she remembers. "First, I wanted to play a pipe organ—I admired the beauty and power of the instrument."

She didn't make much more progress musically than the average girl. In her home town, there was no pipe organ for a youngster to use so she compromised on a piano. She wistfully recalls that as a high school student she studied singing for about six months but felt extremely timid about singing a solo and never got further than the church choir.

Her second ambition, however, worked out much better. She wanted to be a news reporter. From her earliest school days she showed a lively interest in school publications—yet she found time to make excellent grades, win essay contests, become president of her class and editor of the school paper.

"But my first experience with a real newspaper," she remembers, "soured me on journalism."

The summer after graduating from high school Pauline took a job with the Harrisburg *Evening News* reporting society chit-chat—who had dinner with whom and what they wore and whom they were going to marry. Then she decided, "If this is newspaper work, it's an awfully silly way to waste your life."

So she quit and accepted a scholarship that fall to the American University in Washington, D. C., where she developed a school-girl crush on her debate coach that almost threw her off course. The debate coach she admired so much was an attorney, and naturally teen-aged Pauline thought she should follow in the steps of her ideal. She graduated magna cum laude, then spent two years in law school.

It was a wise professor who took her aside one day and said, "Pauline, your heart is in newspaper work. Why are you studying law?"

She reconsidered—and discovered that her crush had long ago dissolved, and that she had no actual interest in practicing law. So with more confidence than experience she went out to hunt for a newspaper job. With the kind of initiative that has marked her career, she put the cart before the horse. She got interviews with wives of diplomats and then went out to sell the stories. The first editor she approached gave her a weekly feature assignment. She had officially entered the world of journalism.

Six years later Pauline made first contact with radio and got a part-time job with H. R. Baukhage, the newscaster, but even he warned her, "Stay away from radio yourself. It doesn't like women."

Pauline, who will bend a reasonable ear to good advice, found a great deal of nonsense in the explanations for a woman staying out of radio. She had never wanted to be judged as a woman reporter but only as a reporter.

"I guess they made me mad," she admits.

She stayed in Washington a few more years, but began to do more radio work with occasional network interviews for the program, Let's Talk It Over. In 1946 she took the short train trip to New York, the brain center of the four major networks, but found the brains slightly addled on the subject of hiring a woman.

"I'd quit my job," one vice-president told her, "before I'd hire a woman reporter."

She got a similar brush-off at the other networks—except in the news department of the American Broadcasting Company. Oddly enough, she got her first network assignment there *because* she was a woman.

"It was partly luck," she admits. "I happened to be at the right place at the right time."

The news chief surprised Pauline by welcoming her with open arms, then explained he needed a woman to report on a forum discussing the subject, How to Get a Husband.

Pauline, unmarried, comments, "Apparently I didn't learn much from that forum myself." But she did a good job and it earned her another assignment. The ABC news chief, unhampered by horse-and-buggy prejudices toward women, gave her more frequent features, such as the first post-war sale of nylons. But Pauline wanted to cover real news: politics, fires, floods, strikes. Actually, it was a truck strike that got her this break.

"I don't believe I'd better send you there," the news manager told her and explained, "There might be violence."

Pauline winced, but before she could answer he continued, "That means you'll have to cover the Big Four Foreign Ministers' Conference."

Pauline gasped. The Conference was the top story of the day. She well remembers how (*Continued on page* 76)

"People who tug at your heart..."

—So writes a regular listener to "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program about the characters in these daily dramas. "It's the *realness* of the people in the true-to-life stories that's so refreshing!"

Listen to radio's *greatest* morning show and you'll understand why so many women are fascinated by it every week day Monday through Friday.



Tune in

"My True Story"

American BROADCASTING STATIONS

[adapted from the pages of **TRUE STORY** magazine]



Nothing lovelier and nothing finer...

New SPRING GARDEN

in silverplate than these patterns that are sterling inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.

LOVELY LADY

Naturally, sterling inlaid means that these lovelier Holmes & Edwards patterns will stay lovelier much, much longer.

DANISH PRINCESS*

Particularly note Spring Garden, the gay, new favorite. 52 piece service for 8, chest included, in all patterns, $68.50.

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It's Sterling Inlaid

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R
M

Give it the "brush-off"
BEFORE THAT DATE TONIGHT!



SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

New Listerine Tooth Paste attacks tobacco stain, off-color breath.

It may seem like such a *little* thing . . . so easy to neglect. But, Lady, take care!

That yellow film that you, yourself, may hardly be aware of . . . that heavy breath you may not even realize offends —they flash a warning to others: "Tobacco Mouth . . . Look Out"!

If you smoke a lot, play safe, especially before any date, and use the new Listerine Tooth Paste.

There's a reason: Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam — a wonderful new-type cleansing ingredient that literally *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces. It removes yellow tobacco stain, while it's still fresh . . . whisks away odor-producing bacteria and tobacco debris.

Why not get a tube of the *improved* Listerine Tooth Paste, and see for yourself what a thorough job it does! Use it regularly and *know* they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!



(*Continued from page 74*) thrilled she was for it had been her ultimate goal to cover real news not merely human interest stories. She went on the air that evening with such an expert account of the Conference that she continued to cover the meetings and at their conclusion was assigned to the United Nations at Lake Success.

She came back not merely with news but exclusive interviews, scoops and correct predictions. She was the only woman radio reporter regularly assigned to the UN, and her male colleagues at Lake Success realized they had stiff competition in the dark-haired photogenic woman.

Since then she has had her own regular programs on television and radio, besides reporting on twenty-one other programs. She has traveled in twenty-six countries, covered war and murder trials, freaks and statesmen, elections and royal marriages with enough excitement, humor and near-tragedy thrown in to make her life a minor bedlam.

Today she works as hard as ever. When you hear Pauline report ten minutes of news on the morning program at 8:50, you may consider these facts. She was out on an interview the afternoon before to get information for a special story. She was up at four in the morning to go through two newspapers and all the stories that came over the teletype machines. From six to eight-thirty she was writing, boiling down and editing her script. But at 8:50 promptly you heard her smooth contralto voice say, "Good morning. This is Pauline Frederick reporting from New York."

The rest of the day may be just as hectic. She is "on call" for other news programs and there may be a ship docking with an important person or a meeting at the UN.

"At nine in the evening," she sighs, "I practically collapse in bed."

Pauline lives alone in the apartment in Manhattan's East Eighties. She has two rooms with a kitchenette, and a balcony the size of a postage stamp. She has decorated the rooms quietly for a feeling of relaxation. The bedroom walls are robin's egg blue with the ceiling a dark blue, to give her feeling, of a sky overhead. By the side of her bed is a radio to help her relax.

"Hot baths don't work for me," she explains. "When I get home tense, I climb into bed and turn on some soft music. It's just distracting enough to keep me from remembering the things that worry me."

There is a Pullman kitchen behind a venetian blind off her living room with a good-sized refrigerator and stove. She won't go to much trouble to prepare a meal for herself and usually settles on ham and eggs. But she likes to entertain and frequently prepares dinner for friends. Chicken, broiled or fried, is her favorite dish and she has collected chicken recipes from all over the world.

"Tops on my list is French broiled chicken and it's very simple to make," she will tell you. "You rub a cleaned chicken with garlic, then take a pastry brush and coat it well with olive oil. While it's broiling turn it often and keep brushing on olive oil—it seals in the natural chicken juice."

Her living room has been painted hunter's green, except for the gray block over the fireplace. There are souvenirs from her travels on the walls: pictures, a Chinese mask and a handsome pair of black and white marble bookends that come from Tibet.

"When I get in a strange city," she tells you, "I spend most of my time shopping for costume jewelry."

She prefers heavy bracelets and big rings that highlight her predominantly taupe-colored wardrobe. Like few career women and tall women she doesn't back away from bright colors and finds it difficult to resist a royal purple dress. Her hats are simple with little or no brim but when it comes to shoes she has a problem. On the job she accents her height of five feet, eight inches with high-heeled shoes but she has to keep well-stocked on low-heeled ones out of consideration for some of the men she dates.

Pauline shares her clothes with her niece, Catherine, who is a sophomore at Barnard College and Pauline's only relative in New York. Her closest living relatives, a brother and sister, live with their families in Pennsylvania. Two or three times a year she visits them to spend most of her time playing with her nieces and nephews.

"I'm really a family woman," she will tell you, "but I wouldn't get married just for the sake of getting married. It would have to be the real thing and mean enough to put my career second."

Casual friends speculate on why she hasn't married, for her week-ends are crowded with dinner and theater dates. Her most intimate friends alone know of the personal tragedy that enveloped the only man she ever cared for. But they keep hoping that sometime she will meet the "right" man again.

"She's so honest about everything," a friend said, "that she couldn't kid herself about marriage."

Pauline's friends speak of her seriousness and sincerity that sometimes get her terribly depressed, and Pauline admits it. She has covered the United Nations since the earliest charter-making days in San Francisco. When she sees hypocrisy and politics interfering with the supreme goal of a happy, peaceful world she feels as ill as if she herself had been suddenly struck by disease.

But ABC executives have nothing to be sorry about. They are proud to have one of radio's best reporters who incidentally happens to be a woman. Other networks may at last be wondering what they are thinking about when they say a woman doesn't sound authoritative, for Pauline is well respected as an expert observer and analyst of international events. At Colgate University recently, she made the keynote speech for the Conference on American Foreign Policy that also featured such prominent persons as Dulles, Eichelberger, Dewey and others.

Pauline wishes that every woman in the world could become vitally interested in the work of the UN, for she sees in this body our only real hope for world peace. Although she has known and seen much petty politics, without cynicism she says, "There will be no hope for the United Nations until the Soviet Union and the United States get together. They are both equally at fault in not finding areas of agreement."

Why should a mother, a stenographer or any woman be interested in peace or war?

Pauline says, "If we put our trust in the atomic bomb instead of the United Nations, women know the story of what will happen better than the men themselves, for it is women who give their men to war."

Can They Stop the Music?

(*Continued from page* 24)

on Truth or Consequences, none of these programs involves a financial consideration on the part of contestants.

The FCC contends that the phrase "other consideration" does not of necessity mean financial consideration. It holds that merely *listening* to or *attending* a giveaway broadcast constitutes "consideration" on the part of the contestant (or would-be contestant), and, therefore, throws the program into the "lottery" classification. According to the Criminal Code, lotteries are illegal.

The second point, the extent to which the FCC should be allowed broadcasting censorship, is less clearly defined. Broadcasting companies grant the right of the FCC to protect the listening public from such things as obscenity, advice from quack doctors or from fortune-tellers. But they do not grant the FCC the right to determine what is or is not, in its opinion, cultural or generally worthwhile. Radio, according to the industry, is primarily a means of entertainment, and the form of entertainment should be left to the desires of the audience. If a person does not want to listen to Stop The Music, all he need do is turn the dial. The listener is a free agent, the networks point out, and as such should be allowed the privilege of selecting his own form of entertainment. Without an enthusiastic listening audience, a radio program cannot survive. Hence, contend the networks, it is the listener who keeps a program on the air —not the broadcasting companies.

Furthermore, claim the broadcasters, such far-reaching control over radio broadcasting is a real threat to free speech.

On the other side of the controversy, the FCC points out what it considers to be harmful psychological effects of giveaway programs. The commission believes that consciously or unconsciously the Stop The Music listener, for example, tunes in to the giveaway program not for entertainment, but rather in the vague hopes that his telephone will ring and he will become a contestant for fabulous prizes. By so doing, he will, sooner or later, lose his taste for worthwhile talent. Since the chances of any one person ever winning or even becoming a contestant is so infinitesimally small, the FCC feels that it is not only its right but its duty to protect the gullible radio audience from such a pitfall.

Countering this, the broadcasting industry points out the consistently high Hooper rating of the original giveaway show, Take It or Leave It, of sixty-four dollar question fame, a giveaway program on which only members of the *studio audience* can participate, and on which the prizes are comparatively low. Despite this, Take It or Leave It has outrated most of the jackpot shows on the air, proving, according to the networks, that people do not necessarily tune in for the awards, but rather for the entertainment value of the program.

During the coming months there will be many arguments, much polite legal name-calling, and assorted citing of precedents. RADIO MIRROR hopes that in pointing out the highlights of the case, we will have, to some extent, clarified the situation in your minds, thus enabling you to follow the progress of this controversy with more interest and understanding.



Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? **Your deodorant can be the difference** . . . and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

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Kate's kids strew crumbs...

after she's just finished vacuuming the rugs. And Kate can't take it!



So do Carol's...

but her handy Bissell Sweeper gets those crumbs in a few easy swoops.

It's the *only* carpet sweeper with "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action. Adjusts itself automatically to thick rugs, or thin, with *no* pressing down on the handle.

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A "Bisco-matic" Bissell even sweeps clean under beds and chairs, with handle held *low!* Get a Bissell® for daily clean-ups. Save vacuum for periodic cleaning.



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Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

Come and Visit Bob Hope

(*Continued from page* 57)

It is not unusual to find Dolores Hope entertaining two or three hundred people at a parish bazaar on the front lawn, the four Hope children and assorted friends and pets making an unholy din in the play-yard, Bob dictating to three secretaries and conferring with a room full of writers in the recently completed brick cottage which houses his staff, while carpenters knock out a wall to add yet another room to the constantly expanding house, and at the bottom of the ravine which runs through the property a steam shovel begins excavating for the swimming pool Bob and Dolores have finally conceded is a California necessity.

If this description gives an impression of grandeur it is misleading, for the Hopes have chosen to live far away from the "swank belt" and built their permanent home in a modest suburban section where most of the residents commute to their city jobs from simple little two- or three-bedroom bungalows.

With the fortune he has amassed from his fabulous three-way career in radio, films, and personal appearances—to say nothing of baseball, and, recently, oil—Bob Hope could have built himself and his family a replica of Buckingham Palace if he had been so inclined.

But the Hopes aren't the kind of people who would feel at home in a formal house, and they have struggled—without complete success, but determinedly—to keep their home a place where they could live casually and simply.

When the two-story, stone and stucco Tudor house was built for the Hopes eleven years ago, its ten rooms seemed more than ample for Bob, Dolores and Baby Linda, and the two servants who were to keep the household running. And the suite of rooms over the three-car garage were perfectly adequate for Bob's professional staff.

But then Tony came along—only a year after Linda was born—necessitating a second nursery in the main house. Also, so that the children's nurse would not have to run downstairs to the kitchen at all hours of the day or night to make formula for the baby, a kitchen was installed on the second floor.

Since then, Dolores Hope explains, the house "like Topsy, has just growed."

Inch by inch, like a creeping vine, Bob's script files and correspondence files and cases full of trophies multiplied until they filled up every square foot of the office suite over the garage, until—if Bob's secretary were to have enough room for her typewriter—bigger offices were necessary.

So a second house was built, at the south end of the five-acre plot, a house big enough for a normal family to live in, and just a comfortable fit for Bob's secretarial staff. This gave Dolores and her platoon of carpenters yet another job of turning the suite over the garage into guest rooms—badly needed by this time since the arrival on the scene of two more babies, Kelley and Nora, now three, had absorbed the last inch of sleeping space in the main house.

The new office building was finished last winter, the new guest suites a few months later, and Mrs. Hope drew one relaxed breath.

Linda and Tony must have overheard this, she says, for they chose that exact moment to complain that their quarters were much too cramped. They liked guests, too, they said, and where on earth could they sleep? And where could they play, indoors, without spilling over into the grown-ups' territory?

So the prettiest room in the original house, the music room, was doomed—and when the carpenters get through this time, the older children will have a living room-playroom of their own.

Which would be fine—even final—except where would Dolores put the grand piano? Why, in a twenty-foot extension of the original living room, of course—this most recent addition should be finished by Christmas.

"It will never end," Dolores sighs, but not unhappily.

Bob held out long and grimly against the swimming pool, now almost finished. It was putting on the dog, he thought, and besides it was dangerous for the smaller children. But Kelley and Nora foiled him by learning to swim this summer, during their holiday at the beach and joined Linda and Tony in noisy agitation for a pool.

That campaign won, the two older youngsters began a new one—for a pony ring. *They* learned to ride during the summer.

"If I give in to all of that," Dolores says, and it is obvious that she will, "I suppose I'll have to put in a putting green for Bob.

"And that will be all," she adds.



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DENNIS DAY

When he sings...mimics...acts

"A Day in the Life of Dennis Day"

★ **Every Saturday Night . . . NBC**

★ **9:30 p.m., EST**

Read Dennis Day's life story in the December issue of **TRUE STORY** magazine . . . on your newsstand November 9th.

"That will be all," her golfing pal and personal secretary, Peggy Rutledge, puts in, "until Dolores decides to adopt a couple more children."

No one who knows her would be at all surprised if Dolores did just that. The same relaxed good nature and inner calm which equips her so perfectly for her arduous role as Bob Hope's wife make her a natural mother—she is bringing up four healthy, effortlessly disciplined youngsters without any sign of strain. Actually, they have given her a fulfillment very rare for women who must share their husbands with the public. She wouldn't have missed a moment of it.

"I knew when I met Bob that he was an unusual man," she says, "and the longer I'm around him, the better I know it."

No one who knows Bob Hope would argue about that. The apparently limitless springs of energy he continues to tap—for his thirteenth year now as a top ranking radio star, his tenth year in the big money brackets in motion pictures, for the strenuous personal appearance tours which would kill an ordinary man, for the junkets he continues to make four years after the end of the war to entertain servicemen all over the world—amaze all of his friends.

Dolores listens patiently to well-meaning people who urge her to make Bob slow down, but knows that she couldn't even if she would. Nobody could. Bob is made like that.

Dolores recognized Bob's tremendous inner drive—and accepts the complications it makes in their life together. More than that, she sees to it that in the private, non-professional area of his life, he gets the relaxation—the recurrent re-fueling that make it possible for him to go on.

But there are large areas of his life—and she accepts this too—in which she plays no part.

"I told myself from the beginning that it would be worse than useless to be jealous of my husband," she says. She has avoided that fate by living a full rich life of her own.

Bob is devoted to his family, and they to him. It is in his hours with Dolores and the children that he sheds the tensions that accumulate in the tremendous concentration of his work. Home is his escape and relief, the warm, friendly, loving place where he restores the wellsprings of his energy.

Sometimes even home—six foot fence or no—gets too hectic, and at those times Dolores steps in and takes Bob out of the traffic. During the winter, they escape to Palm Springs.

There Bob really "falls apart," Dolores says, falling apart for Bob being the ability to just sit, to sleep, to read.

Last summer, after the final show of his radio series, Bob and Dolores, with Linda and Tony, went to Lake Arrowhead for a week.

It was the first time in their sixteen years of marriage, Dolores says, that she had ever known Bob to go to bed before midnight.

"We had dinner together every night, went out for a short walk with the children, and were in bed by nine o'clock."

Bob slept fourteen hours one night. A record. He stored up so much vitality in this brief vacation that he began to think it would be fun to squeeze in a visit to the occupation forces in Japan between "The Great Lover," the picture he did this summer, and the beginning of his fall radio series.

With a flick of your finger . . . the Dial-a-Wave ends guesswork in your home permanent

Her Rayve Wave Number is 4. Find *yours* on the Dial-a-Wave . . . easy as dialing your radio! Be *sure* of getting the kind of wave you want . . . for your kind of hair!





Only Rayve—the new HOME PERMANENT has the Dial-a-Wave to give you the one right wave for your hair!



RAYVE REFILL KIT $1

COMPLETE RAYVE KIT $2

with 60 improved "easy-wind" plastic curlers

NO OTHER WAVE IS SO SURE, YET SO FAST . . . Rayve's exclusive Dial-a-Wave shows you instantly the *shortest* waving time in which you can be *sure* of getting the one right wave for *your* type of hair and exactly the amount of curl *you* want.

SO GENTLE, SO EASY! Rayve's new creme formula is noticeably *gentler-acting*. And everything's so *simple* . . . picture-booklet directions; no turban to wear.

LONG-LASTING—YET SOFTER, MORE NATURAL —A Rayve wave is satin-soft, frizz-free from the very *first* day. And if you already have *any* kind of plastic curlers, all you need to buy for this lovelier cold wave is a $1 Rayve Refill!

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What's new in Feminine Hygiene?



New improved NORFORMS make feminine hygiene *easier*

Never before has an antiseptic and deodorant preparation for inner cleanliness been so pleasant and easy to use.

The New Norforms are small, dainty suppositories that form an antiseptic and protective film. Powerful, yet non-irritating new agents destroy germ life and eliminate (not mask) objectionable odors for hours.

Nothing to mix or measure—no worry about too much or too little. The New Norforms are safe to use on delicate tissues. They melt at internal body temperature without greasiness or odor.

The new formula and a new method of packing—individually sealed in foil—prevents spoilage—makes the New Norforms usable in any climate.

Get new, improved Norforms and discover how simple feminine hygiene can be. At all drug stores.

Send for booklet, *"Feminine Hygiene Made Easy."* The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York . . . *Famous for Dependable Drugs.*

NORFORMS are simply wonderful

Because he dashes off to the far corners of the globe at every let-up in his work in Hollywood, Bob has little time to spend alone with his family.

But what time he has, he makes the most of.

With Dolores, he loves to play golf. As everyone knows, Bob is a demon golfer, and Dolores is no slouch herself. Her handicap which used to be a four, has risen to a nine. Now when Bob's work takes him traveling, she can go along happily, and play tournament golf while he meets the people.

Dolores pulled a muscle in her right arm early in her stay at Newport, and it broke her heart. "I was just beginning to hit my stride," she says, "and here I was grounded, with the Santa Ana golf course only five minutes away."

Bob was making a picture during the summer months but he came down to the beach place over Sundays.

He loved swimming and boating with the children. If there were guests around, and there usually were, Bob would relax in the evenings by turning chef, making aromatic roasts of lamb or veal—sometimes even a turkey—on the electric rotisserie the beach house boasted.

If there were no guests, he and Dolores would walk with the children and Chuckie after a family supper, and go early to bed.

Chuckie is the children's devoted mongrel dog. Where the Hopes go, Chuckie goes, and thereby hangs a story more revealing than most about the personal life of that remarkable family.

When Linda and Tony were little, Bob had a thoroughbred Great Dane named Red Son whom the whole family adored. The children had a cocker spaniel of their own, and Red Son adored the cocker spaniel.

One unhappy winter, the little spaniel came down with spinal meningitis and died very suddenly, leaving Red Son stricken with grief. The big Dane refused to eat, grew thin and gaunt. The veterinarian said that he was suffering from a disease which in a human being would be ulcers, brought on by a broken heart. He might pull through if he had another dog for a playmate.

It was almost Christmas, and Bob and the children went dog-shopping and came home with Chuckie. who was only a few weeks old. Chuckie was in Red Son's stocking on Christmas. The Dane rallied briefly, but it was too late. He died soon after. In the meantime, Chuckie was growing up—really up. He turned out to be an indistinguished combination of German Shepherd and police dog.

The children loved him, but Dolores felt that Bob should have another Dane. They would find Chuckie a good home somewhere.

The new Dane arrived, in due course, and despite his gilt edged papers, turned out to be a bum of the dog world. He ate chickens, knocked down the mail man, was generally unpleasant.

The Hopes decided to send him to a training school to learn his manners. In the meantime, Chuckie could stay on.

That was two years ago. The Dane is still a boarder at the training school and Chuckie is master of the house.

When the family went to Palm Springs last winter, Chuckie went too.

The first day there, Bob was scheduled to lead a rodeo parade, and the rest of the family went downtown to watch the celebration, leaving Chuckie behind.

Chuckie isn't used to being left, and he didn't like it. When the Hopes returned, no Chuckie.

The family tore out of the house in all directions beating the brush for Chuckie. They looked for two hours, with no luck. They called the police and the radio stations. Bob was due back in town for a broadcast but he decided to have one more look. He was gone for twenty minutes, while the children and Dolores wept and paced the floor. He came back, dusty and thoroughly mussed up—but he had Chuckie, who had been wandering lost and frightened in the desert brush.

The children have a nurse—according to Chuckie, unneccessarily. Watching the children is his job. His place in the family is secure, so he needn't really work too hard. There never was a thoroughbred like Chuckie.

In all the areas of their life together the Hopes keep their eye on the deeper values. They are much happier keeping things simple.

When the new office building was finished at the North Hollywood place, and Dolores was ordering the furnishings, she decided to surprise Bob by buying him his first real executive's desk. It is an imposing creation nine feet long.

Bob looked at it for a long minute and shook his head.

"I'm not that successful," he said.

But he is, and not just as America's unofficial ambassador of goodwill.

He is a successful man in any light, in no role more remarkable than in his private one—husband and father.

The Life of a Glamorous Woman Reporter!



Listen to

"Wendy Warren and the News"
Monday through Friday CBS Stations
Check Paper for Time

Read the fascinating feature,

"Woman's World"

reported by Wendy Warren each month in **TRUE EXPERIENCES** magazine now at newsstands.

Coast to Coast in Television

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Outfits suitable for stage appearances were completely taboo for video. I've always worn deep, dark colors and suddenly I had to go scurrying around for medium blues and greens. These are the most desirable colors for the television cameras to pick up. Dark shades photograph white and pastels just create a blurred effect.

"Colors aren't the only problem," Maggi explained, "styling of clothes and fabrics are of importance. For example, if I were to wear a tailored suit with shoulder pads, I would look like the star halfback for Notre Dame. On the screen I would have a squat, pushed-in look—not very chic."

It didn't take Maggi long to learn that soft and extremely simple lines did the most for her. Deep cut necklines are the most flattering (off the shoulder effects still better). If she wants to wear collars or closed-top outfits, they must be severely cut and follow the natural lines of her shoulder and throat.

Television could start a complete "dressing-down" trend in clothes, Maggi feels. "And it wouldn't be bad at that. As a matter of fact, most jewelry is a 'do not' for TV. Glittering baubles are completely out because they pick up reflections from the studio lights. I leave off jewelry entirely, except pearls sometimes. It looks better and there is no chance for sudden flashes of light blurring the screen because I turned my wrist a certain way and a bracelet sneaked into the act.

"This should be a tip-off to women because since the advent of fairly simple clothes, they have been trying to dress it up with too much jewelry, thus completely marring the effect of the wonderful new simplicity."

The fabric problem was another facet that had to be worked out. Taffetas, silks and rayons cause harshness and reflections, while the softer fabrics photograph best of all. Maggi feels that velvets and failles are especially smart and flattering too.

Once nicknamed "The Hat" (she never was seen without one) fans were amazed to see Maggi minus chapeaux on television. Maggi herself feels that she will be dubbed "Lidless Maggi" now, and it is especially upsetting to her that hats are still another taboo. "I felt as if I lost something very important," Maggi says, "when 'I lifted the lid'."

Maggi explained that hats cause distortions. Brimmed hats cast shadows on the face. Off-the-face hats "make your head look as if it comes to a point on top." The camera does not distinguish between your hair and the hat and the effect is ghastly.

As for make-up, Maggi says that the panchromatic brown was rejected and now a regular pancake make-up is used in a light suntan shade. Her lipstick is now quite light, with a pinkish tone favored. As a matter of fact, it is more comparable to street make-up than all other theatrical forms.

"All in all," Maggi summed up, "television is creating a new high in simplicity for American fashion. Becoming soft shades, feminine fabrics and flattering natural and dramatic make-up. If the women follow along these lines, what a wonderful looking group they will be."



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R M

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

WHAT'S COOKING? This time I don't pose this culinary question carelessly, because the slightly staggering sum of $153,985 is being whipped into this beautiful batch of batter. Our philosopher friend GALEN DRAKE is awarding this luscious loot to lucky housewives skilled and (if you're like me) unskilled with the skillet. It's all part of Pillsbury's "Grand National Recipe and Baking Contest" with 109 cash prizes. There's certainly nothing skimpy about the Pillsbury measure being dished out in this super contest. First prize can reach $50,000 (what a windfall!!!) and 100 other winners will demonstrate their kitchen concoctions at New York's Waldorf Astoria Hotel during a 2-day, all-expense trip. Rig up those recipes you're always complimented upon (it can be for pies, cakes, breads, cookies, entrees or desserts) and maybe get in on this frankly fabulous fiesta. There's gold in that dough, ma'am! GALEN DRAKE, the mellifluous man who makes 4:00 PM (EST) on your local ABC station such good listening every weekday afternoon, adds more contest "happy talk" to his usual delivery of home-fed philosophy.

***O.K., Lucy, drop the phone, time to listen to TED MALONE!* It may not be good poetry, but I want you to know-etry that the terrific Ted, sponsored by Westinghouse, makes 3:55 PM (EST) a high spot on the American Broadcasting Company day-time dial for me.

MORE FOOD-FOR-THOUGHT-DEPT. . . . How to look lovely and live lively is the duty of a real expert, Serutan's VICTOR H. LINDLAHR. With his diet tips and food advice, Victor has beautified more women than the combined efforts of the great Ziegfeld and Earl Carroll . . . and makes it easy as ABC—which just happens to be the network bringing you Lindlahr Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:45 AM (EST), Sunday at 11:00 AM (EST). Anyway you spell it Serutan's VHL leads the ladies to loveliness.

** SOCIAL NOTES: Think I'll accept ART LINKLETTER's hep and happy "House Party" invitation to join him weekdays at 12:00 noon (EST). He's such good company . . . and he's presented by Pillsbury.

** LATE NEWS: It runs in the family! Mother's "mad about him," my 15-year old sister, Sue, finds him "divine" and I'm faintly a-flutter myself after a session with handsome, versatile CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS. The "Dream Boy" is back . . . and ABC's got him as M.C. on the new program sensation "Pick A Date," 11:30 AM (EST) daily.

Joan Lansing

Advertisement

The Greatest Story Ever Told

(*Continued from page 37*)

the recordings were on their way to President Truman, Joseph Stalin, and Trygve Lie of the United Nations.

The inspiration of The Greatest Story Ever Told has had a remarkable effect on the most varied listeners, not only at this season, but throughout the year. The reports of its influence are many.

Not long ago, for instance, in a medium-sized, Midwestern city, Mrs. T's car was stolen. It had happened within five minutes, because that was as long as she had left the auto parked. As she reached home where she planned to call the police, her phone was ringing.

"Your car seems to have been returned," she was told.

Sure enough, it was standing right where she had parked it—a note jammed into the windshield.

"I turned on the radio in your car and heard The Greatest Story Ever Told. It made me realize how wrong I was. I'm sixteen years old, and I guess it's not too late to lead an upright life."

As the Greatest Story Ever Told has spun out its reverent and forceful theme, other lives have been changed. A spinster who had been listening in the Far West one Sunday sat down afterward and wrote to someone who had offended her. She had never intended writing to that friend again.

A husband and wife decided to take a Christian attitude toward the man's business partner, with whom they have been in a bitter dispute, after hearing one of the programs. Their first impulse had been to take vindictive and vengeful action, the wife explained. "We don't know yet how it will turn out, but we're sure it's going to be all right," she said.

And for a tormented woman who had been going through a period of mental and spiritual anguish, something like a miracle happened. Still consumed by a gripping sense of bitterness and defeat, a feeling for which she had found relief nowhere, she tuned in The Greatest Story Ever Told. The next day, a newfound peace moved her to write:

"Last night, I listened to your program, and though it made me weep, it took away the feeling of resentment and rebellion which had tortured me so completely I felt I had to thank you for your great inspiration."

Inspiration is a big word, but it fits The Greatest Story Ever Told. From the first there had been a dedicated spirit behind the undertaking. The men who conceived it wanted to do much more than entertain, much more even than merely retell the events of the New Testament. They wanted to bring home with an immediate impact the way in which the two-thousand-year-old lessons of brotherhood and faith which Jesus taught apply to everyday living here and now. They wanted to produce a program which would affect the actions of those who heard it.

This is what they hoped for—that listeners would say afterwards: *The people in this drama have the same problems I do, and the answers they found make sense for me, too.* Apparently, they have accomplished what they were after.

The man who started the whole idea was Fulton Oursler. A noted writer and editor for many years, he had become a profound student of Christianity after a visit to the Holy Land in the 1930's. These studies had decided him to retell the miraculous life of Jesus in a manner that would take it out of the remoteness of ancient history and lead people to read the Gospels at first hand. Mr. Oursler had been at work on the manuscript for several years when he realized that the stirring material he was dealing with could be even more powerful over the air. He suggested a dramatic series to Waddill Catchings, head of a firm which produces radio programs, and got an enthusiastic approval.

After that the next step was to work up a sample script. The man Mr. Oursler asked to do the actual writing was Henry Denker, one of the top-flight radio writers in the business. Besides that, Mr. Denker was an expert on the Bible. He had studied the Old Testament from beginning to end in Hebrew three times, and had carried on intricate researches into the New Testament. He knew the material and he knew the problems that faced the project.

The first problem was interpretation. Different Christian denominations not only interpret Christ differently, they have varying shades of belief about the miracles related in the Gospels. To overcome that obstacle, Mr. Denker held long, probing discussions with Protestant ministers of many different churches and with the best scholars of the Roman Catholic church, as well as with persons prominent in the Jewish religion.

Today, a board of representative clergymen serves as an advisory group in order to insure universal acceptance of the material in the dramas. Every script goes to them and must have their approval before it is put into production. There are plenty of times when objections are raised, but agreement has always been possible. "It is . . . a very clear lesson in the real brotherhood of man," as Henry Denker has declared.

One of the knottiest problems was the question of using the figure of Christ as a character in the dramas. This had been done on the stage and in the movies, but never over the air. Doubters were firm on this point.

"You can't represent Christ's voice in a radio play. People won't stand for it," they said with finality.

But men with a purpose will find a way. First of all, it was agreed that when Jesus spoke, He would utter only the actual words which appear in the New Testament. Next, a device was adopted that appears in famous religious paintings, which always mark the figure of Our Lord by a halo. Only in this case, the halo became a musical motif, which sounds its shimmering, lofty tones before and after Christ is heard. To put His words even more definitely on a plane by themselves, there is a slight pause before other characters follow Him, and the performer pronouncing His words speaks from an isolation booth which produces a cathedral-like echo effect.

Listeners have reacted with wholehearted approval from the beginning. In addition to the reverent spirit and manner with which the words of Christ's figure are handled, something else has made the approval possible. The program, an unusually expensive one which costs close to a million a year to produce has not the slightest hint of

any commercialism about it at all.

From the first, it was clear that The Greatest Story Ever Told would need a sponsor. No network could afford to carry a program calling for an average of fourteen actors a week, a thirty-two-piece orchestra and a sixteen-voice chorus. Sponsors, however, generally take on the cost of a radio production in order to sell a product, and as far as this one was concerned, commercials were unthinkable. In order to be heard without arousing resentment, the program would have to find a sponsor willing to forswear any use of the time for selling his wares.

The program found a sponsor who went further than that. He didn't even want his company's name mentioned. Unfortunately, there is an iron-bound FCC ruling which requires two mentions of the buyer's name whenever air time is paid for, and Paul Litchfield had to give in. He managed, however, to put the required credit into about the fewest words ever accorded a sponsor over the air. At the opening and close an announcer says—"This program is presented by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company"—and that is all.

This company wasn't the first to be offered The Greatest Story nor the first to be impressed by it. It was, however, the first to be willing to back a radio series based on Christ's teachings despite the danger of recrimination and without hope of gain. The man responsible for that willingness was the chairman of Goodyear's Board, Paul W. Litchfield.

A man over seventy, Paul Litchfield had been concerned for a long time with how Christ's message of brotherhood could be demonstrated more forcefully. As a boy, a Unitarian schooling which required him to attend the services of other denominations in order to learn how others worship God, had given him a broad religious viewpoint. He had learned indelibly then that the essence of Christianity is understanding of God and one's fellows and the practice of brotherly love.

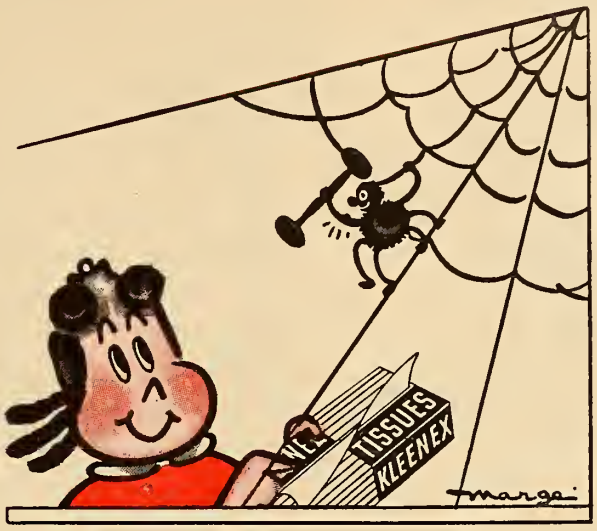
In the face of warnings from some of his closest business associates, Paul Litchfield took on the responsibility for sponsoring the broadcasts. It was he more than anyone else who insisted on the most rigid precautions against commercialism. No advertising was to be heard on the program; no local dealers were to promote it. As a matter of fact, when word first went around that the company was buying a network program, several of their dealers did buy time for local spot announcements before and after the half-hour. All of these commercial tie-ins were cancelled at once.

It is most of all the letters which come in, telling of the effect the program exerts on the everyday lives of his fellow-Americans that has caused Mr. Litchfield to say: "This is the most satisfying experience of my life."

Praise has poured in from all sides—from individual clergymen, as well as the public. Religious bodies of all denominations have offered congratulations and given active support. They have sent out letters urging members to listen in; they have endorsed the program from the pulpit. One Jewish group, with the purpose of combatting anti-Semitism, sent out three hundred thousand communications asking people to listen to the Easter trilogy. The accurate historical and religious treatment of the crucifixion story, they felt, would correct the ideas which breed prejudice.

More than a thousand ministers have

LITTLE LULU



My, my... strong, like Kleenex*!

Little Lulu says: NATCH – YOU GET EXTRA SOFTNESS WITH KLEENEX TISSUES, BUT DON'T LET THAT SOFTNESS FOOL YOU! STURDY KLEENEX HAS PLENTY OF WHAT IT TAKES TO CATCH BIG-TIME SNEEZES – WHISK OFF MAKEUP.

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RELIEF FAST SO S-O-O-T-H-I-N-G FOR
IRRITATED SKIN

Satisfied users of Sayman Salve told others—so sales have grown into millions! Proven *prescription* ingredients quickly relieve discomfort of Rashes, Eczema, Pimples, Chafing, Athlete's Foot and other externally caused skin and scalp irritations. Guaranteed relief or money back. Buy 35c jar and apply today.

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CAN'T SLEEP due to NERVOUS TENSION
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If jittery nerves occasionally keep you awake, try MILES NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or effervescent tablets.



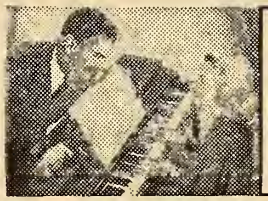


Blondes! Want Lighter Shinier Hair SAFELY?

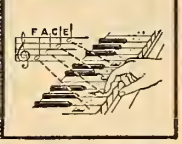
New home shampoo made specially for blondes contains Andium. Washes hair shades lighter, gives it lovely extra luster SHINE. Called BLONDEX, it takes only 11 minutes at home. Safe for children.

FREE-Trial Package

Send postcard to Swedish Shampoo Labs., Dept. 116; 880 Broadway, N. Y. 3, N. Y. or get regular size at any 10c, drug or toilet goods counter.



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Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

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Address.....
Name.....

written declaring that the dramas are more effective than a sermon.

"The story preaches a better sermon than I could ever hope to do even with my thirty years' experience," wrote one of them.

Many report that the program is bringing people back to a religion that they have rejected. One clergyman told about a man who was so interested in the life of Christ as he heard it on The Greatest Story that he began to read his Bible after years of neglect.

The minister said: "This program convinced him that the Bible must be an interesting and thrilling book."

Thousands tell of the concrete good which The Greatest Story has brought about in their lives, but no practical result has been more dramatic than the full-page advertisement which appeared throughout the country in thirty-eight leading Sunday newspapers on May 4, 1937. The ad had been inserted by a rival of the sponsor and it was headlined: "We suggest you listen to The Greatest Story Ever Told." The copy went on: "This is an unusual advertisement. It invites you to listen to the radio program of a competitor of ours."

There are many reasons for the program's unique success in bringing home eternal truths with the immediate impact of current events. The masterly writing technique is an important one. It combines modern, straightforward English with an occasional, ancient phrase or unusual sentence structure, so that the dialogue fits its centuries-old background, yet has the freshness of face-to-face talk. Another is the music. Written by an authority on religious music, its blend of intense spiritual emotion and dramatic mood builds up the stories' suspense and reverent feeling to a high pitch.

Equally important is the acting. There is little earnestness like this in radio. Chosen from the best, the actors give everything they have to their roles. None of the actors will win fame through their performances, because their names will never be announced. Every member of the cast stays anonymous, so that the hallowed figure he portrays will suffer no identification with any characters which the actor may play on other programs, or with the actor himself.

They regard it as a privilege to work on the program in spite of this. If some resent the lack of recognition at first, the feeling vanishes quickly. As one puts it, "Working on the program is something like going to church."

Unlike the usual sponsors of the usual radio program, Mr. Litchfield and the men associated with him discourage publicity about the show, because of the constant worry of diminishing Christ's message of brotherhood by any hint of exploitation.

During one of last year's holiday rehearsals, however, a community leader from the Midwest was given special permission to watch a rehearsal. This is what he says about it:

"It is not 'radio acting' you see. It is something more serious and solid. . . . As I gazed into the studio, the modern dress of the players, the musical groups and the sound effects men all faded. . . . And I admit, unashamed, that there were moments during the rehearsal when my eyes were moist."

The sincerity of the men and women who produced The Greatest Story is matched by the enthusiasm of the people who hear it. There is the young mother who said: "If I hear many more programs of this type, I will undoubtedly become more serious in my attitude toward Christian thinking and Christian attitudes. . . ."

There is the young husband who wrote. "Our family can't seem to do without it, for no matter where we are on Sunday afternoons, my wife and I make a point to be at home in time so as not to miss the program."

Children seem to love the dramatizations. "My children can't wait to hear it," a mother wrote. "Sunday afternoon seems long to them for they are always asking how long before The Greatest Story is on."

It's after the Christmas programs that listeners have really spilled over with thanks. One letter that came in after last year's Yuletide dramatizations is a favorite of the producers. It was written by a little boy of six, who said, "I love your program. It is making people want to be good."

The most important point of all about the meaning of the Nativity was made by a veteran of the recent war. "You did a swell job telling the story of Christ's birth and making the big thing about peace and good will come right through good and strong. You're socking home the Christmas message of peace on earth, good will to men, not only at Christmas time, but the rest of the year too. And speaking as a veteran, as well as a guy who believes that a person's race, religion or color has nothing to do with the kind of person he is—keep up the good work."

That is the idea—exactly.

so absorbent!



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NOW FINER THAN EVER

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Top prices paid for gold teeth, rings, jewelry, watches, diamonds, spectacles, etc. Cash mailed promptly. Bonded.

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International Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

JOLLY TIME FOR YOUR HOLIDAY FUN

JOLLY TIME ALWAYS POPS POP CORN

ITCH CHECKED IN A JIFFY



Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D. D. D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

$1,000 EVERY SUNDAY!

Not a contest. . . . Nothing to buy . . .

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

is offering $1,000 for information leading to the arrest of wanted criminals. Listen Sunday afternoon for complete details.

Taken from the pages of True Detective magazine, "True Detective Mysteries" is a thrilling dramatization of a true, authenticated crime case.

Tune in

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Sunday afternoon at 4:30 p.m. EST 3:30 p.m. CST
2:30 p.m. MST 1:30 p.m. PST
over 480 Mutual Stations — the world's biggest network

The Sheriff and Mr. Mittens

(*Continued from page* 45)

Exposition days. It turned out to be a stranger who greeted him with "Bob, will you please let me have one of those badges you send out to the kids, so I can sleep again nights. I lost my little boy's badge and he has been crying for three days." The officer had taken his family to the beach on his day off and told the child he couldn't wear the badge because he might lose it. "I'll take care of it for you," he promised. It had disappeared somewhere in the sand and frantic searching failed to turn it up.

"I let him put on my badge," the father said. "He doesn't think it's any good. He only wants his Chuck Wagon badge."

Bob gave him two of them. "One for your little boy, and one for you to lose," he told the policeman.

He got one of his biggest kicks one other night recently when he grabbed a cab to catch his train home after The Singing Lady Show. The driver turned around and asked, "Aren't you Mr. Mittens?" Bob admitted he was, and handed over a bill to pay the fare. "Oh, no," said the driver. "My little boy wouldn't let me in the door tonight if I told him I drove Mr. Mittens and let him pay for the ride. It's on the house, compliments of my son," he grinned.

Mama

(*Continued from page* 49)

Service in New York) even when she isn't acting. "Mama," called director Ralph Nelson, "we need you now—" Without thinking she answered, "Ya."

Papa says he doesn't find himself doing that so much these days as in the beginning, but during the weeks when his part has many "sides" and he studies a lot he's more apt to talk like Papa both on and off the set.

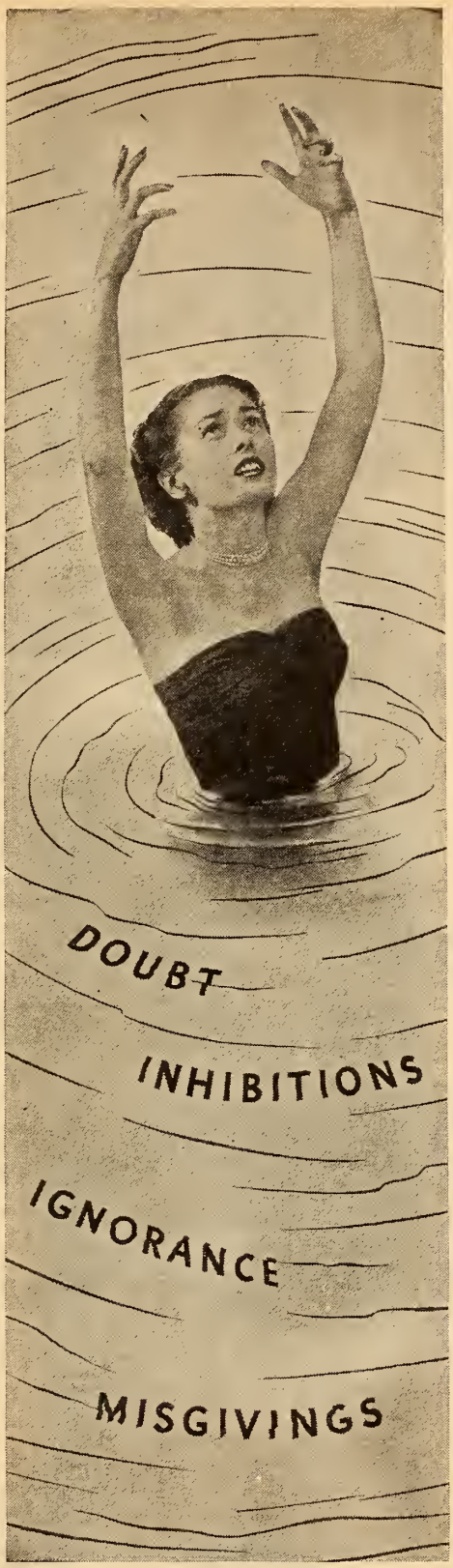
The set itself is built all around the big studio, so everyone has to be alert to dodge the booms and cameras as they turn from one room to the other, out to the back porch where the dish towels are drying on the line, up to Nel's little room under the eaves and back to the bright shining kitchen with its aroma of fresh coffee.

Rehearsals start on Tuesdays and run from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. for three days. On Fridays they start at 11 A.M. and everyone brings lunch, so no time will be lost. These are rehearsals on camera, and the dress rehearsal before they break for the family style dinner down in the huge Grand Central building that houses the CBS-TV studio.

On Friday the cameramen and crew come on the set. They see the show with a fresh outlook. "We listen for their laugh," Mama said. "They're as much a part of the family as the rest of us."

Right after saying that Mama went into a scene with a neighbor's little girl, Sarahanne, played by a talented ten-year-old, Rosalie Alter. As the scene ended, the floor manager gave a great shout of laughter at a bit of dialogue between Mama and Sarahanne.

"See what I mean?" Peggy Wood asked, as she came off the set. "I've been wondering if that was as funny as I thought it was. Now I know."



TOO LATE TO CRY OUT IN ANGUISH!

Beware of the one intimate neglect that can engulf you in marital grief

TOO LATE, when love has gone, for a wife to plead that no one warned her of danger. Because a wise, considerate wife makes it her business to *find out* how to safeguard her daintiness in order to protect precious married love and happiness.

One of the soundest ways for a wife to keep married love in bloom is to achieve dainty allure by practicing *effective* feminine hygiene such as *regular* vaginal douches with reliable "Lysol."

Germs destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, *proved* power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" *acts* in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda *never can.*

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Easy directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

For feminine hygiene, three times more women use "Lysol" than any other liquid preparation. No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on . . .

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R.T.M.-4912

Winner



Marilyn Hampton, beauty queen crowned "Miss College All-Star of 1949" says, "For soft lovely hands, use Italian Balm daily."

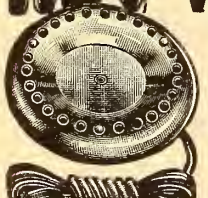
In winter especially, your hands need the *extra*-protection of Italian Balm. Where less effective lotions fail, this famous Canadian lotion provides sure protection against winter weather. Italian Balm prevents chapping—softens roughest, driest skin overnight. Rich, widespreading; one drop serves both hands! 25c, 50c, $1 per bottle.

Campana
Italian Balm
for CHAP-FREE HANDS

OWN YOUR BUSINESS

Make greaseless doughnuts at home. New amazing electric machine. No smoke. You'll coin money selling grocers, cafes, hamburger stands. Low cost will surprise you. Lifetime business. Send for free recipes and plans.
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NO FIRES TO BUILD
SAVES FUEL BILLS
SAVES TIME & WORK
New low priced Electric Water Heater works like a charm. Just drop in water and plug in. Amazing quantities of hot water to bathe, shave, wash, hundreds of other uses. Handy size and shape fits every basin, tub, sink, etc.
Send No Money! Clip This Ad!
Mail ad on post card or letter. We'll ship C.O.D. for only $1.98 and postage on 10-day money-back guarantee offer.
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TREASURE CHEST of bargains!

$25 FAMILY PARADISE FOR $5

When we bought out a large department store, we had the choice of selling out cheap to dealers or giving you folks a chance to buy the many wonderful and expensive things at unbelievable prices. So, we've put up our giant "Treasure Chests" containing $5.95 Stainless Steel Carving Sets or 24 pc. Princess Mitzie Pattern Tableware Sets, Service for 6. $7. 3-pc. Pen and Pencil Sets, $5. Glamour Kits, $3. worth of Shaving Needs including 100 nationally advertised blades, Jackpot of Toys, lovely Gift Jewelry worth up to $5, and other needs all priced at more than $25. Thrill the whole family or take care of plenty of Christmas giving. Everything new and perfect. Send name, address and pay postman $5, plus postage or send $5.75 and we'll send postpaid and include $1. Ball Pen as an extra gift.
Treasure Chests, Box 1B31-T, Bridgeport 1, Conn.

Our Happy Christmas Story

(*Continued from page 35*)

wood. No snow, no bitter winds—except when we have some of that "exceptional weather" you read about in the papers—and the grass is green and even the swimming pools look just about the same way they do in the summer!) Anyway, there we were, and I got to thinking how much the child is like Phil. They have, for instance, the same instinct when it comes to money!

You see, Alice gets a dime from the Fairy every time when she loses one of her baby teeth and puts it under her pillow at night. If she loses track of a tooth before bedtime, so she can't sleep on it and make a wish, she loses the dime as well—and that is what is known as a major tragedy in her young life.

One of the jobs connected with being a grandfather is that I have the honor of helping her part with each tooth as it gets to that annoying, waggly stage. Usually she comes running to me with a piece of string and we go to work on the rocky rascal till it pulls loose. Alice guards her tooth carefully till bedtime, when the Fairy takes over.

That's the usual ritual. But last Friday she inadvertently knocked out a lower front tooth while she was in swimming, and though we both scoured the shallow end of the pool it looked as though we were getting stiff knees for nothing. That trusting light in Baby Alice's blue eyes was beginning to blur into tears when I hit on the idea of checking the filtering system of the pool. Sure enough, there was her tiny white tooth!

"Thanks, Granddaddy," said the little minx, grabbing for it. "I thought I was going to have to pull out another one and we're having corn on the cob tonight. If I lose one more tooth, you're going to have to cut off the kernels for me!"

That I have promised to do, when the time comes that my gap-toothed granddaughter needs my help. I used to do the same for Phil when he was Alice's age. He got a dime for each tooth. And by the time he was seven he had saved up enough money to buy a mouth-organ.

Seems like only yesterday that Phil was a kid. When he was only a bit older than Baby Alice is now, he was touring the South with me and my band. Then, when he was fourteen he was earning his own keep by playing the drums and cymbals.

We used to play the motion picture houses in those days, providing background music of the most stirring sort to accompany the silent movies. We played Tschaikowsky's Fourth, and "Samson and Delilah" and stuff like that. Young Phil with his lanky legs like animated saplings would writhe and twist on the uncomfortable chair waiting for his cue to come in with a couple of drum rolls once in a while, and half the time he got so bored with the whole thing that he would forget to come in at all.

I decided that he needed disciplining. I had always talked to him as though he was a grown man—actually, there is only a matter of seventeen years difference in our ages. That Saturday night I called him to the stand and told him that if he made just one more mistake he was through—fired—finished. (Just what I would do with him after that hadn't entered my mind at all.)

"Okay," said Phil, sturdily thrusting his hands into his pockets. "I want all my back pay in cash. I'm a union man, and I know the rules. Give me my forty-five a week, and we'll call it quits!"

He had me there. I looked at my curly-haired kid with the outthrust jaw and the gangly legs, and I knew he was growing up.

"You're through, all right." I told him, making a quick decision. "And you are going to finish high school and then take up law. No more band-playing for you."

Of course I might just as well have told Phil to stop eating as stop playing, but I really did try to keep him in school. I escorted him to the school door every morning at eight o'clock. I pushed him through the front door and waited a while to see he didn't come out. Everything seemed to be working out fine until one day I got a message from the principal.

Dear Mr. Harris, the note said, *If your son Phil is not coming to school this semester, would you kindly return his books to the textbook department?*

I put down my baton and went looking for a thicker stick. Then I went looking for Phil. You know what that kid had been doing? After I'd pushed him through the school door every morning, he'd headed out the back door, across a vacant lot, and down to the river to go fishing. Did it every day. Never saw the inside of a classroom for three months.

Now that's where his daughters are different from Phil. They love their



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school. They go to a private school called Buckleys, where they lay up learning as though it was vanilla ice cream. I've seen them trotting off to meet the school bus in the morning like a couple of angels on their way to learn a new hymn. They are surely different from Phil. When these kids go through a schoolhouse door, they stay inside.

But when it comes to mischief, they can think up more stunts than Phil ever did. And when it comes to retribution, their Mother is right there on the spot with a swift spank that teaches the girls not to indulge in that particular prank again—they have to think up other ideas.

For instance, when we had that amazing snowfall in California early in the year my little leprechauns were enchanted. They'd never seen snow before, but they'd heard about "white Christmas" and they decided they ought to store some up for the holiday. They raided the kitchen for all the paper sacks they could carry, and they filled the sacks with slushy snow and stacked the stuff in the garage. Nearly flooded the place. Alice made them get brooms and sweep it all out, then she kept them shut up in their room for three days with the sniffles.

Alice is usually the one to discipline the kids, and Phil wants it that way. He knows that her intuition is seldom wrong, and that while they are both babies their mother is best suited to coping with their little naughtinesses. But Phil is always there to offer advice when they need it, and the girls look forward to their daily story hour with their daddy, the highpoint of their day.

Could be that I'm prejudiced, but I think that Alice and Phil are as good a set of parents as you could find anywhere in the whole world. That's partly because they're very happy. I suppose —and happiness shows more out in these parts because it seems to be a scarcer commodity here than it is in most places.

First time I saw the lovely blonde girl who was to become my son's wife was when I was working at Twentieth Century-Fox as an actor. (I still act in pictures, doing small parts and extra work.) Well, this particular day I was playing the part of a beer-drinking customer in a saloon, watching a fancy floor show consisting of a pretty fair-haired girl in a gown with a tight, slit skirt and a lacy top. She was crooning a throaty number in that warm, charming way of hers, and I was impressed with the sweetness of her personality. I'd seen Alice Faye in pictures before, but never in the flesh. Now I could see how really lovely she was with her peach skin and her blue eyes and a sort of inner radiance that didn't come just from good lighting.

The name of that picture was "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and the girl who was to be my daughter-in-law didn't even know who I was. Matter of fact, she didn't even know Phil at that time. The whole thing was just a coincidence.

When she had finished rehearsing her number she didn't go off by herself to that sumptuous trailer dressing-room that they had for her on the set. No sir! She drew up a chair at the table next to mine and started to play gin-rummy with one of the hair dressers.

That's what I love about Alice. She's so downright sweet. It's this quality of

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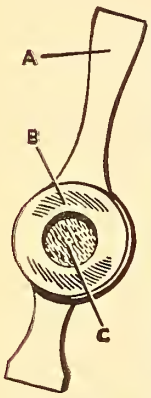
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sweetness and femininity of hers that strikes everyone on meeting her. That's what must have made Phil love her, for if ever two people complement each other's personalities, it's Alice and Phil. He's the high-strung, dynamic one. Always on his toes, always planning what's best for Alice and the kids. He gets ideas so fast you just can't keep up with him. Alice is right behind him, sifting his ideas, attending to the details. He acts as if life were a woods, and he had to hack a path through it. Alice is the one who follows along and builds a house with the timber.

When Alice and Phil decided to redecorate their house, and to make an entire wing over to the children's use, they provided the youngsters with two of everything. The kids have twin washbasins, twin dressing-tables, twin wardrobes. Alice confided in me that by doing this she hoped to find out who was the tidy one, since with their own facilities, they couldn't blame each other for disorder and breakage. But Alice never did find out. Things were just twice as untidy as before! She says they are both pretty impossible—but they are learning!

Baby Alice and Phyllis both make their own beds in the morning, and are learning to cook on their own nursery stove, under the supervision of the nurse, Miss Roclaire. They invite small friends to dinner, and offer them lamb chops and jello desserts that they have cooked with their own small, tanned hands. At the moment there is fierce rivalry over young Frankie Remley, aged seven, whom Alice and Phyllis both admire to the extent of trying to out-do each other in concocting fancy desserts.

My grandchildren and young Frankie spent last summer at Malibu, at the house which Phil maintains for the use of all his gang. Mrs. Remley, who looked after the kids with Miss Roclaire, young Frankie Remley and a host of other friends had a wonderful time while Alice and Phil had a chance to take their vacations.

Baby Alice thought up the idea of a wayside flowerstand and instructed Frankie and young Phyllis to pick flowers from the neighbors' fences and to bring them to her. Then she rigged up a stand out of a plank and two paint barrels and stuck the flowers in Coke bottles which she offered for sale to passing motorists. She did a roaring trade at ten cents a vase, and made one dollar and fifty cents which she divided three ways with Phyl and Frankie. That little Alice is sure like her Daddy . . . or did I say that before?

I guess the best times of my life have been spent at Alice and Phil's house. The living is so informal there, with old friends dropping in for laughs and good food every hour of the day. In summer we gather at the swimming-pool, or round the barbecue in the red-brick patio. We all have year-round suntans, because we love outdoor living so much so that it takes a snowstorm to drive us inside—and that only happened once that I can remember. Phil is the best cook I ever knew, for an amateur. When he takes over to whip up a tasty dinner, I wouldn't miss that meal if I had to drive in all the way from location in Arizona. It isn't surprising that he is such a good cook, I tell myself, for I was the guy who taught him.

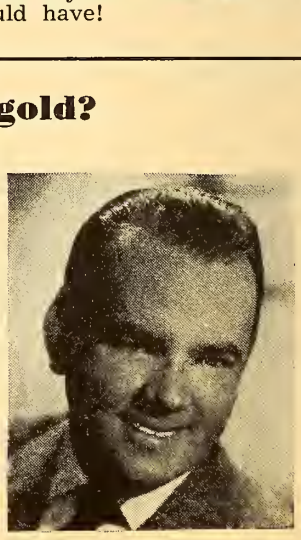
In the early days when I took the boy on tour, and his mother stayed home, he learned to cook his own supper in true Tennessee fashion. We made corn pone together, and turnip greens and fried chicken and sweet potato pie. If I worked late and couldn't get home for supper, Phil made his own meal. He *had* to cook or go hungry. Now he is such a darn fine chef, and I'm jealous of his fancy Italian dishes. Seems like every time I come out to a party at the Harris's, that Phil is in the white-tiled kitchen and there is a delicious cooking smell wafting through the swing door.

Yes, the Harris home is a happy one, and I'm proud to be considered a part of it. Especially around this time of the year, I'm mighty glad that I'm a father and a grandfather, mighty grateful that I live close enough to my son and his family so that I can spend the holidays with them. Christmas, if you're alone, is the lonesomest day in the year, but if you're with your loved ones it's a different story.

I keep thinking of how those youngsters will look on Christmas morning, how their eyes will light up and their faces shine with the kind of happiness you can experience only when you're a child. I keep thinking of what a lucky guy I am to have such a family, to be with them at Christmas. And I keep hoping that everyone who reads this has the same kind of happy, friendly, homelike holiday that we're going to have, that everyone of you experiences, this season, that warm and wonderful feeling of loving and being loved, which is the best Christmas present anyone on the face of this earth could have!

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When a Girl Marries

(*Continued from page 43*)

Dear Mrs. F. S.:

Yes, I'm afraid I do think you would be wrong in attempting to force your in-laws to assume some responsibility for their mother. Under the circumstances, it would be a childish display of petulance on your part—and, if I may be very frank, a cruel one. Consider what you are proposing: in order to gain one paltry week of freedom from your mother-in-law's presence *in your own home,* you would have her—an elderly and infirm woman—jogging about from house to house once in every twenty-four hours, resting in a different bed each night. If there were any possibility of arranging for more extended visits, perhaps periods of one or two months at least which might be spent with her other children, you might be justified in creating a family issue and pointing out that you feel you are carrying an unfair burden. But the gaining of a single week of freedom for yourself absolutely does not justify your subjecting a woman of seventy-seven to the discomfort (which at such an advanced age might be very serious) of the series of visits you propose.

Try to remember that she is indeed "a very good mother-in-law in most respects." Train yourself to meet the strain of her constant presence in the same quietly unemotional way in which you have evidently met the problem of her interference in the disciplining of your children. Thousands upon thousands of people must look after elderly relatives who have much less claim to gratitude and affection than does this mother-in-law who—look back to your own words—sees to it that you get anything you want or need. Review your problem, and I think you'll agree that a sense of humor, a more relaxed attitude, a friendly but firm refusal to allow any interference in your personal affairs, will see you through.

Double-Edged Question

Dear Joan:

I am separated from my husband but have been awarded custody of our little six-year-old daughter. Since our separation I have obtained a very good job and can well afford to employ a competent governess to look after my daughter. However, friends have advised me that I would be cheating the child of her mother's care, understanding and love and replacing all this with a sort of mechanical caretaker. Should I go back to my husband for our daughter's sake, so that I can stay at home and mold her into the kind of a young woman we want her to be?

Mrs. R. S.

Dear Mrs. R. S.:

If you go back to your husband, do please face the truth honestly: you will be going not for your daughter's sake but for your own, because you want to. If your separation was a carefully considered action, based on a genuine inability to create a happy and successful family unit, would it not be the height of foolishness to return to your husband? If, on the other hand, you regret the separation and would welcome a second chance to make your marriage work, it would be fairer and more creditable to admit this frankly, instead of using your child as an excuse. For surely you must realize that the advice of your friends is superficial. You point



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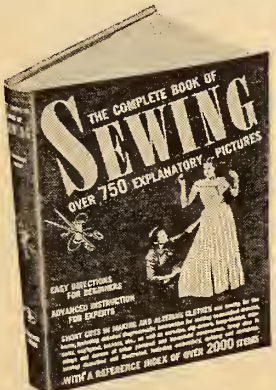
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out that you can afford to employ a "competent" governess. Competence, in the care of a child, automatically rules out the possibility that you will employ a "mechanical caretaker." You will want, and can certainly secure, a governess qualified by a warm personality and a truly affectionate understanding of children to care for your child. The point is, Mrs. R. S., that even though you must work, you *can* find a really satisfactory woman to care for your child, and you can arrange your own time so that you give as much as possible of it, plus your motherly love and interest, to the little girl so that she will suffer as little as possible in a situation which is unfortunately not ideal for a child.

But perhaps you want—in your heart—an excuse to go back to your husband. Have you faced, and answered, that question?

The Weapon of Laughter

Dear Joan:

I have a very attractive and intelligent daughter of twenty. Many boys come to the house but there is one in particular whom she thinks she loves. He is very vain and weak, and I tell her that her love is only a mother desire to protect him. Danny—that's his name—pleaded with my daughter in my presence to dye his hair black, and only last week he borrowed money to have his ears "pinned back" by surgery. When my daughter asked him why he didn't get a job he said "statistics prove that jobs are very hard to find." How can I convince my girl that no good can come out of a marriage of this kind? Am I doing the right thing in asking her not to see him again? I love her very much.

Mrs. B. B. H.

Dear Mrs. B. B. H.:

It's heartbreakingly true that there's nothing much that can be done by any parent, however loving, in such a situation. The young man sounds indeed vain and weak—and rather foolish—but don't allow your fear to guide you to do the very thing that might prove most disastrous to your daughter's happiness. Make no attempt to curtail her liberty, or to hedge her round with promises! If you forbid this young man the house, be quite prepared to have your daughter meet him outside. It's been done in the past by the most affectionate and obedient of children, and will be done as long as there are youth and the words "my parents don't understand me" abroad in the world—which probably means forever.

Does your child really respect you? Do you really have faith in *her* intelligence? Then your best weapon is your sense of humor. Don't allow her to see that you are perturbed to any extent by Danny. Make it clear that you can't for a moment take serious notice of a young man whose major energies are occupied in having his hair dyed and his ears "pinned back." As subtly as you can, encourage the other young men your daughter knows; youth is cruel, and Danny must be a bit of a clown to his contemporaries. And youth is clannish—your daughter would have to be madly, unreasoningly in love to flout the opinion of her "crowd." But a heavy hand on your part—a serious appeal, a threat, an attempt to prevent her from seeing Danny—may force her into rebellious action which may bring sorrow to all of you. Don't be tense; put a gay, humorous face on the fear which you quite naturally feel, and I think that you will find that you can gently laugh your daughter out of this unsuitable attachment.

Some Day

Dear Joan:

Since our marriage in 1934 my husband and I have prayed, wished and longed for a child. At times I cry for a baby. My dreams are filled with them. I live in hopes that some day I will have one of my own. I have not been to a doctor for fear he will say I can never have any children—then even my hope of "some day" will be gone. My husband has never mentioned a divorce but I feel I should ask him, for maybe another wife may give him children. I want his happiness, for I love him so much.

Mrs. H. B.

Dear Mrs. H. B.:

When we are very young, the words "some day" are full of hope and rich promise. But as we grow older, we begin to learn the bitter truth that "some day" never comes. Unless we acquire the ability to live in the present, we are not really living at all . . . and too often, for the vague, illusion of "some day" we must substitute the grim reality of "too late." Don't let this happen to you!

Your tears and dreams exhaust you, but they will not solve your problem. A doctor is the only one who can do that. As you know, I do not as a rule answer any letters involving questions of health, for I believe that it is highly improper for anyone but a qualified physician to do so. However, I am going to relax my rule just a little in your case—to urge you as strongly as I can to seek out a competent doctor, preferably one who specializes in obstetrics, and tell your trouble to him. There are, it's true, many women who are physically incapable of motherhood. But there are others—an increasing number of others—who *seem* unable to bear children, *but who can be helped to do so by expert medical treatment.* You may be one of these women . . and your cowardice may prevent you from finding out until it is too late. That's the combination of facts you must face, and face immediately, if you truly desire a child and are not merely indulging in the dubious luxury of self-pity.

After all, what's the worst that can happen if you see a doctor? He may tell you that, in his opinion, you will never bear a child. Will this certainty be any worse than the tormenting doubts you are now suffering? On the contrary . . . you may discover that those words, instead of being a death knell to your hopes, may be your passport to happiness You may be ready to consider adopting a child.

Have you known many children? If you have, then you know that it is impossible to resist any normal, healthy infant. Take care of a friend's child for a week, and you will love him as though he were your own. Suppose you can't bear one. Adopt one! Sometimes—again, with the help of an accredited physician—it is possible to acquire custody of a child a few hours after birth. If you are lucky enough to make such an arrangement, you'll find that in a few months—in a few weeks, in fact!—that child will be as much a part of you and your husband as either of you could wish.

But again, a word of warning. Don't

delay. Adoption agencies are not eager to award children to couples whose age makes it likely that their habits will be too set, their patience too short, to give a child a happy home. Stop worrying about a divorce. Take the only positive action that can lead you out of the pit of misery into which you're falling. See a doctor . . . and go on from there, in whichever direction his opinion indicates.

One Year to Go

Dear Joan:

I am a seventeen-year-old girl and a junior in high school. I would like to stop school and get a job. My mother thinks I should at least finish high school. Of course I respect her advice, but what do you think I should do?

N. N.

Dear N. N.:

I think you'll probably regret it for the rest of your life if you don't finish your high school education. I wish you could read the letters that come to me each month—the many, many letters that say "I never finished high school, so of course I was never able to get a well-paid job" or "I have fallen in love with a man but I do not feel good enough for him as I never even went through high school." The level of education in this country is going up every year, you know, and competition for every sort of prize—social success, good jobs—becomes harder and harder for those who have too little education, because there are always so many better-qualified people who are trying for the same prizes—and winning them. What kind of a job can you get, after all, without a high school diploma? Not one you'd want to keep for very long! As a junior, you've only one more year to go. Be patient that much longer; take your mother's advice. You'll not regret it!

In Mrs. J. R. K.'s letter below there is outlined a very delicate problem in family relations . . . a problem which Mrs. K. has been unable to answer for herself. Can you suggest a solution? Your answer may win $25.

Dear Joan:

A few months ago my sister introduced me to her new beau, Fred. He was a charming, happy-go-lucky fellow. Neither John, my husband, nor I approve of going out with single couples, but when Fred and my sister urged us to go out skating one night we saw no harm in accepting. There, much to my consternation, Fred confessed that he loved me, telling me we were well suited and that my husband was too old and dull for me. Naturally I was indignant, told him he was very young and acting it. This made him very angry, and shouting that he was older than I (which he is by a few months) he rejoined my sister. Late that night they came in to us to announce their engagement. My husband and I were shocked but said nothing. She kept saying how happy she was, and had stars in her eyes. What shall I do? My husband says don't tell her, but can I let her marry a man like that?

Mrs. J. R. K.

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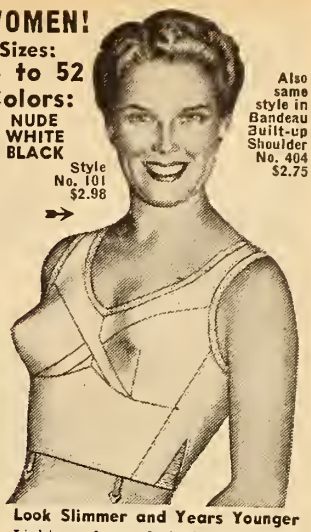


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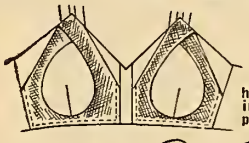
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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Q as in Lewis

(*Continued from page* 27)

To which the astonished lady replied, "Why, Bobby hasn't been to Sunday School for a year!"

This, Mrs. Lewis decided, needed looking into. When she got home she asked her young son where he had been spending his Sunday mornings. Said he, in the manner of one stating the obvious, "I've been on the Children's Hour on the radio, of course!"

With only one exception, the business of broadcasting is the only business Robert's ever been in. That one exception came when, at the age of eight, Robert began collecting stamps. (He still does.) Two years later, feeling that he had enough experience under his belt, Robert launched the Waldorf Stamp Company—an enterprise which flourished until his father received a very embarrassing letter from Uncle Sam, marked curtly OFFICIAL, demanding to know just what and where was the Waldorf Stamp Company and how dared it use the U. S. mails without proper authority. The Waldorf Stamp Company was dissolved on the spot, and Robert went back to his first love. He's stuck to being funny on the air as a means of livelihood ever since.

(To get back to this middle name business for a minute, a man with a dignified hobby like stamp collecting should have a name in keeping. Something like Quackenbush. Or Quimby. Or Quisenberry. How do those sound?)

Anyway, while Robert was going to schools—plain, dancing and (sometimes) Sunday—he had a girl. A little girl named Eileen, whose books he toted home from school and with whom he always had the pleasure of the last waltz at dancing class parties. They were, they promised each other, going to get married when they grew up. Meanwhile, they grew up together.

Summers Robert spent with his family at Rockville Centre, on Long Island. There, in the garage back of the house, Robert organized and operated a kids' theater—more preparation for that career he'd already chosen. The biggest production one season was a circus, the attractions of which included a tatooed lady (it's easy, with ink), a worse-for-wear old horse, and some kittens who were tenth cousins once removed to ferocious jungle cats. The attractions were *supposed* to include as well, according to enthusiastic but injudicious advertising by Robert, an elephant. At the last minute, the young producer was forced to make a substitution, however. An old foot locker was put on display, and when those who had paid hard cash to see the elephant inquired for its whereabouts, this was pointed to.

"The elephant is sick," the explanation ran. "He's only showing his trunk."

A few years later, Robert still had preparation for his chosen career in mind. That's why he picked the University of Michigan for his higher education—they had wonderful radio and theater courses there. About this time, too, Robert felt that he and Eileen were grown up enough to do something about that marriage business. Eileen's father, however, had a few thoughts on the subject, and he expressed them. They boiled down to this: were Robert a shoe salesman, a bookkeeper, or even, at least by inference, a race track tout, Papa would have no objections. But his daughter marry a radio actor—? Better death than dishonor!

To Robert's dismay, Eileen backed Papa up. She wanted, she said, a "normal" life. The last Robert heard of her, she was married to a nice, normal guy with a normal job and had a pair of normal children and was normally happy. Robert is still a bachelor.

Just about this time, the war came along. Hoping to get some actual radio experience under his belt before the Army beckoned, Robert began deluging stations from coast to coast with letters of application and finally landed a job with WTRY, in Troy, New York. An "all around character" is the way he describes his duties there—everything from announcer through program producer and writer down to "Uncle Bob," who told stories for youngsters to keep them quiet in that hour while Mother got dinner ready.

Then Uncle Sam called, and Robert was shipped out to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, ostensibly to train as a radio operator. But the Army, in its all-knowing way, had heard about his show-business proclivities and put him to work to entertain the boys. The climax of this activity was a big show which Robert produced—and which he came down with pneumonia just two days too soon to enjoy.

It was shortly after that—in 1943—that he was discharged on a medical release. Of course, Robert hied himself right back to New York and to radio where, at a local station, he disc-jockeyed himself into a network job.

"As a network humorist," he reports sadly, "I was a failure on my first attempt. I tried to do too much on my own—writing, producing and acting in more than six shows a week. You can't accomplish anything that way. I didn't —*until*—"

The "until" marks that night when Robert got tired of having no middle-part for his name, and added the Q.

(Quentin? Quiggle? Quincy? Queensboro? Quinn?)

"The luckiest thing that ever happened to me," he says emphatically. "The luckiest ad lib in the world! It helped people remember me. Fan mail began to roll in from the four corners. Everyone wanted to know what the Q stood for. Fan clubs, calling themselves *The Robert Qs* started to spring up. Things were really moving. . . ."

They've been moving along very satisfactorily ever since. The Robert Qs, for instance, now number forty some clubs, devoted to touting the fame of their star and to lightening the tedium of his bachelordom with female touches. Touches like a flower for his buttonhole and a cake, handsomely inscribed in whipped cream, "Hi, Robert, We Love You!" at the end of one program, a weekly pint of homemade ice cream left at his apartment by a New York member; flowers from her garden each week from a New Jersey Robert Q-er. Recently there's been a rash of knitted goods—sweaters, socks, hand-crocheted ties and an antimacassar or two.

These last items, obviously in the nature of a tactful suggestion, lead back to the question: Why doesn't Robert get married? This is a question he often, when he can manage a spare moment, asks himself. But, after the experience with Eileen he's twice shy—not of girls,

but of prospective wives. There are, he will tell you, a number of qualifications a girl must have before she can begin to think of herself as a candidate Mrs. Robert Q. Brains and beauty count, but they're a lot farther down on Robert's list than they are on most men's.

First and foremost, she has to be in the same business—in radio. That's so she'll understand (and believe) that a man in radio can't always keep appointments. get home to dinner on time, that, in short, he can't keep nine-to-five hours five days a week, like the men on the commuters' special.

Find Robert a girl like that—along with certain personal attributes that Mr. L. would find appealing—and he'll start thinking in terms of marriage. Meanwhile, he struggles along with a secretary for his business affairs and makes out tolerably well as his own chief cook and bottle washer at home.

As a relief from his own cooking, or from Room Service, which he more frequently resorts to, Robert has dinner very often with his parents—the Lewises are, as they were in Robert's childhood, a very closely-knit family. But, saddled with his own housekeeping or no, Robert loves his apartment.

Home is a penthouse, with a living room thirty feet by thirty feet, and an enormous, ten-foot fireplace. Besides this miniature Madison Square Garden, there's a bedroom, a bar, a kitchenette and two terraces. It's impossible to describe the decoration of the place, for it has a disconcerting, here-today, gone-tomorrow way of changing, Robert being a handy man with a paint brush. For example, a recent stage had two walls of the living room painted black, the other two gray; the furniture and draperies were in various tones of gray, green, black and white, with a little chartreuse here and there. The back of the bar was hand-papered—Robert's hand—with old theater programs and old sheet music.

This bachelor's haven houses Robert's collections, for he's a demon collector of practically anything that comes to hand. Like those theater programs, that sheet music. Then there are records—thousands of them—everything, as he puts it, "from Sinatra to Sibelius, from Beethoven to bebop. And besides the records, cylinders—about three hundred of them—for a cherished old phonograph, early-Edison-with-horn. Most of those are early American vaudeville songs—Nora Bayes, Van and Schenck, and such. I love old-time vaudevillians, and I wonder if I wasn't born fifty years too late—?"

More collections: the stamps, of Waldorf Stamp Company fame and still going strong. And, less usual hobby, totem poles. Big ones, little ones, medium-sized ones, from a twelve-feet-tall giant down to a hand-carved, hand-painted Hopi Indian doll less than an inch in height.

"They collect dust as assiduously as *I* collect *them*," Robert mourns. "What wife would stand for that? But she'd have to—my totem poles go with me as part of the bargain, good or bad."

The bargain also includes some non-collecting hobbies. Swimming, golf and tennis are Robert's games. He also likes to make movies on the terrace with his 8 mm movie camera.

Sleep, too, is something of a hobby with the young man in the horn-rimmed glasses. Once every week, by way of catching up or getting ahead, as the case may be, Robert lays him down to sleep for fifteen to eighteen hours at a stretch. Aside from that weekly marathon he can sleep anywhere, at any time, for any length of time.

It's obvious, from all this, that his middle name cannot be Quiet, and that Quixote might possibly be a good one. Add the fact that the man who is and does all of these things earns the wherewithal to do them by being funny, and it occurs that perhaps a nice, solid middle name for him might be Quadrumanna. Or possibly Quadricipital—this would be a nice change, as rumor has it that most comics are equipped with only two, rather than four.

But those are (meant to be) suggestions in line with Robert's profession—in which it's both legendary and safer to kid yourself as well as your public. Perhaps the ideal solution, seeing that the dictionary doesn't provide any proper words with the right letter, would be for Robert to start again with a new middle initial. Like F, for funny, or D for down-to-earth, or even just N, for nice—an old-fashioned, well-worn word which everyone knows and which describes him perfectly. Or P, for popular, which he certainly proved himself, even more than before, last summer when he substituted for Arthur Godfrey.

But, in final analysis, why doesn't he just drop the Q? It's served its purpose. He could now, anywhere, any time, stand before a microphone and say, "This is Robert Lewis," and there wouldn't be a doubt in a single listener's mind as to who was speaking!

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Sugar Plum Christmas

(*Continued from page 59*)

from Dolbie. Outside the wind died down; and up above the children too seemed to have settled into silence that felt as though it might be more than temporary. Abruptly Julie stood up.

"How about a walk, Michael? It's not blowing any more."

Resignedly, Michael looked up as she paused beside him. "If I'm going to be a good Lion, I'd like to get just a little further with this history of the Lions' Clubs that I've been trying to read all night. However—are you restless, darling?" Julie nodded mutely, and Michael, looking at her more closely, perceived a worried expression that brought him immediately to his feet.

"Right with you," he said. Following him into the hall, Julie was warmed by the knowledge that once again she and her husband had exchanged a message without words. It might be a small thing—even accidental; but every time it happened between them it made Julie glow with the sense of their togetherness, their rightness for each other. Tonight it confirmed the decision she had already made to bring her uneasiness out into the open for Michael to look at; he'd know how to help . . . if there was any help.

Buttoning themselves into heavy jackets, they stepped out into the moon-bright night. Cold air hit them sharply, and Michael, raising his head, sniffed it like a dog. "Christmas air," he said happily. "It's full of that cold-outside, cosy-inside feeling. Do you get it too?"

"Oh, I get it." Julie wriggled inside her jacket. "What I'm worried about is the children, Michael. I think they're beginning to smell Christmas in the air, too. They can feel it coming. And it's always such a problem here."

Michael's glance was puzzled. "Problem, how? You've always given the Hilltop kids a wonderful Christmas, for an orph—"

"Michael, *please* don't use that word!"

"Sorry, darling." Michael found Julie's mittened hand and squeezed it apologetically. "I don't blame you. It's like making the kids wear a badge. I saw you wince when Dolbie used it too. But to get back to Christmas, you've got the usual holiday budget, haven't you?"

"The usual." In spite of herself, Julie spoke bitterly. "One dime-store toy apiece—maybe—and clothing. Kids don't want clothes for Christmas, Michael!" She stopped, turning to him with a vehemence that surprised them both. "Kids want toys—even kids like ours, who've learned to do without so many important things. Oh, they're always angels about it—but every year we give them packages that look as if they came straight from fairyland, so that they're wild with excitement over what can *possibly* be inside—and what is it? An undershirt. A pair of heavy socks." She sighed and moved on again. "And that's not all."

"I thought not," Michael said gently. "You've been doing this work too long to get so upset over what you can't help. What's up?"

"Clementine." The single word was eloquent with Julie's uneasiness.

"The poor kid." From his tone, Julie knew that in the veiling darkness Mike's face was grim. "Is it her father, Julie—she's still hoping? I thought we did a grand job of explaining that many soldiers just never got back and that it looked as if her Dad was one of them. As nearly—" the grimness was unmistakable, now—"as you can explain that to a six-year-old."

"Six and a half," Julie corrected automatically. She recalled Clementine's earnest brown eyes beneath the straight fringe of dark hair, the almost adult gesture with which she'd touched her small pointed mouth to hide the fact that it was trembling, when they'd told her. And afterwards, she'd said, "Yes, Julie, but please would you write again?" And they'd written—again—to the War Department, to the Red Cross. No answer yet.

She shook her head. "No, not her father. Though she still hasn't lost hope, I know that. No, this happened when Butch was adopted. You remember how she kept saying that he was going to be her little brother when her father got back. She filled her whole lonely little heart with him. And then he was taken away. I've thought lately that it was a worse shock for her than we realized at the time."

She felt Michael swing her around to walk back to the house, and was grateful for his silence. Maybe he'd have some ideas about Clementine. He didn't have formal child-care training, but he had a gentleness and a love for small, helpless creatures that gave him an insight you couldn't learn in classrooms. "I think Clem's stealing," she said unhappily.

Michael stiffened in surprise. "You mean those things Dolbie was muttering about?"

"I've been worrying about them for days. I hoped I'd get to the bottom of it before there was a fuss, so I didn't say anything. But maybe I'm doing the wrong thing. When I was upstairs a while ago I asked Clem for the shirt she'd worn today and she——she pretended to be too sleepy to know what I was saying. I couldn't find it anywhere."

"But what's she doing with the stuff?"

Julie shrugged. "That's the question. Oh, she's not stealing in the ordinary sense—I used the wrong word. When I missed the overalls I remembered that some time ago she had asked to borrow a pair of overalls. I think she asked for a sweater too, and a couple of other things. But she said borrow, and I just assumed when she'd finished playing with them she'd put them back."

Michael was silent, and Julie hesitated before going on. She wasn't sure just how to phrase the possibility that was really bothering her—wasn't sure how strongly she wanted to put it. Finally she said, "You see, ever since Butch went, Clem has become more intense about her 'family'. She's got herself an imaginary playmate she talks about all day long, and she sounds as if the child were right there at her elbow, to be felt and seen by anyone who wanted to. But it's not like the usual imaginary playmate a child invents. And she seems to be avoiding the other children . . . what worries me, Michael, is that if Clem is really hoarding those clothes for her make-believe friend, she's beginning to get reality and dreams mixed up in a way that—well, that's not too healthy."

"I see what you mean," Michael

agreed. In silence they retraced their steps, only when they reached Hilltop did Michael speak again, thoughtfully. "You know—I can still remember the fellow I invented. He was a little man named Mr. Oldface, and his chief function was to tell me things—mostly how to answer people back. But you're right—I knew all along he wasn't real."

Julie's laugh was softened by a sudden tenderness that sent her into Mike's arms for a brief, warm moment. She murmured against his cold cheek, "And so you grew up to be a lawyer. Still answering people back."

"And telling them what to do," Michael amended. He held her close before releasing her to open the door. "I'd say leave Clem alone for a while, Julie. She's awfully young. Maybe she'll wake up tomorrow with a new game on her mind."

Not Clementine, Julie thought. Not any Hilltop child. Physically happy as they all were, secure on the surface, nobody knew better than Julie that in each of her charges was a little hollow of darkness and fear that she and Dolbie, with all their love, could never reach . . . The knowledge that they were not, like other children, bulwarked by parents who were theirs alone, so that they all made a little island of *belonging* in the midst of a moving world of strangers. And the fear that nobody would ever want to belong to them . . . no. Hilltop's children didn't go lightheartedly from game to game. A mental game like the one Clem was playing filled a real need, and she would cling to it.

Two things happened the next day that removed the last doubt from Julie's mind that Clementine's problem was serious. One was the disappearance of a pair of shoes, more precious than rubies at Hilltop. The other was the disappearance of Clementine.

Since it was Saturday, with no school to keep the children's comings and goings in regular pattern, Julie hadn't been too conscious of their whereabouts except at breakfast and lunch. They could always be trusted to keep to the boundaries she and Dolbie had set for them, the younger ones were safe under the eyes of Conrad and Pixie. But late in the afternoon, as she was ransacking for the third time the closet where the shoes should have been, twelve-year-old Conrad brought her the news about Clementine.

"I'm not telling tales," he emphasized, looking worriedly at Julie. "But you know Clem—how excited she gets about things. She told us she'd have a surprise for us this afternoon, and I just got to thinking maybe the surprise was that she was running away. She's been funny lately."

Startled, Julie sat back on her heels and stared at Conrad. But—it wouldn't do to let him see how worried she was; it would make all the children nervous and excited. Calmly she said, "I'm sure it isn't that, Conrad. Maybe Clementine just wanted to be alone. We all have to be alone, sometimes."

"Okay, I can take a hint," he said, grinning forgivingly as he left.

Julie's words held no reassurance for herself. Dropping her search for the shoes, she went out on the porch and looked anxiously down the hillside toward town. Conrad had said she'd been gone more than three hours. Where could Clem go that would take three hours?

If a little six-year-old fell down and hurt her ankle, for instance, wouldn't she call for help? Or if she were lost—but that was nonsense. Clementine traveled up and down that hill to school every day; she knew its brown, rocky side as well as she knew Hilltop itself. With a last look down the deserted slope, and with Conrad's words buzzing in her mind to fortify all her own worries about Clem, Julie made up her mind. Dolbie had better be told.

But just as she turned to go back into the house the doorway was blocked by Hannah, the cook, who motioned urgently. "Come and look, Miss Julie," she whispered hoarsely. Hannah's rich voice didn't take well to undertones. "But quiet, or you'll scare them off."

"Scare whom?" Julie wondered, following the tiptoeing Hannah through the long hall to the kitchen. It was probably field mice. The last batch who had been intelligent enough to choose Hannah's nice warm kitchen to nest in had been so appealing that, with the children's pleas loud in her ears, she'd almost been tempted to let them remain. But the thought of a possible visiting Board member discovering them there had made her firm.

But it wasn't field mice. . . .

A jerk of Hannah's head guided Julie to the glass-topped door that opened on the back porch, and there, backing up the steps and tugging at something as she came, was Clementine. "Oh, *there*—" began Julie. But her own palm smothered the exclamation as Clementine stepped aside and what she'd been tugging at came into view.

What Julie saw first were the clothes. As she told Michael later, half laughing, half—the hidden half—weeping, "It was like a grab-bag of all the things we've been missing." The overalls, the shirt, the heavy sweater Dolbie had mentioned, the shoes Julie hadn't been able to locate—every item. And they were draped, folded, tied and otherwise fastened, with a kind of desperate ingenuity, around the much-too-small figure of a little blonde girl who, fast as Clem coaxed her up a step, would sit down on it as though this one, for sure, was as far as she was coming.

Beside Julie, Hannah stirred. "Never seen a child so scared, and we've had some scared ones." Julie's mind seconded Hannah's muttered words. Not only scared, however—but so thin, so tiny, her little pipestem of a throat so fragile against the blue collar of the familar shirt. "And that's only a size four," Julie remembered. "What have they been feeding her?"

Cautiously, she eased the door open. It was like trying not to frighten off a deer, or a tense little sparrow already perched for flight. At the slight sound she made, Clementine glanced backward and smiled eagerly. "Oh, Julie," she said with relief. "Look, she's afraid. I *told* her there was nothing to be scared of."

Holding the door wider, Julie asked softly, "What's your friend's name?"

Silence. The tangled top of a little head was all Julie could see now, for the child had curled into a tight little ball, crouched and waiting for doom.

Clem sighed like a disappointed mother. "Well, I guess she won't tell. It's Mary Ann. She's only four. Hey!" The sound of her own name had snapped Mary Ann's last thread of courage. Wresting her hand from Clementine's, she scrambled swiftly along the step toward escape. Clem flung herself downward and after a short tussle came up with a firmer grip on the overall straps and began urging her victim into the kitchen.





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Hannah, lips tightly folded, had already set up two glasses of chocolate milk and a plateful of cookies, and toward the welcoming feast Clementine and Mary Ann advanced. "Is that for us?" Clementine asked, and received Julie's nod with a grateful grin. "Come on, Mary Ann, don't be a scarecat," she hissed. "See, they're glad you're here."

By silent consent, Julie and Hannah busied themselves in the far corner of the kitchen. Whoever Mary Ann was, and whatever trouble they were going to have with Clementine over her, it could be faced better after the child was calmed somewhat and Clementine was ready to talk.

From the corner of her eye Julie saw that Clementine, having made short work of her own milk, had coaxed Mary Ann's fingers around her glass and gotten her to take a few sips. She waited another minute and then, with a glance at Hannah, went over and slipped into the chair beside Clementine's.

"Have you been visiting with Mary Ann all afternoon?" she asked.

Clementine nodded. "She lives down *there*," she explained, waving toward what Julie judged would be the foot of the hill. "All alone, like me—except of course she has a gramma. So I'm taking her instead of Butch, Julie—a little girl will be better anyway, 'cause she can wear my clothes when I . . . oh, Julie." A violent blush came up under Clem's freckles, and her eyes widened in confusion. "The clothes, I wasn't stealing, Julie, honest—but she hasn't got *any!* No shoes and no sweater. Her gramma has to keep her inside all the time when it's cold and it's getting colder every day, Julie."

Hannah, who had approached within hearing distance, touched Julie's shoulder. "I think I know who it is," she said, low so Mary Ann couldn't hear. "Tell you later." Nodding, Julie turned back to Clementine, who was waiting anxiously for the look she knew would mean forgiveness. Evidently she saw it in Julie's tell-tale eyes, for she began to pat Mary Ann's hand and smooth the dark-blonde tangle over her forehead as though exhibiting a prized new toy. "She's so *little*," she gloated. "She makes me feel like a nelephunt."

"Have you and Mary Ann known each other very long?" Julie pursued her gentle inquisition. Perhaps here was the secret of Clem's solitary rambles—and surely it was the "surprise" she had promised Conrad.

"Weeks and weeks. Since when we sent the letter to Check-o-sokia about my father, Julie. Oh, and since when Butch got taken away. I was lonesome." Julie suppressed a smile. The letter had gone with the other letters about Clementine's father, no more than ten days before. Weeks and weeks!

"So," Clemetine went on, "I was chasing a tiger one day—not for real, of course—and I went past this little house, and Mary Ann said she'd like to be my family. So we are. I go down there every day. And I—what, Mary Ann?" The little one had evidently signalled some urgent question, to which Clementine, head bent, listened carefully. Then she nodded and turned back to Julie.

"It's what I brought her here for today," she interpreted. "She didn't believe about all the books we have, Julie, with pictures and colors. She got scared when we got here, but she isn't scared any more. Are you?"

Briefly the tiny head ducked up and down again, leaving with Julie the impression of a pair of blazing-blue eyes and a miniature nose and mouth in a face so dead-white there seemed no blood running beneath the delicate skin.

Clementine's explanation set Julie's mind temporarily at ease. At least for today there were no momentous plans afoot—just a visit to the library. She'd been afraid for a minute that Clementine, who already had a rather sweeping approach to life, might have counted on moving Mary Ann, bag and baggage, into permanent residence at Hilltop. Seeing that the glasses were empty and the cookie plate cleared, she rose. "Go along, then, Clem, and if there's anything you can't reach I'll get it for you," she said, and was gratified to see that Mary Ann's eyes rested on her with lessening fear as she slipped from the room.

When the children were safe in the library, she came back to Hannah. "Now," she demanded. "Tell me."

Hannah nodded sagely. "That's Mrs. Polly Nelson's granddaughter, for sure, the poor little thing. Haven't seen her since she was an infant. Father killed in the war. Mother," she compressed her lips with unmistakable meaning, "they don't talk about her. She went when the baby was a few weeks old and hasn't been heard hide nor hair of since. And *poor!*" The supper dishes Hannah was stacking clattered on the table. "I don't know when that child has seen a glass of milk like she had here. . . . Shall I set for the little one, Miss Julie?"

Julie hesitated, but only for a moment. "Yes. Just this once. And I'll have a talk to Clem about the clothes. The Board would . . . yes, Clem, what is it?"

"Please, Julie," said Clem, who had appeared in the doorway "I can't reach the Christmas book."

The Christmas book! Going with Clem into the library, Julie's fingers selected the worn copy of *The Night Before Christmas* almost by feel alone. She'd been right, then, talking to Michael . . . the children had already sniffed the holiday in the air just as he had, and were beginning to build up that terrible, wonderful anticipation. The holly, the bells, the satiny ribbons. The almost painful holding of the breath as the brilliant paper crackled and curled back from the promise it concealed. And then . . . Julie's heart sank. The humdrum cotton shirt. The socks . . . the things they had to have.

Still—at least Hilltop's children *had* the things they had to have. It might be worse. But you always wanted something more for them, somehow . . .

Taking Clementine aside, she told her that she might invite Mary Ann for supper, and went back to the kitchen still smiling at Clementine's grateful "Oh! I'll tell her right now!"

But it turned out, oddly, that one didn't just tell Mary Ann. She had principles of her own that even Clem couldn't persuade her to relax. After the library session had been succeeded by a tour of the upstairs rooms and a visit to the porch corner from which, at a safe distance, Mary Ann could peer in awe at the older children, the two appeared before Julie, obviously with something on their minds. Clem, not without pride, announced, "She wants to tell you something."

There was a pause. Then, somewhat to Julie's surprise, Mary Ann spoke. "Thank you very much. But Gramma . . ." Here she bogged down, looking to Clementine for help.

"She means her Gramma wants her home at mealtimes," Clem explained. Julie had the quaint certainty that the child had been coached in that old-fashioned rule of politeness by which you didn't under any circumstances, take a meal in a house where you were visiting for the first time. Impulsively she drew Mary Ann toward her, pleased that the child's fear had gone and that she evidently considered Julie no stranger, but a trustworthy friend. How frighteningly sharp were the little bones of her arm beneath the skin! Even one good meal might help.

But she couldn't interfere with family discipline. She told Mary Ann she was sorry, and hoped her grandmother would allow her to stay another day, getting in return a timid, but brightening smile and a look of such overwhelming thanks from Clementine that she was startled and worried anew. Watching them go down the hill together, Clem's sturdy body looking indeed almost like a "nelephunt's" beside the doll-like little one, Julie wondered how to handle the situation. Clementine so wanted someone to love—and yet, she mustn't set her heart on the impossible . . .

Julie waited until the next morning to have her talk with Clem about the clothes. It was hard going, for while Clem agreed that she had taken something that didn't belong to her, she came back relentlessly to the one point that seemed to her so vastly more important than any other that she didn't see how Julie, having once heard it, could continue the argument. Again and again, like a patient tutor, she repeated, "But Julie, she hasn't *any*, nothing that fits her. She couldn't come out."

"I know Clementine. But our clothes are bought with money that—it doesn't belong to us, you see. And there's just enough of it to go round here at Hilltop. We haven't the right to give them away, dear, because they belong to the children that may be coming here in the future."

Clementine nodded. "Yes, I know. But I won't take clothes again, Julie. Julie let her keep the ones she has. *Please?*"

Julie sighed. "Bring back the shoes," she said resignedly. "I'll find a pair that fit her. But mind, Clem—nothing more."

And now, Julie thought, *I must really tell Dolbie all about it.* At this point it would be unfair not to. She sought out the supervisor and, having shielded Clementine as much as possible, waited nervously for her reaction. "I don't think we ought to make a fuss right now," she added. "Clementine's so queer lately—she might run away, just as Conrad hinted."

Dolbie said drily, "What I think is that Mike better make room in his office for an assistant. Clementine talks better and faster than plenty of lawyers I've known. I guess this means we'd better get her Christmas gifts in size three, since she'll be giving them away anyway."

"Dolbie! Have you started to worry about Christmas too?"

"I worry from July Fourth on," Dolbie admitted. "Every year a few more ornaments get broken. Every year I want to get them all a little something wonderful—and every year it has to be clothes, plain ordinary clothes. That budget just won't cover the makings of Christmas."

Relieved at being able to share her worry, Julie pulled up a chair to Dolbie's desk and the two of them went over the budget together. After lunch they came back to it again, this time calling Michael into consultation. But nobody could squeeze the smallest "extra" out of the inexorable list of necessities that ate its way down toward the too-small total.

"It can't be done," Mike said decidedly. "If Conrad needs new corduroys and Shirley has outgrown her moccasins—and so on and so on—St. Nick will really have to contribute the toys to Hilltop this year or there won't . . ." He frowned suddenly, stood up and began to pace the room. "Say, that's a thought," they heard him mumble. "Now I wonder . . ."

Julie, opening her lips for an eager question, was cut off by a call from the back of the house. It was Clem's voice, and urgent.

Going to the door, she said, "Here, Clementine. Is something the matter?"

Clementine stuck her head out of the library. "Please, Julie, could we see you? It's terribly important."

"All right," said Julie, with an attempt at sternness. "If Dolbie will excuse me." Smiling an apology at Dolbie, she went into the library, aware that Michael, who'd been waiting for a look at Clementine's small friend, had followed her in. But the children were too preoccupied to notice him. They set themselves before Julie like quarreling citizens before a judge.

"It's Christmas," Clem said irately. "She doesn't believe it. You tell her, Julie. Tell her I'm not lying."

The belief that she was being told a "story" had given Mary Ann the courage of a lion today. The blazing blue eyes met Julie's without flinching. "What's Christmas?" she demanded, evidently preparing to check Julie's version against Clem's and thereby catch her friend red-handed in a lie.

What's Christmas? A muffled snort from Mike's corner didn't help Julie much, but it did put her on her mettle. There must be some way to convey Christmas to a four-year-old.

"Well," she began, "Christmas. It comes at the end of the year, on the twenty-fifth of December. That is, there's Christmas Eve on the . . ." She halted, confused. This wasn't going to mean anything to Mary Ann. Clem shuffled impatiently. Who cared about dates? What about *Christmas?*

Julie had an inspiration. "Mary Ann," she said, taking the small hand in hers, "whom do you love?"

"Gramma." There was a dreadful pause. Then, very low, came the confession, "I love Clem too," with a look that seemed to add *even though she lied to me about Christmas.*

"That's part of Christmas," Julie said triumphantly. "The way you love your grandmother and Clementine. Christmas is all the love in the world, Mary Ann. It's loving other people so much you want to share what you have with them."

"What's share?"

"Share . . . well, it means giving part of what you have to somebody else because you know it will make her happy."

Mary Ann's face became suddenly brilliant with comprehension. "Clem gave me her bear!" she said eagerly. "Is that Christmas?" She flashed from the room and returned so swiftly that the teddy bear she brought back must have been parked beneath the stairs. Tenderly placing it in Julie's lap, she caressed its fuzzy belly. "Little feet,"

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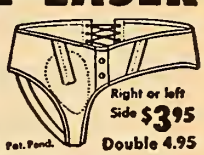


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she crooned. "Little eyes." She touched them proudly. "Clem showed me."

Avoiding Julie's eyes, Clementine said unhappily, "She never had a whole one. Her dolly has only one foot and the hair is pulled out. I gave it to her before yesterday, Julie." It was as close as Clementine would come to a plea for forgiveness.

Help came to her from an unexpected quarter. Mike, striding forward, said, "Yes, that is Christmas. When you give something that really matters, that really is going to make happiness for the ones you love." His defiant look warned Julie: *if you scold Clem for this, I'll beat you.*

Quick-witted Clementine seized on his interruption to steer the talk into safer channels. Running to the shelf between the windows where stationery was kept, she brought back a pad of typewriting paper and a green pencil.

"Draw it," she said excitedly. "Draw the Christmas tree. Then she'll believe me, if you draw it the way I said it was."

Draw the Christmas tree. Draw the magic symbol, the enchanted key that once a year, every year, opens the world of fairies and gnomes before the dazzled eyes of children. "Of course," Julie thought ruefully. "That's Christmas to a four-year-old. Why didn't I do that right away?" With an absorbed audience of three crowding around her, she began to draw.

"Put in plenty of sugarplums," murmured Michael, as she carefully shaped a fat, pointed evergreen and sketched in the branches.

Mary Ann turned an inquiring look on him. "You want to know what sugarplums are?" he asked. She nodded solemnly, waiting. Michael cleared his throat. "Well, they're—I think they're sort of stuffed prunes, aren't they, Julie?"

"Oh, *no!*" Clementine's scorn was crushing. "They're shiny and bright, like bubbles. And all colors, glittery like—like rubies and emrals. And they dance—don't you remember, 'sugarplums danced in their heads.'"

Gravely, Julie sketched in some Christmas balls on her branches, and nodded. "I think Clementine is right. These must be sugarplums."

Under her fingers the tree became more glamorous than any ever seen before. When her audience dwindled to two, she didn't notice. Nor did she hear Mike's quiet movements as he took his coat from the hall closet and let himself out of Hilltop. She finished the first tree and made a second, giving them to Clementine and Mary Ann to color in the ornaments she had lavishly created—more lavishly, she was afraid, than she or anyone could conjure up for Hilltop's real tree at Christmastime. But at least Mary Ann believed now. Trust restored, she and Clem were "sisters" again, and side by side they set to work on their trees. Julie's departure went as unmarked as Mike's.

It was a long time before Michael returned. Mary Ann had been escorted home, the children had been fed and put to bed, and Dolbie and Julie were worrying about him over their second cups of coffee when they heard him come in. Julie hurried out into the hall.

"Mike! Where on earth—without telling anyone whether you'd be home for dinner—"

Mike, looking smug, ushered her into the living room and closed the door with elaborate caution. "I had my reasons," he said mysteriously. Julie felt a sudden excitement. She remembered now what he'd been saying when Clem and Mary Ann had interrupted their budget conference, and unaccountably she was convinced that Mike had somehow found a way to help. "Tell me!" she demanded. "What have you been up to? Is it about our Christmas, Michael? Oh, *tell* me!"

"Well, it's going to take work, Julie," he cautioned. "Lots of work and plenty of organization. But—it suddenly struck me, while we were talking, that if anyone on earth is set up to play Santa Claus, it's an organization like the Lions' Clubs. They're nationwide, they've got tremendous influence in every American community, and they're made up of the kind of people who want to help where help is needed. We know that—it's why I wanted to become a member in the first place." Julie nodded, beginning to see what Mike might be driving toward.

"I went down to see Fairley, the chairman of our Christmas Committee," he went on. "And he says—subject to membership vote, of course, but he thinks that'll be all right—that he doesn't see why we can't have a huge toy drive—call it a Toy Turnout, maybe—right here in Glenwood, to collect toys for kids who won't get any for Christmas. Not money or clothes—just toys. Our kids can have some then, and kids like that little one of Clem's . . . and all the others who might have to look at Christmas through a store window, otherwise. . . . What do you think?"

The plan began to spread in Julie's mind. Already she saw a gigantic Toy House in Glenwood Town Square, with trains and dolls and animals pouring into it, games piling up on the floor, books and paintboxes hanging from the chimney . . . Christmas! They'd have it at Hilltop, *really* have it, this year!

"Mike, it's wonderful. And why couldn't they do it all over the country—a Toy Turnout in every town where there's a Lions' Club, so that all the children who are like ours can have a little magic in their Christmas, instead of—"

Mike laughed. "A sugarplum Christmas, instead of a cotton-shirt one?"

Julie laughed with him. "Mike—you know, you're probably right. I think they are stuffed prunes, really."

"They are *not*," Mike denied. Drawing Julie to him, he kissed her ceremoniously on the forehead. "I refuse to believe that there can be such a thing as a stuffed prune at Christmastime. I was quite mistaken. They're colored and bright and they shine like rubies and emralls. At least ours at Hilltop will."

"Yes, they will," Julie said softly. "You know, Michael . . . kids need more than cotton shirts to grow up on, and more than food. They need a little something extra. A little extra love, and excitement—a little extra reason to think the world *might* turn out to be a wonderful place after all. I was so awfully afraid we couldn't give it to them, this year. But now," she smiled radiantly into her husband's eyes, "now we can give them a wonderful Christmas at Hilltop, to make memories for them for years to come."

"That's what grown-ups are for," Michael said. "To turn on the lights and show the kids what fun the world can be. Anyway," he finished, catching Julie's hand in his own, "that's what I think they're for—at Christmastime."

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Traveler of the Month

(*Continued from page* 73) climbed into, were a luxury.

The show that evening at the Weisbaden Opera House was a gala occasion and everyone felt it a privilege to appear in so beautiful a theater, which has long been home for one of Europe's most popular opera companies. In fact when Tommy and his staff arrived, rehearsals were going on, complete with musicians, ballet and singers.

Another bus ride a few days later took the group to beautiful and famous Heidelberg, where they were welcomed by officers from the military base at the Special Service center, which formerly was Stadt-Halle, the Heidelberg city hall. It spacious theater, with its crystal chandeliers made all think of Heidelberg's former glories.

No matter where Tommy stopped, the greeting was the same . . . Yanks howled with glee. They liked Tommy Bartlett, his brand of humor, his good spirits . . . the tales told on the broadcast and the gifts from home.

On succeeding days the show originated at Nuremberg and Neubiberg, the largest military post in the world. From one high spot to another was the order of the day. This was certainly the case at Fuerstenfeldbruck, where the AAF now has a jet fighter base. A hole still remains in the ceiling of the theater which was hit on April 9, 1945, by some of the 867 tons of bombs that made a shambles of the base.

Later, in Paris, all realized they would say goodbye to Europe the next night with the last broadcast originating at the Isle of St. Germain, where a theater had been hurriedly constructed in a warehouse.

Tragedy touched the little group, when, on the way back, they were joined by a young sergeant on an emergency leave. He had received a message that his seven-year-old son had been killed and his wife seriously injured in an automobile accident in his home town of Brownsville, Texas. The Air Force was hurrying him home to comfort his grief-stricken wife.

In New York once more, Lt. Colonel Goetz bade the group farewell, adding the good news that Welcome Travelers had played to the largest audience of any show sent to Europe since the war —a record of which all concerned with the show were very proud.



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Christmas in the Kitchen

(*Continued from page 61*)

CHEWY FUDGE SQUARES

½ cup sifted flour
2 tablespoons cocoa (or 2 squares unsweetened chocolate)
1 cup sugar
pinch salt
2 egg yolks
½ cup butter, melted
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup chopped pecans
2 egg whites

Mix flour, cocoa, sugar and salt. Stir in egg yolks, then butter and vanilla. Add nuts and combine. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into egg yolk mixture. Spread in well-greased 8-inch square pan. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. (Do not overbake—they should be on the chewy side.) Let cool, cut into squares.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

¾ cup (6 oz.) candied citron, chopped
2 cups (12 oz.) sliced candied cherries
1½ cups finely chopped blanched almonds
1½ cups white raisins
2 cups sifted flour
1 cup butter or margarine
½ cup sugar
½ cup light corn syrup
5 egg yolks
½ teaspoon orange extract
½ teaspoon lemon extract
2 tablespoons rum (or ½ teaspoon rum extract)
5 egg whites

Mix together citron, cherries, almonds, raisins and flour. Cream butter until soft. Add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Stir in corn syrup. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add gradually to creamed mixture, beating until thick. Add flavorings. Gradually stir in flour-fruit mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold gently but thoroughly into batter. Fill pans ¾ full. Cover with waxed paper or parchment paper. If you make tidbits in 2 ounce souffle cups, place them close together in a pan 1½ inches deep. Tie, steam, then remove cover and bake as below:

Size:	*Steam:*	*Bake:*
2 oz. souffle cups	1 hour	45 min.
3 pound loaf (7½ x 5 x 3½)	3 hours	1½ hrs.
5 pound cake (10" tube pan)	3½ hours	1½ hrs.

Makes one 5-pound cake or one 3-pound loaf, plus 15 tidbits.

ALMOND BUTTER CRUNCH

1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons water
1 tablespoon corn syrup
½ cup chopped toasted almonds

Melt butter in a saucepan over low heat. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add water and corn syrup. Cook slowly, stirring constantly to prevent burning, until a small amount of the mixture is brittle when dropped in cold water (300° F.). Remove from heat, mix in toasted almonds, saving some for top. Turn into buttered 8-inch square pan. Sprinkle with almonds and mark into squares immediately. Makes 20 pieces.

POPCORN BALLS

1 cup sugar
½ cup corn syrup
⅓ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
2 quarts salted, popped corn
red vegetable coloring

Combine sugar, corn syrup, water and salt in a saucepan. Cook slowly until a hard ball forms when a little syrup is dropped in cold water (300° F.). Pour syrup into small saucepan. Add red coloring. Mix well and pour ⅓ into popped corn. With fork, toss corn lightly so it all becomes coated. When slightly cool, butter hands and press popcorn into balls. Return syrup to hard ball stage (270° F.) if necessary and repeat. Makes 12 balls.

SPRINGERLE

4 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
4 eggs, very well beaten
2 cups sugar
1 tablespoon boiling water
2 tablespoons anise seed
confectioners' sugar

Mix and sift flour and baking powder. To well-beaten eggs, add sugar, beating until thick. Pour boiling water over anise seed; add to egg mixture. Stir in flour. Chill 3 hours. Roll out ¼ inch thick. (Use a mixture of flour and confectioners' sugar, or plain confectioners' sugar to dust board, pin and press board.) Press in designs, using springerle pin or board. (Cutters are also available which make individual cookies with modeled faces.) Cut along indicated lines. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Let dry six hours or overnight. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 12 to 15 minutes, or until pale yellow in color. Remove to racks at once. Makes 4-5 dozen cookies.

COFFEE COCONUT MERINGUES

¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites
1 tablespoon instant coffee
½ cup sugar
1 cup shredded coconut
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Add salt to egg whites and beat until foamy throughout. Mix instant coffee and sugar together and add to egg whites 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is well-blended. Continue beating until mixture will stand in peaks. Fold in coconut and vanilla. Drop from a teaspoon on well greased cookie sheet. Bake in a slow oven (250° F.) 30 minutes or until done. Makes 30 meringues.

DATE NUT BARS

¾ cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped nuts
1 cup chopped dates
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
¼ cup cooled melted shortening
2 eggs, well beaten

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Combine nuts and dates with part of flour mixture. Combine remaining flour with sugar. Add cooled, melted shortening to eggs; combine with dry ingredients. Add chopped nuts and dates. Turn into well-greased pan (7 x 11 x 2). Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Makes 20 bars.

MIXER DIVINITY

2 cups sugar
⅓ cup water
½ cup light corn syrup
2 egg whites
dash of salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup chopped candied cherries
¼ cup chopped citron

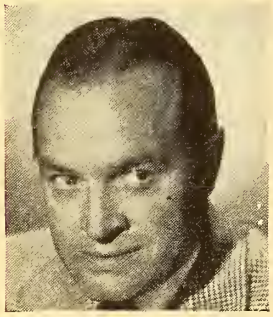
Cook sugar, water and corn syrup, stirring till sugar dissolves and mixture boils. Place egg whites and salt in bowl of electric mixer. Continue heating syrup until it forms a hard ball when a small amount is dropped in cold water. Beat egg whites and salt until stiff but not dry. Slowly pour syrup over whites, with mixer running at medium speed. Continue beating until candy holds shape when dropped from a spoon. Mix in vanilla and fruit. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased pan. Makes 50 pieces.

MOLASSES BROWNIES

1⅓ cup sweetened condensed milk
¼ cup molasses
2 cups graham cracker crumbs
1 cup chopped nuts

Cook milk and molasses over low heat 5 minutes or until mixture thickens. Remove from heat. Add graham cracker crumbs and nuts; mix thoroughly. Spread in 6x10 pan lined with greased waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Strip off paper; cut into squares. Makes 2 dozen.

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